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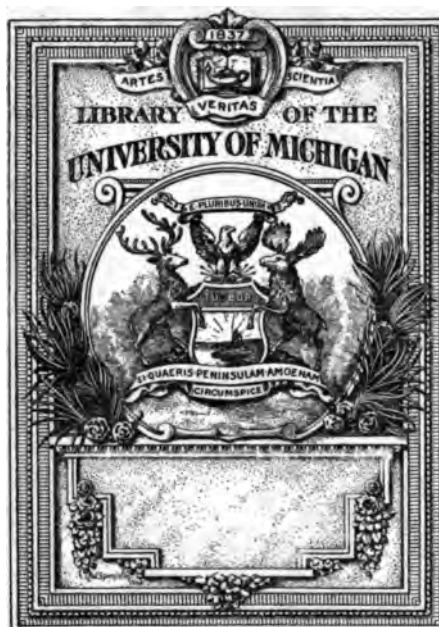
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LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME COMPARED WITH
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF
JOHN BUNYAN



The Christian Pilgrimage is no phantasy, any more than the Gospel Promises. The one is contingent upon the other: the Promise makes the Pilgrim. A city to come has been held up to the affections and emulation of the world; a city that hath no need of sun, nor yet of moon to shine in it—whose walls are of *Jasper*, and foundations of precious stones laid by God; whose gates are pearls, and streets of shining gold. In the midst of it is a pure river of the water of Life, clear as crystal, and on either side the tree of Life, whose fruit is yielded every month. This is *the City* set in contrast to the *Camp* of this world, and this it is which makes the Pilgrim.

The Tongue of Time, by the Rev. Wm. Harrison.



42106

THE ANCIENT POEM OF
GUILLAUME DE GUILVILLE
ENTITLED LE PELERINAGE
DE L'HOMME
COMPARED WITH THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF
JOHN BUNYAN

EDITED FROM NOTES COLLECTED BY THE LATE MR. NATHANIEL HILL
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN APPENDIX




LONDON
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TO
John-William-Spencer-Brownlow Egerton,

EARL BROWNLOW,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED

BY THE EDITORS.



CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION	vii
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS	xiii
LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME AND THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.	
PREVALENCE OF ALLEGORICAL LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES	1
WHEREIN CONSISTS THE REAL ORIGINALITY OF SUCH WRITERS AS BUNYAN	3
EVIDENCE OF THE POPULARITY OF DE GUILVILLE'S DREAM	5
<i>In England:—Chaucer's translation and imitations, (5-7). Lydgate's, (7-10).</i>	
Other translations or imitations in MS. and in print, (10-11.)	
<i>In other Countries</i>	11
INSTANCE OF PARALLELISM BETWEEN DE GUILVILLE AND BUNYAN	15
DETAILED COMPARISON BETWEEN DE GUILVILLE AND BUNYAN	18
The Pilgrim—the Wicket-gate—Grace Dieu and Evangelist—the Interpreter's	
House—the Slough of Despond—the Cross and the Burden—the Scrip and the	
Staff—the House Beautiful—the Armoury.	
OTHER PREDECESSORS OF BUNYAN	31
Wicliff, (31)—Spenser, (32)—Geoffrey Whitney and Sir J. Mandeville—Emble-	
matic Prints, (33)—Piers Plowman, (34)—Walter Mapes, (35)—Hampole, (36).	
FURTHER PARALLELS BETWEEN THE ANCIENT ALLEGORISTS	38
APPENDIX.	
Description of the Holy City, (i.) Baptism, (vii.) Ordre of Maryage, (x.) Na-	
ture, (xiii.) Charity, (xviii.) Memory, (xxiii.) Industry and Idleness, (xxviii.)	
Wrath and Tribulation, (xxx.) Avarice, (xxxv.) Necromancie, (xl.) Heresye,	
(xli.) Sathan, (xlii.) Fortune, (xlii.) Gladness of the World, (xlvii.) Agyo-	
graphie and Flattery, (li.) Oraison (Prayer) and Latria (Worship), (li.) Infirmary	
and Old Age, (lii.) Mercy and Death, (liii.)	
ILLUSTRATIVE HYMNS AND ALLEGORIES	lvii

NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE English quotations given in the following pages are taken from two different translations of De Guileville which are not known to exist in print, but of which two MSS. are found in the British Museum. Curiously enough, one of these is imperfect at the end, while the other, which is imperfect at the beginning, supplies the portion required. The former, Vitellius, C. xiii. is supposed to be translated by Lydgate—no account of the Tiberius, A. vii. has been discovered. Both have suffered by fire in various places; and some of the asterisks occurring in the following quotations denote the passages which have either been destroyed or rendered illegible. In some places, again, asterisks have been inserted where the great diffuseness of the English version rendered it advisable to omit some of the less striking descriptions and insert the substance of them in a prose summary.

The woodcut on the cover of the Pilgrim, with staff and cockle-shell and a clasped volume in his left hand, is taken from a rare book in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, entitled "*The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man.*"



INTRODUCTION.



HE late Mr. Nathaniel Hill intended to have made the following Papers the groundwork of a larger publication on the "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" of BUNYAN, in which he proposed showing that Bunyan had been indebted, for many portions of his story, to some of the early Mediæval Romances.

The rough notes of Mr. Hill contain frequent allusions to the opinions forth by Southey and Montgomery in their respective editions of that popular writer. When, however, these materials came into the hands of the present Editors, they could not but feel that the question of Bunyan's pretended plagiarism was one not likely to possess much interest for the public at large. They have not therefore deemed it advisable to print these references in any length; at the same time, they have judged the curious manuscripts, which Mr. Hill's researches had directed their attention, well worthy of being brought before the public, on their own merits, apart from any influence they may perhaps have exercised on the composition of Bunyan's Work. With this view, while noticing the "Pilgrim's Progress" only in a subordinate manner, they have devoted a considerable space to the Poem of *Devil's*, the more readily as it is on this that Mr. Hill's views were principally grounded. So little is, indeed, known of our ancestors' daily life in the fourteenth century, and so welcome is any glimpse of their mental occupations or of their means of literary recreation at that remote period, that a work which enjoyed in its own day no little popularity may not, perhaps,

prove wholly unacceptable to readers of the present generation ; reflecting, as it does, considerable light on the ways of thought and the occupations of by-gone times.

Yet, though apparently so well known about the period in which he lived, the Editors have failed to discover anything that can be called a biography of this once popular writer.

The following brief sketch, preserved in the " Biographie Universelle," is all that they have been able to meet with.

It is as follows, (vol. xix. p. 168) :—

" Guillaume de Guilleville né à Paris vers 1295, prit l'habit de St. Bernard à l'abbaye royale de Chalis, en devient prieur, et y mourut vers 1360.

" On a de lui : *Le Romaunt des trois pèlerinages*, le premier est de l'homme durant qu'est en vie, le second de l'ame séparée du corps, et le troisième de Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ. Il avoue, dans le prologue, que c'est la lecture du *Roman de la Rose* qui lui a suggéré l'idée de son ouvrage. L'auteur suppose qu'ayant vu en songe la représentation de la Jérusalem Céleste il a conçu un vif desir de contempler en réalité une ville si remplie de merveilles."

But though they have not found any fuller description of De Guileville, they have met with some notices of those who translated or profited by his work, which may not be uninteresting to their readers.

And first, of " Dan John Lydgate," (whose translation of the first " *Pelerinage*" of De Guileville will be found in the Appendix to this volume,) there is a curious record in the Harl. MSS. 4826. 1. to which allusion is made below, (see fol. 9.) This the Editors have thought it worth while to print *in extenso* as follows :—

" John Lidgat, borne at Lidgat in Suffolke, was a Monk of ye order of St. Benet in ye famous Abbey of St. Edmundes Bury, so yt sheweth Joseph Pamphilus was mistaken in his Cronicke, reckoning him among ye Augustin fryers. After hee had for a tyme frequented the Scooles of England and made a fayre Progresse in Learning, beeing desirous to acquaynt himself with ye manners and Language of strangers, he visited ye famous Univerfitye of Paris in France, and Padua in Italy, where he learned ye language of both nations, and studyed diligently in either Academy ; thus having well furnished himselfe with experience of ye worlde, umility, and learned diffcipline, he

returned into his Country, and opened a Schoole of Humanity for Noble-mannes Children: and although he were most expert in neare all the sciences yet in the favour of youth and to instruct them in good artes, manners, and virtues hee spent his tyme wholly in those inferiour studyes. Hee was not only an excellent Poet and eloquent Rhetorician, but an expert Mathematician and subtil Philosopher, and a good Divine. Hee was a great ornament of ye English tounge, imitating therein our Chaucer. To this end hee used to reade Dante ye Italian, Alan ye French Poet, and such like, which hee diligently translated into English—gleaning heer and there ye elegancys of other tounes and enriching these with his owne. He wrote both in English and Latin, as well Prose as Verse, fundry treatises, many in number, excellent for learning, and among them these present—hee dyed about ye 60 yeare of his age, Anno Dm. 1440, (for Pamphilus is decieved in prolonging his lyfe to the yeare 1482,) Henry the Sixt, then raiging king of England and France, unto whom hee dedicateth his books—hee was interred in ye church of ye monastery of Bury, (now defaced,) where it is reported this Epitaph to have been engraven on his monument:—

Mortuus feclo, superis superstes
Hâc jacet Lidgat tumulatus urnâ
Qui fecit quondam celebris Britannæ
Fama Poësis.

Dead to ye worlde yet living in ye skyes
The learned Lidgate heere entombed lyes
Who whylom was assumed for to bee
The honour of our Englishe Poefye.”

With regard to the life and writings of John Bunyan, they are so well known as to require little explanation here—yet the Editors cannot refrain from quoting the following eloquent passages from Cheever's Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, which have, naturally, attracted much attention in the New World. They seem to echo back the sentiments of gratitude felt in America for the benefits of that Christian Liberty, the planting of which was in so great a measure due to the Pilgrim Fathers, one of whom expresses

himself in the following words:—"As we cannot but account it an extraordinary blessing of God in directing our course for these parts, after we came out of our native country, for that we had the happiness to be possessed of the comforts we receive by the benefit of one of the most pleasant, most healthful, and most fruitful parts of the world."

"The education of Bunyan," says Dr. Cheever, "was an education for eternity, under the power of the Bible and the schooling of the Holy Spirit. This is all that the pilgrims in this world really need to make them good, great, powerful; he has given an account of his own conversion, and life—especially of the workings of the grace of God, and the guidance of his Providence—in a little work entitled 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' It is powerfully written, though with extreme and studied plainness; and almost all the material obtained and worked into various shapes by his various biographers was gained in that book. In it you see at every step the work of the Divine Artist on one of the most precious living stones that ever His wisdom and mercy selected in this world to shine in the glory of His living temple. Nay, to lay aside every figure but that employed by the Holy Spirit, you see the refiner's fire, and the crucible, and the gold in it; and the Heavenly Refiner Himself sitting by it, and bending over it, and carefully removing the dross, and tempering the heat, and watching and waiting for His own perfect image. How beautiful, how sacred, how solemn, how interesting, how thrilling the process!"

"You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and labouring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost; but then again you behold her in the quiet sunshine; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly; or in a fresh or favourable gale she flies across the fleeing waters. Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder-storms, coming down as sudden almost as the lightning; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbour, the haven of eternal rest; yea, you see her like a star that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven. Can

re be anything more interesting than thus to follow the perilous course of immortal soul from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the City of Destruction to City of God?"—CHEEVER'S *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*.

In conclusion, the Editors beg to express their sense of the kindness they have received from many friends during the preparation of the present work. Among these, they wish to name especially, Edward Levien, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., of the British Museum, through whose valuable assistance the following selection and arrangement of Mr. Hill's MSS. have been made, and at whose suggestion the old English translations of De Guileville's *Pelerinage* have been added to this volume: they wish, likewise, to mention the names of W. R. Hamilton, Esq. F.S.A., J. M. Atkinson, Esq., H. Foss, Esq. and W. S. W. Vaux, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Literature—and to express their best thanks to many other friends who have kindly supplied them with drawings and copies of woodcuts from old and rare works.

In laying Mr. Hill's collection of papers before their readers, the Editors would fain believe that the result of his many years' assiduous labour will not be wholly thrown away, but that some few ears of corn may be gleaned from them, according to the saying of Chaucer:—

“ For out of the olde feldis as men faieth
Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere
And out of olde bokis in gode faieth
Comith all this newe science that men lere.”

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Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.

FOR the better understanding why Bunyan was led to choose the allegorical mode of writing, we should bear in mind that a taste for this kind of composition had prevailed for more than three centuries before he wrote, and that the most favourite literature of his own time appeared in the form of emblems and allegory. Early in the thirteenth century, before the time of Dante, the Norman "trouvés" had produced their Epics on "La Voie de Paradis"—"La Voie d'Humilité"—"Le Pelerinage de l'Homme"—"Le Songe d'Enfer," (from which Dante's "Inferno" evidently derived,) all written under the similitude of a dream; and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their admirers and imitators in this country made them familiar to the English reader through the medium of translations. This species of composition had its origin in the monasteries, and became the religious literature of the common people, in opposition to the chivalresque compositions of the troubadours, and was popular beyond conception.

De Guileville and Bunyan both drew and embellished their compositions from the same sources.

1. From the Scriptures, as appears from their numerous marginal references to them. The primary source of all the Dreams and Pilgrimages to the Celestial Jerusalem is to be found in the Vision of St. John in the Apocalypse:—

"And there came unto me one of the seven Angels. . . . And he carried me up in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. . . . And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of

God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—*Rev.* xxi. 10, 11, 23, 24.

Of this origin Guillaume de Guileville furnishes us with sufficient evidence by quoting this very chapter in his description of the holy city, calling the "*jasper*" a "*carbuncle*;" and in the succeeding passage he places a precious *carbuncle* at the top of the pilgrim's staff, to enlighten him on his way, and says, "Le hault pommel est Jesu Christ."—*Pel. de l'Homme*, f. xxvii.

Philip, in his *Life of Bunyan*, mentions that "one Sabbath, whilst in prison, it was Bunyan's turn to expound the Scriptures, and he found himself empty, spiritless, and barren."

"Providentially, it so fell out at last," says he, "that I cast my eye upon the 11th verse of the 21st chapter of the Revelations; upon which, when I had considered a while, methought I perceived something of the jasper¹ in whose light you there find that this Holy City is said to come and descend."

2. From *chivalrous* literature;—witness the numerous adventures and combats with giants, dragons, goblins, sieges of castles, &c. De Guileville acknowledges that he founded his plan on the (dream) of the "*Romance of the Rose*;" and Bunyan knew, like his predecessors, the still lingering taste of the people for romantic history and adventure, and built his allegory on the plan of the Gothic romance,—a form so pleasing to our forefathers,—and thus introduced giants, lions, monsters, demons, and enchantments, into his edifice, which were familiar to him in the old chap-books. *Great-heart* was a *perfect knight* for the defence of the weak and feeble-minded.

* A red herring.

3. From the traditional literature of the people. De Guileville intersperses his poem with popular expressions, to suit it to the taste of the public, such as "*harengfor*,"^{*} &c.; and Bunyan's description of *Great-heart's* combat with the giants, *Despair*, *Grin*, *Maul*, and *Slaygood*, may evidently be traced to the chap-books,² the *Gestes of Guy of Warwick*, &c.

In his treatise on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, Bunyan represents Dives as replying thus to Abraham:—"They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.' This is the thing (to be short), My brethren are unbelievers, and do not regard the word of God. I knew it by myself, for when I was in the world it was so with me. The Scriptures, thought I then, what are they? A dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alack! what is Scripture? *Give me a ballad, a news book, George on horseback, or Bevis of Southampton.* Give me some book that teaches curious Arts, that tells old Fables."—BUNYAN'S *Genius and Writings*, by the REV. ROBERT PHILIP.

The very mention of these ballads and chap-books of George on horseback, and

¹ Hampole, in his Poem entitled "*The Pricke of Conscience*," describing the Holy City, calls it a beryl.

² These were short story-books which were hawked about the country; the word "*chap*" being used in our modern word "*chapman*," and derived from the German *kaufen*, "*to purchase*."

Bevis of Southampton, and the habits of Bunyan's early life, prove how familiar this class of old literature was to him as well as to his readers.

But with regard to the originality of such works, it may be stated, as a general principle, that the faculty of *invention* is necessary to all who by means of their productions in art, science, or literature, would wish not only to inform, but to amuse those who come in contact with their works. *In what that faculty consists*, however, is a matter which is not perhaps so universally known as it should be.

"Invention has ever been esteemed the highest and most distinguishing attribute of man, as that in which 'human power shows likest to divine:' *though not creative, but founded on previous acquisitions*, it is *originative*, and seems to consist in the faculty of discovering and developing *novel combinations*, *extending the boundaries* of knowledge, and opening fresh sources of intellectual enjoyment. This is the true promise of *Genius*—the great privilege and characteristic of Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, &c. (Milton, Bunyan, &c.) The *painter* must be indebted to the poet or the historian for *his theme*; but the *invention* of the picture, *as a whole*, must be as much his own as if it had altogether proceeded from his own conception."—*Lectures on Painting*, (Royal Academy.) Vide *Athenæum*, Feb. 25, 1843.

Mr. Eastlake, in speaking of those who imagine that the excellence of art or of writing in former ages depended for their excellence or originality on some technical advantages which have been lost, says, "Such persons *forget that materials and processes* are to the painter's art what notes are to the musician, or *letters to the author*. The *secret* lies in their combination; and it was that *combination* which made Handel, and Hayden, and Beethoven, and Mozart—as it made Shakespeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Titian, or Rembrandt—superior to all others in their respective departments."

EASTLAKE on Oil Painting. *Athenæum*, Jan. 15, 1848.

"There n'is no newe guise that it n'as old."

The Knight's Tale, CHAUCER.

"For vnder a coloure, a truth may arise,
As was the guise, in olde antiquitye,
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmise
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye,
Or yet on ioye to haue moralitye."

Pastime of Pleasure, HAWES.

"Les abeilles pillulent de ça, et de là, les fleurs ;
Mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur."

MONTAIGNE.

Dryden, in the preface to his Fables, says, "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." In like manner, Bunyan's pedigree may be traced, in numerous instances, to the olden religious poets of England, such as Hampole, Piers Plowman, Lydgate, and

* "A dream or vision."

all the authors of Dreams and "Swevens,"* from the translations of De Guileville to Chaucer.

"Few things appear at first sight more easy, or upon trial are found more difficult, than the clear and orderly arrangement of many and varied particulars. To class them according to their several relations, so that they may follow each other in due subordination, would seem rather an exercise of patience than of intellect; to require industry, rather than a depth of thought, or an enlarged comprehension of the subject. But we soon learn how much easier it is to *collect* materials than to *form* them into a consistent whole."—GUEST'S *English Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 1.

"L'étude littéraire donne un résultat donc bien des gens s'étonneront : c'est que *le génie n'invente pas*. Collier, muni de toutes ses preuves erudites, vous attesterait que Shakespeare n'est qu'un sublime et délicat metteur en œuvre. Comme Molière et Corneille, il ne s'est jamais fait scrupule de prendre ses sujets et ses personnages partout, dans un roman, un conte, un drame, une ballade, une mauvaise comédie, une chronique rimée ou une chronique sans rimes. Les admirateurs de Shakespeare *n'estiment en lui que les qualités qu'il n'a pas* : c'est, disent-ils, *le créateur de Lear, le créateur de Hamlet, le créateur d'Othello*;—il n'a rien *créé* de tout cela.

"*L'invention*, vous dit-on de toutes parts, c'est la grande qualité, *c'est le génie* ! Voyons donc. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Molière, Corneille, le Tasse, l'Arioste, Cervantes;—parmi les anciens Eschyle, Sophocle, Homère; ces noms semblent-ils assez grands? Et s'ils ne sont pas *inventeurs*, qui osera l'être? Qui marchera le front plus haut que ces hommes, proclamés par la voix populaire, par le cri des siècles et la vénération de tous, maîtres de la pensée, guides du troupeau humain, qu'ils éclairent en marchant sur les hauteurs?

"Qu'ont-ils créé? Commençons par Dante. De son temps, une tradition vulgaire a cours, moule commun, formule épique, aussi triviale que l'est aujourd'hui un vaudeville à tiroir; c'est une vision chrétienne, vue générale et mystique du triple royaume:—ici les damnés; là les bienheureux; plus loin les âmes qui expient leurs crimes dans le Purgatoire. *Tout le monde s'est servi de cette forme*. Le peuple ne connaît qu'elle, tant elle est usée et rebattue. Un moine, après bien d'autres moines, a décrit à son tour l'Enfer, le Paradis, et le Purgatoire. Un frère Alberic du Mont-Cassin a rimé sa vision qu'il a disposée en triple entonnoir, et traitée grossièrement, lourdement et sans génie. *Toute la charpente de la Comedia divina, est littéralement dans l'œuvre du frère Alberic*. Dante n'a fait qu'une seule dépense, celle du génie; dans la pierre brute il a trouvé l'or.

"Ainsi des autres créateurs; Eschyle et Sophocle sont dans Homère, qui lui-même est accusé d'avoir recoufû des chants plus anciens. L'ouvrage capital de Cervantes n'est qu'une parodie, par conséquent une imitation. Milton traduit de longs fragments de la *Sarcothée* de Masenius. (This assertion is taken from *Lauder*, R. H.) Molière doit ses meilleures scènes, non seulement à Plaute et aux Italiens, mais à Cyrana de Bergerac.

"Qu'estimez-vous dans Shakespeare? Est-ce *le Roi Lear*? Shakespeare a emprunté le roi Lear à une vieille tragédie publiée en 1594, jouée sur plusieurs théâtres: *The Pitiful Chronicle of King Lear*. Le fou, le roi, les deux filles, l'abdication du monarque, *tout*

rouve dans ce vieux drame. Ce grand homme retravaillant de mauvais drames nnés, les a rajeunis de sa verve et ranimés de sa touche puissante.

“ Les faits constitutifs du roman et du drame sont un fond *matériel* et commun dans lequel tout le monde va puiser. Le génie arrange et imite, étudie et approfondit, il *vente* JAMAIS.

“ Le génie consiste à mieux *comprendre*, à mieux pénétrer, à environner de plus de ière ce que chacun fait superficiellement ou comprend à demi. Un des singuliers mêtres de Shakespeare, c'est sa souveraine indifférence quant au sujet qu'il doit traiter. *Il y regarde pas* : l'excellent ouvrier fait tirer parti de tout. Il prend au hasard une re, un morceau de bois, un bloc de granit, un bloc de marbre. *Peu lui importe que prédécesseur ait fait agir et parler* sur la scène un vieux roi déshérité par ses filles ; et un fait comme un autre, qui ne vaut ni plus ni moins. Shakespeare va trouver ce qu'il y a de larmes et de puissance dans l'âme de ce vieillard.

“ On court après l'*invention* aujourd'hui que l'originalité intime manque ; elle réside *l'artiste*, non dans les *matériaux* qu'il emploie. A tous les grands hommes c'est la *lition*, c'est le peuple, c'est l'héritage commun des idées et des usages qui ont légué *matériaux*. Ils les ont reçus tels quels ; puis ils les ont *fondus, transformés, immor-*és.

“ Si ce que l'on nomme *invention*, n'était pas une qualité illusoire, il faudrait estimer en plus haut prix que *Dante* le *premier* moine oisif qui écrivit en style de carrefour sion de Paradis et de l'Enfer ; les grossiers auteurs des canevas Italiens l'emportent sur Molière ; les écrivains inconnus de quelques chroniques, divisées en actes, sèraient Shakespeare.

“ Dans les *décadences littéraires* on prend pour *inventeurs* ceux qui, poussés par un ain ardeur de sang et une certaine fougue de *paroles* déplacent les mots et les images, roient avoir fait voyager les idées. Ces gens se proclament *créateurs*. Montaigne, kespeare et Molière ne s'attribuaient d'autre mérite que celui d'étudier la nature, mme et le monde.

“ Le propre du génie, c'est de féconder.”—*Etudes sur W. Shakespeare, &c. par laréte Chafles*, 1851, p. 88.

Evidences of the popularity of de Guileville's Dream in England.

The use made of it by Chaucer. Chaucer's “ A, B, C,”—also entitled, “ La Priere nostre Dame ;” made, as some say, “ at the request of Blanch, Duchefs of Lancafter, praier for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout,”¹—has usually considered his own composition. It is, however, a translation from De Guile-*'s Prayer to the Virgin*, published in 1330, of which the first three stanzas are given specimen. Each stanza, it will be observed, begins with a letter of the alphabet, this alphabetical order is preserved throughout.

¹ Brit. Mus. MS.

De Guileville.

TOY du monde le refuy
 Vierge glorieuse men fuy
 Tout confus car ne puis mieulx
 faire

A toy me tiens a toy mapuy
 Relieue moy abatu fuy
 Et vaincu par mon aduerfaire
 Et puis qua toy ont tous repaire
 Bien ie me doy vers toy retraire
 Auant que plus seuffre dennuy
 La luite nest pas necessaire
 A moy se tu tresdebonnaire
 Ne me secours comme autrui



BIEN croy que par toy conforte
 Sera mon cuer desconforte
 Car tu es de salut la porte
 Si ie me fuis tres mal porte
 Par sept larrons pechez morte
 Et foruoye par la voye torte
 Esperance me reconforte
 Qui a toy ennuyt me raporte
 A ce que ie foye deporte
 Ma dolente ame a toy iaporte
 Sauue la ne vault plus que morte
 En luy tout bien est avorte



CONTRE moy fontgrant action
 Ma vergoigne et confusion
 Que deuant toy ne doy venir
 Pour ma trop grant transgression
 Raison de desperation
 Contre moy veulent maintenir
 Mais pource que veulx plait finir
 Deuant toy les faiz conuenir
 En faissant replication
 Cest que ie dis appartenir
 A toy du tout et conuenir
 Pitie et miseration

Chaucer.

ALMIGHTIE and all-merciful
 quene
 To whom all this world fleith
 for succour

To have relese of finne of so'row oftene
 Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour
 To the I fle confoundid in errour
 Help and releve almightie debonaire
 Have mercy of mine perillous languor
 Venquist me hath my cruill aduerfaire



BOUNTIE so fixe hath in my
 hert his tent
 That well I wote thou will my
 succour be
 Thou canst not warnin that with gode
 entent
 Axith thine helpe thine hert is aye so fre
 Thou art largesse of plaine felicite
 Having and refute of quiete and rest
 So how that Thevis sevin chafing me
 Helpe ladie bright or that mine ship to
 brest



COMFORT is none but in you,
 Lady dere !
 For lo ! mine finne and mine
 confusioun,
 Which ought not in thin presence for to'
 apere,
 Han taken on me a grievous actioun,
 Of veray right and disperatioun,
 And as by right they mighten well sustene
 That I were worthy mine damnatioun,
 Ne were it of thy mercy, blisfull Quene !



Lidgat presenting his booke called y^e Pilgrime, unto y^e Earle
of Salisbury.



Thomas Montacute Earle of Salisbury

2. Chaucer's evident imitation, at the end of his dream called "The Book of the Duchefs," of De Guileville's description of being awoke by the convent-bell.

De Guileville.

Ce me sembla en ce moment
Si que de lespouement
Esueille et desdormy fu
Et me trouuay si esperdu
Quauiser ie ne me pouoie
Si ia mort ou en vie iestoie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorloge de nuyt pour leuer
Et auffi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuidoy lors
Mais ne peu car fuy retenu
De la grant pensee ou ie fu
Pour le myen aventureux songe
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge
Estoit meslee ou contenue
Ou qui fust de peu de value

Chaucer.

Right thus me mett, as I you tell,
That in the castle there was a bell,
As it had smitten houres twelve,
And therewith I awoke my selve,
And found me lying in my bed,
And the book which I had read
Of Alcyone and Ceyx the King,
And of the goddess of Sleeping,
I found it in my hand full even;
Thought I, this is so quaint a sweven,
That I would, by process of time,
Fond (strive) to put this sweven in rhyme
As I can best, and that anon:
This was my sweven, now it's done.

3. To these may be added the different English translations of De Guileville, both in prose and verse, which are still existing, printed and in manuscript.

The most important of the metrical translations is that by the "venerable monk Dan John Lydgate," mentioned above as being now in the British Museum Collection of MSS., and numbered Vitellius, C. xiii. It is, however, but little known; and, curiously enough, not even a single passage of it has been quoted by Warton. Stowe, the only writer who has alluded to it, casually mentions it, and has stated correctly the date of its translation. It was made, as Lydgate himself informs us, in 1426, by the command of [Thomas de Montacute] the Earl of Salisbury, "being bound," as he says, "to be his man."

I mene the book, "Pilgrymage de Monde,"
Morall of vertu, of materys ful profonde,
Maad and compyled in the Frenche tonge,
Full notable to be rad and songe.
To every pylgreme vertuous of lyff,
The mater ys so contemplatyff
In all the book ys not lost a word,
Thys confydred full wysly of my lord
Of Salysbury, the noble manly knyght
Wych in fraunce, for the kynges ryght
In the werre hath many day contunyde.

And of the tyme playnly, and of the date,
 When I began thys book to tranflate,
 Yt was a thoufand by computacion
 After Cryfte's incarnacion
 Ffour hundryd and nouthur far nor nere,
 The furplus over fyxe and twenty yere ;
 My lord that tyme being in Parys,
 Wych gaff me charge by his dyscrete avys,
 As I feyd erft to settle myn entent
 Upon thys booke to be dyllygent, &c.

The following passage is curious, in a literary point of view, for the conclusive evidence it contains of the poem, quoted above, entitled "A, B, C, or a Prayer to t Virgin," having been previously translated by "hys mayster, Chaucer," which Lydgate says "he will ympen after hys translacion (as he is bounde of dette), in order that may enlumine :"—

"Thys lytyl book, rude of making
 With some claufe of hys wryting."

He then proceeds as follows :—

And touchynge the translacion
 Off thys noble oryson,
 Whylom, yff I shal nat feyne^a
 The noble poete of Breteyne,
 My mayster Chaucer in hys tyme,
 Affter the ffrenche he dyde yt tyme,
 Word by word, as in substance,
 Ryght as yt ys ymad in France,
 Ffull devoutly in sentence,
 In worschepe and in reverence
 Off that noble hevenly quene,
 Bothe moder and a mayde clene,
 And sythe he dyde yt undertake
 Ffor to translate it ffor hyr sake
 I pray this, that ys the beste
 Ffor to bring hys soule at reste
 That he may through hyr¹ — prayer
 Above the starys bright —
 Of hyr mercy and hyr grace,
 Apere afory hyr sonys face

^a "Not flatter."

¹ The missing words are quite illegible, from the MS. having been partially destroyed by fire.

With feyntys ever for a memorye,
Eternally to regene in glorye,
And ffor memorye of that poete,
Wyth al hys rethorykes fwete,
That was the ffyrſte in any age
That amendede our langage;
Therefore, as I am bounde off dette
In thys book I wyl hym ſette,
And ympen thys oryſon
After hys tranſlacion,
My purpoſe to determyne
That yt ſhal enlumyne
Thys lytyl book rud off makyng
Wyth ſome claufe off hys wryting,
And as he made this oryſon,
Off ffull devout entencion,
And by maner of a prayere
Ryght ſo I wyl yt ſetten here,
That men may know and pleynly ſe
Off our ladye the A, B, C.

In the MS. Vitellius, C. xiii., there is a blank left for the inſertion of the above-mentioned "A, B, C," or oraſon to the Virgin; but it is bound up with a volume of Chaucer's Poems, which belonged to Humphrey Wanley, and now in the Grammar School of Coventry, under the title of "A Preiour to our Ladye, made by Geffreie Chaucer, after the order of the 'A, B, C.'"—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Tom. ii. p. 23.

In the official catalogue of the Cotton MS., in folio, this MS. of "The Pilgrim," derived from De Guileville by Lydgate, is deſcribed as "A Poem in old Engliſh verſe, containing Directions for a Pilgrimage to Jeruſalem. It appears to have been written originally by a monk of Calais (for Chaliz), and tranſlated into Engliſh about the year 1400."

Thus the compiler of the catalogue leaves others in the ſame ignorance of the names of both author and tranſlator as that in which he himſelf was, although the introduction to the tranſlation contains three diſtinct proofs of its being the production of Lydgate. 1. The mention of his maſter Chaucer as the "poete of Breteyne;" giving him the ſame title he had already uſed in the thirty-fourth chapter of his "Life of the Virgin Mary," where he calls him "poete of Breteyne, who uſed to amende and correct the wronge traces of my rude penne." 2. His teſtimony that Chaucer tranſlated "Hymn to the Virgin." And 3. That he was commanded to tranſlate "The Hymn" by the Earl of Salisbury, which is confirmed by an ancient illuminated drawing probably coeval—of Lydgate preſenting this poem, called "The Pilgrim," to the Virgin.

See Harl. MS. 4826.

Notwithſtanding all this, and though Warton quotes Stowe's words, where he

speaks of "Lydgate's 'Pilgrimage of the World'" (the very title given to it by Lydgate), written "by the commaundement of the Earle of Salisburie, 1426," it is surprising that both he and Sharon Turner should have been so utterly unconscious of its existence as never to have quoted a line! At the head of it are the following verses:—

"Qui peregrinaris hunc per librum docearis,
Quæ bona vel dubia sit fugienda via."

"O worldly folk avyse yow be tymes,
Wych in thys lyff ben but a pylgrymage,
Lyk straungerys far fro yowr contre,
Unfranchysed and voyde of libertie."

The popularity of De Guileville's works is further proved by the numerous English translations, both in verse and prose, still contained in our public libraries, which it has cost great pains to discover, as the catalogues are almost universally mute upon the subject. These translations influenced our literature down to the time of the Great Rebellion, which formed, as it were, a chasm between our ancient and modern literature.

A list of these, both in print and MS., is herewith given, in the hope that it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with De Guileville and his works.

MSS.

Among the Cecil MSS. at Hatfield is "*Ye Dreame of the 'Pilgrimage of ye Soule,'* translated out of Frensch into English, with some addicions, ye yere of our Lord M iiiii 'and prittene.' (1413). This is a folio MS. on vellum, adorned with many humourously designed illuminations."—W. READER, *Gent. Mag. Nov.* 1843. p. 488.

Cod. MSS. of Samuel Pepys.—*The Pilgrim, Moral Discourse*, illustrated with drawings, and written originally about the year 1330, fol.—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Lib. MSS. Angliæ et Hiberniæ. Folio, Oxford, 1697, V. 2. p. 209, No. 6797, Art. 78.

Cod. MSS. penes R. P. *Joannem Morum*, Ep. Norvicensem.—"*The Pilgrim*, or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World;" wherein the author sets forth the wretchedness of Man's Life without Grace. Written 1331.—*Vide* *ibid.* p. 390, Art. 64.

In the British Museum.—"*Grace Dieu*, or a dreame of the pilgrimage of the Soule." On vellum. Written in 1413. Egerton, No. 615.—"*The Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*," on vellum, *imperfect at the beginning*; xv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Vitellius, C. xiii.—"*The Pilgrim*," on vellum, *imperfect*; xiv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Tiberius, A. vii.

At Oxford.—"*The Pilgrimage of the Soule*," in the library of University Coll.—"*The Dreame of the pilgrymage of the soul*, translated out of French into English," in the library of Corpus Christi Coll.

At Cambridge.—At Caius College, "*The Dreame of the Pilgrimage of the Soul* translated out of French, 1414."

In the Public Library.—"*The romaunce of the monk of Chailis, of the pilgrimag*

and the Pilgrim's Progreſs.

I I

e lyfe of the manhode, which ys maad for good pylgryme that in this world swich wole holde that he go to good haven, and that he have of hevene the joye; taken the 'Romaunce of the Roſe,' whereinne the art of love is al encloſed." *Imperfeet*. vellum. xv. Cent. This copy has the following Colophon:—

Here endeth the Romaunce by the Monk of the Cisteaux, in France; of the pilgrimage of the lyffe of the manhood, which is made for good pilgrymes yt^a in this world waye wol holde that w^d goo to good haven, and that they have heavens Ioye, joined after the manner of the Romans of the Roos,^b which al parte of love dothe be, translated oute of frenshe in to Engliſhe by oon that cleped him *Johan the 1st*, preyeth for the maker, the tranſlatour, the wyter, the reders hereof and thys goon or in wille to goo."—*Vide* J. O. Halliwell's MS. Rarities of the Univerſity of Cambridge, 1841, p. 166.

^a That.

^b Romance of the Roſe.

^c Either go this way or wiſh to go.

Printed Books.

The Pylgremage of the Sowle: translated oute of Frenſhe in to Englyſhe." Edited by W. Caxton, at Weſtminſter, 1483. *An imperfeet copy*. This edition is in the library of Lord Spencer, at Althorp Hall, Northamptonſhire.—*Vide* Dibdin's "*Biblia Spenceriana*," vol. iv. p. 263.

A fine copy (but wanting laſt leaf) was purchaſed at the ſale of White Knight's library for £152 5s. by Mr. Evans.

According to Herbert, (the Antiquary,) copies were apparently in the libraries of ſans Sloane, Mr. Brandon, and his own.

Vide for ſpecimens, &c., Dibdin's Edition of "*Herbert's Ames' Typographical Antiquities*." (London, 1810.)

The Peregrination of Mannes Lyfe," by Guillaume de Guileville, appears from following lines of Skelton—

" Off mannes lyfe the perigrination
He dyde tranſlate, interprete, and diſcloſe"—

have been translated by him. John Skelton was poet laureate to Henry VIII., but tranſlation referred to above has not come down to us. Warton, however, mentions it in his History of Engliſh Poetry, vol. ii. f. 489, in (Ed. 1844.)

The following French Editions may alſo be mentioned as exiſting in the Brit. Muſ.:—*Le Romant des trois Pelerinaiges*, 4to. Goth. Bartholde et Jehan Petit, Paris. *Sans*

Le Pelerinage de l'homme—avec des figures en bois. Fol. Goth. Anthoine Verard. *Sans date*.

Le premier de l'homme durant queſt en vie."

Le ſecond de lame ſeparée du corps."

Le tiers de notre Seigneur Jeſus Chriſt en forme de monoteſſeron."

The following are examples of the illuſtrations contained in the Delft and Harlem editions:—



Facsimile of the engraving representing the Pilgrim turning his back on the *City of Destruction*, and looking up towards the *Celestial City*, as reflected in a mirror.
Delft Edition.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the meeting of the Pilgrim with the Celestial Lady.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the passage of the Pilgrim to the castle of the Celestial Lady, through water.

The Royal Library at the Hague contains a manuscript on vellum, of about the end of the xivth century; it is adorned with twenty-three miniatures. In the Prologue it is entitled, "*die pelgrimage von der menschliker creaturen*;" and it is said there that it was translated from the *Walschen* in the *vlaemschen tale*; which was composed by a holy monk in a monastery called *Chaalie*.

In the first dialogue of *gracie gods* with the *Pilgrim* it is said that *gracie* founded her house ouer XIII. en XXX. (1330) iuer; and in that part of the 1st Book where *redene* (reason) reads her commission to *rude verstanneffe*, this commission has been given in the year M. CCC. en XXXI.

The Dutch Edition is an extract from the MS. translation in prose; it was never printed *in extenso*.

The celestial lady who appears to the *Pilgrim* is, through the whole edition, called *gracie gods*.

In none of the woodcuts is the *Pilgrim* represented in armour or fighting with drawn sword; in one only he occurs in armour, which directly after he pulls off, not being able to bear it any longer. In the before-named woodcut the *Pilgrim* has no sword at all, and he is not in presence of any enemy. He is leaning on the *Palster*;^{*} only *gracie gods* is with him.

* A Pilgrim's staff.

In the Royal Library at the Hague exists another edition of this story. It is in folio size, printed in double columns. Except some very little difference in spelling, the Delft edition has been faithfully copied in the Haerlem edition. One little part only is omitted in the edition of 1498; in the last chapter of the Haerlem edition the *Pilgrim* having breathed his last, *the author awakes from his dream*; this part is left out in the Delft edition. The woodcuts are the same in both editions.

The following attempt to translate a portion, C. 1., of the "*Boeck van den Pelgrim*," printed at Delft, in Holland, in 1498, was made by the *King's Interpreter*; imperfect as it is, it will be sufficient to show that the Dutch translator took it from De Guileville's Poem of the "*Pélerinage de l'homme durant quest en Vie, ou le Pélerinage de la Vie humaine*," which was afterwards done into prose by S. Gallopez, and printed at Lyons by Math. Hufy in 1485.

"Then she took a pourpoint or doublet made in a wonderful manner: * * * * * Will you know how it is called? Men call it Patience, which is made to bear pains and to begin great strides without murmurings or Anger, but to be therefore more thankful.

"The king Jesus had this pourpoint on, for thy sake, as he hung on the Cross, and was covered with this Doublet which is Patience, for he suffered all patiently.

"Thus it is well to remark that it is good, since that the great King had it on, thus should ye strive. Then take it, and put it on I advise, for of all arms it behoves first to know how to put it on, whoever will arm himself rightly."

In order, however, still further to show the concurrence—at least of ideas, if not of diction—between De Guileville and Bunyan, the following passages may be quoted from amongst many others of a similar nature:—

DE GUILLEVILLE. 1330.

Pour qui a bon sens cōprendre
Tout ce que ce livre contient
Moralement le fault entendre
Et *non pas litteralement*
Car l'aſteur la fait cointement
Tenant forme parabolique
Pour aguifer l'entendement
A tout chaſcun ſcientifique.

*Prologue, Ed. de B. et J. Petit, imp.
par Berth. Runboldt, s. d.*

une foiz
Lan mil trois cēs dix p trois foiz
Ung ſonge vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainſi com ſommeilleux
Jeſcripz a mon reveillement.

Description of the Holy City.

Il neſt nulle cite ſi belle^a
Ne qui de rien lui ſoit pareille
Maſſon en fut ſeulement *dieu*
Nul autre ne feroit tel lieu
Car les chemins et les alees
Dor fin eſtoient toutes paaees
En hault aſſis ſon fundement^b
Eſtoit et ſon maſſonnement

BUNYAN. 1678.

I have uſed ſimilitudes.—*Hof.* xii. 10.

Motto in title-page.

The Prophets uſed much by Metaphor
To ſet forth Truth: Yea, who ſo conſiders
Chriſt, his Apoſtles too, ſhall plainly ſee
That Truth to this day in ſuch Mantles be.
* * * * * Holy Writ
Is every where ſo full of all theſe things
Dark figures, allegories yet there ſprings
From that ſame book, that luſtre and thoſe
rays
Of Light, that turns our darkeſt nights to
days

BUNYAN's Apology for his book.

Nay, I have leave,
(*Examples* too, and that from them who
have
God better pleaſed by their words and ways
Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)
Thus to expreſs my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee that excellenteſt are.

Ibid.

As I walked through the wilderneſs of
this world, I alighted on a certain place
where was a den, and laid me down in
that place to ſleep: and as I ſlept, I
dreamed a dream.

*Chriſtian's deſcription of the Holy City
to Pliable.*

"There is an endleſs kingdom to be
inhabited, and everlaſting life to be given
us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for
ever.

"There are crowns of glory to be given
us, and garments that will make us ſhine
like the ſun in the firmament of heaven.

"There ſhall be *no more crying* nor

^a Heb. xi. 10.

^b Rev. xi. 12,
18, 19.



DE GUILLEVILLE. 1330.

De *vives pierres* fait estoit
 Et hault mur entour la clooit
 Dessus lequels *anges* estoient
 Qui tous temps le guet y faisoient
 Et gardoient tresbien que lentree
 Nullement fust abandonnee
 Fors *aux pelerins seulement*
 Qui y venoient deuotement^a
 Leans auoit moult de *mansions*
 De *lieux* et *habitations*
 Illec estoit *toute lieffe*
 Et toute joye sans tristesse

^a John xiv. 2.

* * * * *

^b Gen. iii. 24.

Cherubin portier en estoit^b
 Qui ung glaive forby tenoit
 Bien emolu a deux taillans
 Tout verfatile et tournoyans
 Dont il se scauoit bien aider
 Nest aucun tant se sceust targer
 Qui par la porte passer peust
 Que occis ou naure¹ ne fust
 Mesmement car executeurs^c
 Y auoit et tirans crueulx
 Qui tres durs tourmens pourpenfoient
 Et tous les plus griefz quilz pouoient
 Moult y eut grant occision
 De pelerins de grant renom

^c Acts xiv. 22.

BUNYAN. 1678.

sorrow, for *He* that is owner of *the places*
 will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

"There we shall be with *Cherubim* and *Seraphim*, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There, also, you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the *Holy Virgins* with their golden harps; there we shall see men that by the world were *cut in pieces, burned in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas*, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, clothed with immortality as a garment."

¹ *Worldly-wise-man* tempts *Christian* not to go up to the Wicket-gate, because of the dangers of the way, assuring him he is like to meet with *wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword lions, dragons, darkness*, and, in a word, *death*, and what not!

Christian arrived at the Wicket-gate (which he had left to follow *Worldly-wise-man's* counsel) saw written over it, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" he knocked, therefore, more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named *Good-will*, who asked who was there and whence he came? and what he would have?

Christian "Here is a poor hardened sinner; I come from the *City of Destruction*, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are *willing* to let me in."

"I am *willing* with all my heart," said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when *Christian* was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said *Christian*, "What mean that?" The other told him, "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which *Beelzebub* is the Captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in." Then said *Christian*, "I rejoice and tremble."

* * * * *
vne grant merueille vy
grans maiftres et prelaz qui
crenaulx tout en hault eſtoient
iſtrants ſemblant quilz enſeignoient
ieurs des pelerins daual
a grant peine et grant trauail
n ce quapris ilz eſtoient
s pour voler leur faiſoient
eles de bon exemplaire
es comme ilz les deuoient faire
ces grans maiftres leur monſtroient
iſtrant que moult chier les auoient

* * * * *
uis vy en vng autre coſte^a
us les murs de la cite
lans hommes auctorizables
s quant a moy peu congnoiſſables

* * * * *
e leſquelz aduis me fu
ſainct benoiſt y recongneu
* * * * *
a endroit ſainct francoys auffi
* * * * *
ilt dautres ie vy ſur les murs
* * * * *

s tant dire vueil briefuement
nul nentroit en la cite^b
quelque part quaye compte
de hors les murs ne laiſſaſt
harpe ou bourdon que portaſt
mply lors eſtoit leur veage
ait tout leur pelerinaige

Before we proceed to give an analyſis of, and to trace a parallel between, the two
cs of Bunyan and De Guileville, we muſt preſiſe that the allegory, which becomes
ie hands of the former a fascinating narrative, full of vitality and Chriſtian doctrine,
the work of the latter only a cold and lifeleſs dialogue between abſtract and unem-
ed qualities.

^a "Lecharpe et le bourdon" repreſent the Certificate of pilgrimage. The latter is thus explained
: Diſt. de l'Académie François, "*Sorte de long bâton qui eſt fait au tour, avec un ornement au haut,
me de pomme, et que les Pèlerins portent ordinairement dans leurs voyages.*"

* * * * *
" Now, upon the bank of the river, on
the other ſide, they ſaw the two ſhining
men again, who there waited for them.
" Now, you muſt note that the city
ſtood *upon a mighty hill*; but the pilgrims
went up that hill with eaſe, becauſe they
had theſe two men *to lift them up by the
arms, &c.*

" Then I ſaw in my dream that the
ſhining men bid me call at the gate, the
which, when they did, ſome one from
above *looked over the gate*: to wit, *Enoch,*
Mofes, and *Elijah*, to whom it was ſaid,
Theſe pilgrims are come from the city of
Deſtruction for the love that they bare to
the King of this place; and then the pil-
grims gave in unto them each man his
Certificate,¹ which they had received in
the beginning."

^a Rev. vii. 9.

^b Rev. xxii. 14.

^a Rev. xxi. 2—
9.²
Heb. xi. 10, 33
—39.

^b Matt. xi. 12;
xix. 24; v. 3.
Ecclef. v. 15.

^c f. 3, b. Appen-
dix, f. iv. "And
I roos vp."

^d Eccluf. xlv. 8.
Baruch v. 2.

The poem of De Guileville opens by informing his readers that, in the year 1330, being then a monk in the monastery of Chaliz, he had a dream, in which he saw afar off, as if reflected in a mirror, similar to the "shining light" of *Evangelist*,¹ the celestial city of Jerusalem, and felt himself excited to go thither on a pilgrimage.^a He dwells on the wondrous beauty of its construction, on the elegance of its mansions, on the character of its inhabitants, and their happiness and blessedness after their trials and sufferings (even such a description as *Christian* gives to his unstable friend *Pliable* on their setting out); and particularly points out the little wicket-gate, which he recognizes for the one described by our Lord, as being so strait, that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter in thereat.^b "*Homme vestu n'y pouvait passer.*" He then bethinks himself that a *staff* and a *scrip* will be necessary for his journey, like those in the hands of the pilgrims he sees before him on his way. Anxious to supply himself with them, *he rushes out of his house, weeping and lamenting* to know how he shall obtain them in the manner *Christian* is described as doing, when he left home and made as if he would run. "I dreamed," says Bunyan, "and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, &c. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read *he wept and trembled*, &c." His prototype thus introduces his pilgrim:—^c

Lors men yssy de ma maison ^d

* * * *

Bourdon commancay a querir
Et *escharpe* qui neccessaire
Mestoit a ce quauoye a faire
¶ Ainsi comment querant aloye
Et *en pleurant me guermentoye*
Ou ce bourdon peusse trouuer
Et celle *escharpe* pour porter³
Une dame de grant beaulte
Et de *tresgrant nobilite*⁴
Je rencontray droit en ma voye
De qui au cueur me vint grant ioye
Fille sembloit dun empereur
Dun roy ou dun tresgrant seigneur
Vestement auoir dor batu
Et cincte estoit dun verd tiffu
Qui tout au long ce me sembloit

¹ In Bunyan.

² The texts referred to in the margin are those given by De Guileville in *his* marginal reference. Extracts from the MSS. descriptive of the Holy City, &c. will be found in the Appendix.

³ See Woodcut I.

⁴ *Christian* describes *Evangelist* as "a man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person."



I



II



Le parain du pelerin

III



Le iouuencel et iouuencelle

IV

4

De charboucles ſeme eſtoit
 Sur le fein auoit ung fermail
 Dor fin et deſſus vng eſmail
 Sur lequel vng eſtoille auoit
 Qui grant clarte par tout rendoit
 Ung coulou lui yffoit du ſain
 Quelle applanioit ſur ſa main
 Son chef dor couronne eſtoit ^a
 Et tout en entour lenuironnoit
 Grant foifon deſtoilles luiſans
 Moult fut certes cil bien puiſſans
 Qui telle lui auoit donnee
 Et qui ainſi lauait paree
 Moult courtoife et de douce chere ^b
 Me fut grandement car premiere
 Me ſaulua en demandant
 Pourquoi nauoie meilleur ſemblant ¹
 Et pour quel cauſe ie pleuroye
 Et ſaucune defaulte auoie

^a Ezek. xvi. 12.

^b Song of Sol. iv. 3.

Adonc ie fuz comme ſurpris
 Pource que pas nauoye apris
 Que dame de ſi grant atour
 Daignaſt vers moy faire vng ſeul tour ^c
 Fors et ſeulement pour autant
 Que cil qui a bonte plus grant
 Plus a en foy dhumilite
 Grant douceur et benignite
 Car plus a le pommier de pommes
 Plus bas ſencline vers les hommes
 Et ne ſcay ſigne de bonte
 Si grant comme eſt humilite
 Qui ne porte ceſte baniere
 Na vertu ne bonte entiere

^c Eccluf. iii. 18.

The ſame gracious ſalutation is made by *Evangelist* to *Chriſtian* whilſt he is weeping. [looked then," ſays Bunyan, " and ſaw a man named *Evangelist* coming to him, ſo asked, ' Wherefore doſt thou cry ? ' ' Becauſe I fear,' replies *Chriſtian*, ' that *this den* that is upon my back will ſink me lower than the grave, and I ſhall fall into phet.' "

A ſimilar reply is made by De Guileville's pilgrim (taken by De Guileville from

¹ Being, like *Chriſtian*, in a bad plight.

Ephesians iv. 17—24; for he, like Bunyan, built his poem on the Scriptures, quoted his texts in the margin), who complains to *Gracedieu* when he feels that burden of his sins and the weight of his body prevent him from rising to the skies:—

^a f. 39, b. Appendix, f. v.
"Certys quoth I."

A larmoyer et a plorer^a
Commencay et a soupirer
A dire hélas
Adonc me dist grace quas tu
Pourquoy te desconfortes tu
Certes dis je pource je pleure
Car de present en moins dune heure
Jay perdu trestoute ma joye

* * * * *
Ainsi comme ung cinge acroche
A ung bloqueau et atache
Lequel en hault ne peut monter
Que tost ne faille reualer
Ainsi *mest ung bloquel pesant*¹
Le corps et ung retenail grant
Il me rabat quant vueil voler
Et retire quant vueil monter^b

^b Eph. iv. 17—24.

* * * * *
Le corps corumpu et pesant
Griefue lame et opprime tant
Que la tient en chetiuoison
Et luy fait perdre sa saison
Par quoy merueille ce nest pas
Sen plorant je dy dieux hélas
Desconforte moult grandement
Je suis et doy estre dolent

The Pilgrim having said to *Gracedieu* that he is in search of the heavenly city, wh he had had a sight of in a glafs, but that his grief was he had no means of getting thither, she replies, if his search be sincere, she will be his guide; having been into that country by the Lord of the way to guide halt and lame, but willing pilgrim in the way of salvation, to relieve the fallen, to support the lame, to strengthen doubtful, and to open the eyes of the blind. *Gracedieu* then proceeds to warn him he is going to travel through a country beset with difficulties, trials, enemies, adversities; and, as he will doubtless often be in trouble and stand in need of help, must always call upon her.

^c f. 4, Appendix, f. vi. "To pilgrymes."
John i. 9.
² Sam. xxii. 7.
Titus ii. 11.

Je suis celle que tu dois querre^c

¹ This *bloquel pesant* is the burden on the back of *Christian*.

Quant tu vas en eſtrange terre
Jenlumine les non voyans
Et donne force aux recreans
Je relieue les trebuchiez
Et radrece les foruoyez
Je ſuis *grace dieu* appelle
Par le coulou blanc deſignee

bids him keep in view the ſtraight and only entrance,¹ that wicket-gate, which
er entered till they had put of their own clothing²—that is, *mortality*; and then
her grace and favour.

Pilgrim humbly thanks her, and prays that ſhe will guide and ſupport him on
ney. *Gracedieu* then kindly leads him towards her houſe—a magnificent building,
ad been founded 1330 years ago.

Lors elle me priſt en celle heure^a
Et toſt me mena ſans demeure
Vers une maiſon quelle auoit
Qui ſienne eſtoit comme diſoit
Et la me diſt que trouueroie
Tout ce de quoy meſtier auroie
Laquel maiſon auoit fundee
Selon ſon dit et maſſonnee
Treize cens et trente ans auoit
Comme bien lui en ſouuenoit
¶ Ceſte maiſon voulentiers vy
Et a la veoir fuz eſbay
Car toute en hault en lair pendoit
Et entre terre et ciel eſtoit
Tout ainſi que ſel fuſt venue
Du ciel haultain eſt deſcendue
Il y auoit clochiers et tours
Et moult eſtoient beaulx ſes atours
Ainſi comme fuſt vng lieu royal
Et ſur tous autres principal^b
Deuant vne riuere auoit
Ou paſſaige ne nef nauoit

^a “ Tho hyr
lyſt.”
Appendix, f. vi.
Pſalm cxii. 3.

^b Eccluf. xxvi.
16.

s is the *church* of Chriſt, for the expounding of the Scriptures; it is, in fact, the

Evangelist ſays to *Chriſtian*, “ Keep that light in your eye.”

yan ſays, “ They had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they
with them, they came out without them.”

Interpreter's house of Bunyan. But the Pilgrim is alarmed at finding himself stop by a stream without bridge or ferry, and *desponds*.¹

"Dolent en fu et fort pleuroie."

This stream, in De Guileville's dream, represents the water of baptism² at the entrance to the church, but is transformed by Bunyan (agreeably to his views) into the Slough Despond, the duration of which he gives as 'above these sixteen hundred years'—age of the Christian church in *his* time.

Gracedieu expostulates with the Pilgrim on his want of firmness before so small obstacle, when he has so many greater waters to pass through before arriving at celestial city. He then inquires why it should be necessary to bathe in this water? which she replies, that, as sin came into the world, it is necessary to be cleansed in it—that water is an emblem of purification, and that a *King* has passed through Jordan. Then a person appears who *helps* him out to the other side,³ and, being purified, he is admitted into the house of Grace. Here a number of pilgrims assembled, and Moses—or the *Law*, the *Legality* of Bunyan—in despite of *Gracedieu* who reproves him, offers them many things for their relief on the journey—ointments for curing their wounds after their conflicts with their enemies.

Moses is succeeded by personifications⁴ of *Reason* or *Prudence*, and *Nature*, responding to *Worldly-wise-man* in Bunyan, who is 'obstinate'⁵ and railing. These followed by *Sapience* or *Discretion*, by *Repentance* or *Piety*, and by *Charity*⁷ or *Love*, the latter presenting to her auditory the last Will and Testament of Him who, for the sake of mankind, died upon *the Cross*; which runs thus:—

"I, who am the way, the truth, and the life, make this my last testament, voluntarily bequeath my soul to my Father, to be in his safe keeping, whilst I descend into hell to release those who love me. My body I bequeath to be interred in *sepulchre* Joseph has made, and to the pilgrims who keep in the right way, in order they may be nourished by it, and helped on their way. My heart I leave to those who love and keep my commandments. To John I leave the care of my mother, and my blood I leave for the *salvation* of all those who had compassion on me."

A *cross* is here represented with the letters *P A X*, at the angles.

Ces trois lettres font assauroir^b
Qua trois choses doit auoir paix
Icelluy a qui est laisse
Ce beau ioyel et octroye

^a John xiv. 6, 21.
¹ Cor. xi. 24.
John xix. 27.
Matt. xxvi. 28.

^b f. 18. Appendix, f. xx. "And evermore."
John xiv. 27.
² Cor. xiii. 11.

¹ *Christian* also *desponds* at the sight of the lions, and thought of going back, till *Watchful* porter, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained."

² See Woodcuts II. and III.; and cf. the account of *Baptism*, Appendix, f. vii.

³ As *Help* comes to the assistance of *Christian* at the Slough of Despond.

⁴ "Law and Grace" is a favourite work of Bunyan's.

⁵ See Woodcuts V. VI. VII. and VIII.; Appendix, f. xi—xx.

⁶ *Obstinate* accompanies *Christian* and *Pliable* over the plains, and rails at them both.

⁷ *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity* inhabit the palace called Beautiful, and entertain *Chr*



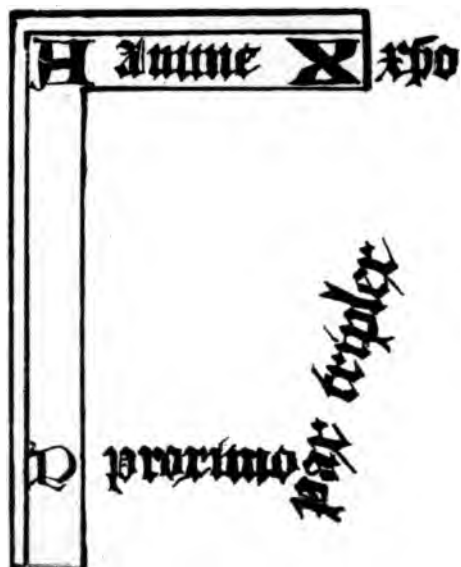
V



VI



VII



VIII



Ceſt que premierement en hault
Du X eſt mis en eſchauffaut
Par qui ie ſuis ſignifie
Briefuement et en ſobriete
Il doit auoir parfaicte paix ^a
En tel maniere que tous faiz
Commis et faiz oultre mon gre
Si ſoient reſtraints et amende
Après en langlet bas affis
Du A eſt colloque et mis
Par qui lame de foy entent
Doit auoir paix entierement ^b
A celle fin que point ny morde
Sindereſis ne ne remorde
Après encor a ſon prochain
Qui par le P mis primerain
Eſt entendu doit paix auoir
A quoy le doit moult eſmouuoir
Le meſme degre ou il eſt
Car point plus hault ne plus pas neſt
Tous deux en vng degre les mis ^c
Quant au commencement les fis
Tous ſont mortelz et lun et lautre
Vers et fiens eſt lun ſi eſt lautre
Rien ny vault cueur felon ne fier
Ne riens orgueil ne riens danger
Tous paſſeront par *vng pertuis* ^d
Groz et menuz grans et petis
Or facent tant que ce ioyel ^e
Ne perdent pas par leur orgueil
A ſon prouchain chaſcun ait paix
Si fera le patron parfaiz
Tel que doit eſtre par raiſon
Ceſt vng *ſeing* de tabellion ^f
Duquel doiuent eſtre ſignez
Tous bons teſtamens et marquez
Et *de ce ſeing* publicquement
Ay ie ce preſent teſtament
Signe et tabellionne
Puis que lent eſcript charite
Paix ay donne a toute gent
Or la garde chaſcun deuement

^a Rom. xiv. 17.

^b Pfalm lv. 18.

^c Heb. xii. 14.

^d Strait gate.

^e Rom. xii. 18.

^f Seal of engroſſment.

"Now I saw in my dream," says Bunyan, "that the highway, up which *Christian* was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called *Salvation*. Up this way did burdened *Christian* run till he came to a place on which stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre; and, just as he came up with the cross, his burden loosed from his shoulders, and fell from his back into the mouth of the sepulchre. Then was *Christian* glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.'"

And it is here that *Christian* sees the 'three shining ones,' who saluted him with "Peace be to thee;" and the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (here is peace and pardon); the second stripped him of his rags; and the third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll (the above *testament*) with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate.

In the dream of De Guileville, as soon as *Charity* had made an end of her oration, many of the pilgrims appeared very desirous of accepting her proffered conditions, and addressed themselves first to her, and afterwards to *Repentance*. But he also perceived many unfortunate ones amongst them, who, secretly concealing themselves from the eye of *Charity*, and eluding the observation of *Repentance*, addressed themselves exclusively to *Moses* for relief, to whom he granted it without exception. But it happened ill for them; for, as soon as they had left him, they looked as if they had come out of a miry slough,

"Yffys du bourbier ou dun noir sac a charbonnier;"

like *Pliable*, 'bedaubed with dirt,' or had been 'dipped into a sack of charcoal.' They were black, filthy, vile, says De Guileville—*enbordiz et encore tous familleux*; but when they were tired of this relief they returned trembling, and begging to accompany the other pilgrims. So *Christian*, after having 'turned out of his way, to go to *Mr. Legality's* house for help,' from his brethren, stands trembling before *Evangelist*; and Bunyan, from his familiar knowledge and love of Scripture, from the resources of his genius, and his acquaintance with the human heart, has wrought out a striking picture of the insufficiency of the law to take off the burden of sin. Hence, when *Evangelist* meets *Christian*, and shows him that no man can be justified by the deeds of the Law, that *Mr. Legality* was a cheat, &c. *Christian*, like the trembling pilgrims, falls down at *Evangelist's* feet as dead, and prays to be put again into the right way.

The monk of Chaliz afterwards introduces a long allegorical description of the Eucharist, and the Pilgrim expresses a wish to be furnished with some of this spiritual provision, to support him on his journey, and eagerly desires to proceed. *Gracedieu* replies, that she has everything necessary for him, and for his journey, in her palace;¹ but that he must wait, before he sets out, until she has shown him the curiosities contained therein, or, as Bunyan has it, 'the rarities of the place;' and that afterwards he shall receive a staff and a scrip, with provisions to put into the latter. She then leads him into a cabinet, where she points out to him a great collection of precious jewels;

¹ The Church, or House of the Interpreter.



IX



X



XI



XII

ere Bunyan must have revelled in allegory to his heart's content, for every article is described with the same mystic and symbolic precision as in Durand's "Rationale of the church.") The first things shown to him are the scrip and staff, which *Gracedieu* takes from a casket of curious workmanship. The scrip, or scarf, is made of green silk, the fringe of the same colour sprinkled with *scarlet* spots, like gout of blood.

These,"^a said *Gracedieu*, "are things necessary for thy journey: look well to them, for thou wilt stand in need of them. The name of the scrip is *faith*, and in it thou wilt carry thy provisions; and if thou wouldst know more of its virtues, consult the prophet Habakkuk, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. x. where thou wilt find that the just indeed *live by faith*."¹

^a f. 23, b. App. f. xxi. "Thy lady goodly."

¶ Voy cy lefcharpe et le bourdon
Que promis tay ie ten foiz don
Mestier tauront en ce voyage
Garde les si feras que saige
Lefcharpe si est foy nommee
Sans laquelle nulle iournee
Tu ne feras ia qui rien vaille
Car tout ton pain et ta vitaille
Doys en tous temps dedans auoir^b
Et se tu veulx cecy sauoir
Par autre dit que par le myen
Saint paul ten informera bien
Qui racompte quil est escript
Que iuste de lefcharpe vit^c
Lequel mot en abacuh prist
Qui ou second chapitel gift
* * * * *
Le sang esmeut et achoisonne^d
De prendre cuer et faire ainfi^e
Que les glorieulx martirs qui
Trop mieulx amerent a respondre
Leur sang pour leur foy fort deffendre^f
Quaucunement leur feust ostee
Pour la vertu quaauoient goustee

^b Rom. x. 4—6.

^c Hab. ii. 4.
Rom. i. 17.

^d f. xxiii. b.
^e Heb. xi. 33.

^f Eph. ii. 8.

See Woodcut IX.

Gracedieu further enlarges on the *scrip* by saying, "It is true that in olden time these scrips were simple in their form, and without these emblems; for then it sufficed that faith should be pure only. But since many errors and heresies have crept in, and each foolishly would believe of his own shion, (some being *Arians*, some *Pelagians*, and others such as I will not name,) it became necessary to establish a unity of belief, and these twelve clochettes will serve to keep thy faith awake." Bunyan tells us that the shepherds, from the top of *Mount Error*, showed the pilgrims the bodies of *Abel* and *Philetus* dashed to pieces at the foot of the hill.

Cest pour te donner exemplaire
 Que se tu trouues qui souffraire
 La te vueille point ne oster
 Auant occire et decouper
 Te laisses plus tost que ten voyes
 Descharpey car trop y perdroies

This allocution of *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim, with an allusion to the 'glorious martyrs,' as an example for him to follow, corresponds with the exhortation of *Evangelist* to *Christian* and *Faithful*, before they arrive at the town of *Vanity* :—

"My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the gospel, 'that you must go through many tribulations, enter into the kingdom of heaven;' and again, that 'every city bonds and afflictions abide you;' and, therefore, you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and therefore, you will soon come to a town, that you will, by-and-by, see before you; in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard that they may kill you: and be you sure, that one or both of you must seal the testimony, which you hold, *with blood*: but 'be you *faithful* unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life.' He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, *and his pain perhaps, great*, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will arrive at the Celestial City sooner, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with on his journey. But when you are come to the town, and find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and '*quit yourselves like men!*'"¹ The same counsel is given by *Gracedieu* in the above passage to

¹ Ridley thus addresses Latimer at the stake :—

"Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen thee to abide it."

"And now *the chariot of fire*, which was to transport the martyrs to glory, began to be illuminated. A blazing faggot was placed at Ridley's feet, upon which Latimer addressed him, with a degree of composure which passes all understanding, in those memorable words of almost prophetic import :—of good comfort, Master Ridley, *and play the man*; we shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out."²—*Lives of Eminent Christians* by the Rev. R. B. HONE.

Similarly, in a stanza under the woodcut of the trial of *Faithful* in the 33rd edition, (see plate 33), Bunyan writes :—

"Now Faithful, *play the Man*, speak for thy God;
 Fear not the wicked's malice, nor their rod:
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side,
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride."

Again, Bp. Ridley says to Latimer in prison :—

"Hitherto, you see, good father, how I have, in words only, made (as it were) a flourish before the fight which I shortly look after; and how I have begun to prepare certain kinds of weapons to withstand the adversaries of Christ; and to muse with myself how *the darts of the old enemy* may be b

him, and she says that he is to serve as an example, and to suffer himself rather to be *cut and cut in pieces*, than lose his scrip, or his faith. And this counsel is followed by fellow-traveller of *Christian*, when he is condemned, in the town of *Vanity*, "to be to the most cruel death that could be invented. They, therefore, brought him out with him according to their law: and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then they cut him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake!" and so came *Faithful* to his end.

"Now," continues Bunyan, "I saw in my dream that *Christian* went not forth from the town of *Vanity* alone; for there was one whose name was *Hopeful*, who joined himself unto him; and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus one died to make testimony to the truth, and another rises from his ashes to be a companion with *Christian*."

In like manner, the second companion of De Guilleville's *Pèlerin*, given to him by *Gracedieu*, is the Pilgrim's staff, whose name is *Hope*; on which she bids him lean with confidence, telling him it will sustain him in all slippery places.

This staff is light, strong, and straight, and is made of Shittim wood, which is precious; and on the top is reflected the whole country, as far as the Celestial City—the whole illuminated by a brilliant carbuncle.

Or entens bien de ce bourdon^a
 Qui est bon en toute saison
 Car trebucher ne peut celluy
 Qui fermement s'appuye a lui
 A lui appuyer te deuras
 A tous maux pas ou tu iras
 Esperance le dois nommer

* * * * *
 Le hault pommel est *Jesu Crist*^b
 Qui est comme la lectre dit
 Ung miroer du tout sans taiche
 La ou chascun peut voir sa face
 Ou tout le monde se mirer
 Doit toujours

^a f. 27. App. f. xxii. "But fyrst tak." Gen. xxxii. 10. Prov. xxiii. 17, 18.

^b John xii. 16. Wisdom vii. 26.

The Pilgrim now proposes to proceed on his journey; but he is told by *Gracedieu* he must first be armed at all points, in order that he may be proof against the many

and after what sort I may smite him again with the sword of the Spirit. I learn also hereby to be armed with armour, and to essay how I can go armed."

This language may be compared with *Christian's* fight with *Apollyon*, and many of the expressions these two martyrs remind us of *Christian* and *Faithful* in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and show us how intimate Bunyan was with Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

^a Ifaiah xi. 5.
Luke xii. 35.

dangers which he will meet with by the way. She puts on him the girdle of *Righteousness*,^a to keep him in the path of rectitude and temperance; and also furnishes him with a writing, or scroll,¹ (containing the *credo* written in Latin rhymes,) which she enjoins him to consult to take the film from his eyes.

We now come to the prototype of the armoury contained in the 'stately palace called *Beautiful*,' which Bunyan thus describes:—"The next day they had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which the Lord had provided for pilgrims—as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here *enough* of this *to barneſs out as many men*, for the service of their Lord, as there be ſtars in the heaven for multitude." Armour² of precisely the same description is earnestly recommended by *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim.

^b f. 30, b. App.
f. xxiii. "Come
ner."
¹ Kings xxii. 30.
Numbers xxxii.
29
Zech. viii. 9.

Or regarde diſt-elle hault ^b
A ceſte perche fil te fault
Pour chercher armes loing aller
Aſſez en voys pour bien tarmer
La font heaulmes et gambefons
Gorgerettes et haubergeons
Targes et *quanque* faillir peut
A cil quil deffendre ſe veult

She firſt preſents to him a '*gambefon*' or coat of mail called *Patience*, ſaying, "This was wrought by the great armourer above, who, without tools, created the fun and ſtarry hoſt; it is of ſuch excellent temper that it will be proof againſt all kinds of adverſity and tribulation, and will withſtand to the death. It was worn by our Lord on the Croſs—by holy martyrs ſince—and will reſiſt, like an anvil, all the ſtrokes of thine enemies."^c

^c Rom. vi. 13;
viii. 18.
Heb. x. 36; xi.
34.
Rev. ii. 11; xiii.
10.

^d f. 31.

^e Ifaiah liii. 7.

^f Pfalm cxxix. 3.

Ce gambezon veſtit ieſus ^d
Quant pour toy fut en croix pendus
Sur luy fut poinctoye et poinct
Et meſurey a ſon droict poinct
Tout ſouffrit et tout endura ^e
Nul mot ne diſt ne ne ſonna
Enclume ſe monſtra et fu
A chaſcun coup dont fut feru
Et lors fut ſur luy monnoyee
Ta ranſon batue et forgee
Deſſus ſon doz la monnoyerent ^f
Les crueulx feures et forgerent
Par quoy tu doys bien ſuppoſer
Puis que le roy ſen vult armer

¹ *Chriſtian's* roll, which he loſes in the arbour.

² See Woodcut X.

Quil est bon et bien esprouue
Et grant loz est den estre arme

And now put on this helmet, which is *Temperance*, to defend the eyes from folly
unity, the ears from murmurings and detraction, and the heart from evil imaginings.
the helmet called, by St. Paul, the helmet of *Salvation*."

¶ Le heaulme comme dois fauoir ^a
Est atemperance de veoir
Descouter aussi de odorier
Choses qui te puissent greuer
Car sicomme cœuure et refraint
Le heaulme tes sens et refraint
Tout ainssi atrempance sert
De garder loeil que trop ouuert
Ne soit ne trop abandonne
A folie et a vanite
Car se loeilliere assez nestoit
Estroicte entrer dedans pourroit
Telle *sagete* ^b qui occire
Pourroit (the arrows of Satan.)

^a This '*gorgette*' is called *Sobriety*,^c which is akin to *Temperance*, and is to prevent
ony. These gauntlets^d are the third part of *Temperance*, and their name is *Con-*
ce: therefore, take example of St. Bernard. So be sure to arm thyself carefully,
id formerly *Saint Guillaume*, Abbot of Chaliz, who knew how to fast even at a
.¹

^a But the best weapon of all is this sword, for if thou hadst no other armour this
ld suffice.^e Its name is *Justice*, (Righteousness,) and a better blade was never forged
irded on the loins—and it far exceeds those of an Ogier, a Rowland, or an Oliver."

Par son nom *justice* elle est dicte ^f
Entre les autres plus eslite
Et la meilleur quonques ceignist
Roi ne conte ne ne tenist
Ducquee ne fut lespee *ogier*
Celle de *roland noliuier*
Si vertueuse ne puissant
Si noble ne si excellent

"This sword thou must wear to defend thyself against those who attack thee,
against thy hidden enemies in particular—for there is nothing worse, or more
lous, than a concealed foe. And here, also, is the scabbard, the true name of

De Guileville's object in adding this last paragraph seems to be to introduce the names of St. Ber-
and St. Guillaume, the former as the founder of his monastery, the latter, probably, as his ancestor.

^a f. 32. App. f.
xxiii. "Thys
helm."
Isaiah lix. 17.
Eph. vi. 14—17.
Prov. iv. 23.
Psalm xxxv. 2;
cxix. 37.
Job xl. 24.

^b Dart.

^c 1 Pet. v. 8.
Wisdom ix. 11.

^d Psalm cxliv. 1.
James iv. 8.

^e Ezek. xxxviii.
4.
Psalm xxxv. 27.
Prov. x. 2.
1 Mac. iii. 3,
58.
Ecclus. xiii. 13.

^f f. 32, b. App.
f. xxiii. "Take
a swerd."

^a John xviii. 11.
Pl. cxxxvi. 23,
24.
Luke xviii. 10.

^b Prov. xxxi. 17.
Joshua xiv. 11.
Song of Sol. iv.
4.

^c 1 Kings iv. 29;
xi. 4.
Prov. ix. 6.

^d 2 Cor. vi. 7.
Hab. iii. 19.
1 Pet. ii. 5; iv.
12.
Rom. xii. 16.
Gen. viii. 21.

^e 1 Sam. xvii.
38—50.

which is *Humility*, for it must conceal thy *justice* or *vengeance*.^a Remember the *Publican* and the *Pharisee*. The name of the girdle is *Perseverance*, and of the buckle, *Constancy*, &c. But forget not the shield^b—for without this no one can defend himself well—it serves to protect both the warrior and his arms. The name of this is '*Prudence*,' (Wisdom or Understanding,) and it was once worn by King Solomon; but when he lost it he lost his honour along with it, and, in comparison with it, all his other golden shields^c were not worth a red herring:—

(Toutes les autres targes dor
Et ses escus ung haren for
Des oncques puis ne luy valurent.)

"And now," continues *Gracedieu*, "it is time to arm." So the Pilgrim proceeds to accoutre himself; but when he is panoplied^d he complains that the armour is too heavy for him, pleads his ignorance of the use of arms, and implores her to allow him to follow the example of David, who found himself obliged to put off the armour he had essayed to wear before going to combat the Philistine. She consents: but warns him that he has not, like David, the courage to encounter the enemy armed only with his staff and five stones in a scrip.^e

Gracedieu then leaves the Pilgrim, and, in her absence, he sorely laments his having refused her good counsel. During his lamentations she returns, and, severely rebuking him for his want of energy, when there is no enemy to combat, she presents him with the identical pebbles that David had in his scrip when he fought against Goliath.¹

In Bunyan's narrative, the damsels of the Palace called *Beautiful* "showed *Christian* some of the engines with which some of the Lord's servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod; the hammer and nails with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox's goad, wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath."

Bunyan shows these treasures to *Christian*, but wisely prefers sending him on his pilgrimage armed at all points. De Guilleville allows his pilgrim to go forth armed merely, like David, with a shepherd's sling; and then, by a less happy allegory, furnishes him with an attendant, (called *Memory*,)² who is to carry and produce the armour which he had refused to wear, whenever he found himself in the presence of an enemy.

Having thus provided him with the necessary means of defence, she tells him it is now time to apply himself to his journey, as soon as he has stored his scrip with a

¹ The 1st stone, called "Memoire de la mort Jesu," is "un Rubiz."

2nd. "Remembrance de la Dame, une pierre blanche, La *Blancheur*."

3rd. "Sainte eternelle Gloire, un *Saphir* azure."

4th. "Memoire du feu d'Enfer, Abeston, couleur de fer."

5th. "La Sainte Escripature, qui en soi a telle verdure. Cest une *esmerauld* moult fine."

² See Woodcut XI. Appendix, f. xxiii.

apply of the *bread* (of life) necessary for his support during his long journey, and then *companies him on the way*, giving him good counsel on the best mode of defence against his enemies, and bids him be of good courage.

Gracedieu also exhorts the Pilgrim to be vigilant, and constantly on his guard against an enemy of which he seems to be the least aware, though he carries that enemy about with him—that is, his own carnal desires. She also explains to him the conflict, which never ends, between the flesh and the spirit—shows him the best means of combatting the carnal will by fasting and prayer, and counsels him, with the Apostle, to take upon himself the whole armour of God, that he may be able to withstand in the evil day. Thus she exhorts him to *perseverance* in the great struggle; and to impress this more powerfully on his mind, she calls his attention to an ant-hill which lies in their path, and shows him (as the *Interpreter* does in the Pilgrim's Progress) that, like the persevering ant, which rolls, again and again, down the slippery sand-hill, but, ultimately, attains her object, so he, by struggling against temptations, will conquer, if he will only persevere: whilst, to the indolent, the wise man says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and learn wisdom."¹

Bunyan says:—"Then *Christian* began to go forward; but *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence*, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. Then said *Christian*, 'As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down.' 'Yes,' said *Prudence*, 'so it is; for it is a hard thing for a man to go down into the valley of *Humiliation*, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore,' said they, 'are we come out to accompany thee down the hill.' So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

"Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when *Christian* was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

"But now (in this valley of *Humiliation*) poor *Christian* was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a *foul fiend* coming over the field to meet him; his name is *Apollyon*. . . . Then *Apollyon* said, Prepare thyself to die; for I swear, by my infernal *den* (he speaks as the fiend of hell of Wicliff), thou shalt go no further; ere will I spill thy soul; and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but *Christian* caught it on his shield. Then did *Christian* draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him, that is, to *assail* the enemy, as Wicliff says;) and *Apollyon* as fast made at him, throwing arts as thick as hail!"

Wicliff, who, doubtless, was a favourite author of Bunyan's, has also left us, in a tract entitled "The Lantern of Light," a description of an armoury, the phraseology of which seems likely to have suggested many of the peculiar expressions which occur in the description of *Christian's* battle with *Apollyon*.

"Peace-makers in Christ's Church move men to the rest that Christ promised to his

¹ "Whilst *Christian*," says Bunyan, "was sleeping in the arbour, one comes and awakes him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise.'"

disciples when He was here among them, John xi. 4. Christ hath left among us peace, that we should love together, hating sin and loving virtue; for thus He loved us. For there is no charity unless sin be hated and plucked up by the roots, in us and all others.

"These *peace-makers* stand armed at all pieces, for dread of their enemies, in the armour of Jesus Christ, that Paul teaches, Eph. vi. Six armours, the Apostle rehearſes, that arm the ſoul, five to defend, the ſixth to *affail*. 1. A girdle of chaſtity, (truth.) Take up this girdle, that ye may ſtand perfect in the peace of your ſoul, againſt all fleſhly ſtirrings. 2. An habergeon of righteouſneſs that is thickly mailed, for falſehood ſhould not enter to grieve God or man, or diſturb this true peace. 3. Leg-harneſs, (*gambiere*,) or ſhowing of affectionſ in the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt, and then they are diſpoſed to make peace among men. Not as the world asketh, but that they ſtand perfectly in all adverſity, with Chriſt and his Goſpel to the death-day. 4. A ſhield of faith. In this they ſhall quench *all the fiend's burning darts*, that are his temptations. Then may no deadly blow ſteal upon that man who hath the ſhield of true belief hanging on his heart. 5. A helm of health, (or helmet of ſalvation,) which is called truſty hope; for it bears off *the ſtrokes the fiend throws at man's ſoul*, with pitileſs *gins*; the one is obſtination, or hardneſs of heart; the other is deſperation, or *wanhope*. But whoſo hath the helm of hope, though ſtrokes light on him, they ſhall in no wiſe burſt his head-piece, or ſink into his ſoul. Therefore, he liveth peaceably in hope of God's mercy. 6. Is the ſword of the ſpirit, that is God's word. With this ſword Jeſus Chriſt *affailed the fiend of hell*, when Chriſt ſaid, 'Go, Sathan;' and he fled *away*. For this ſword is full ſharp, and biteth on both ſides; it parteth, at a ſtroke, the ſoul from the body; and it parteth, in this life, virtue from ſin; and it ſhall part at doomsday the good from the evil. God give us grace to take this ſword, for all that take up this ſword, and ſtand in this armour, Chriſt, our Captain, bleſſeth them, and calleth them his children, Matt. v.: 'Bleſſed are the peace-makers, for they ſhall be called the ſons of God.' And Chriſt ſaith, 'Love ye your enemies, do ye well to them that hate you, and pray for your purſuers and your ſlanderers. That ye may be the ſons of your Father that is in heaven.'"

It may be obſerved that Wicliff's ſixth arm is one of *offence*; and it is with this "*two-edged ſword*" that *Chriſtian* (who had previously acted only on the *defenſive*) *affails*, wounds, and makes *Apollyon ſpread forth his dragon wings, and ſpeed himſelf away*.

Spencer alſo, in the expoſition of his "*Faerie Queene*," refers to the ſame Epistle as Wicliff:—

"A faire lady (*Una*) in mourning weedes, riding on a white aſſe, beſeeches the Faery Queene to aſſign her a knight for the deliverance of her parents; a perſon deſires the adventure; but the lady tells him, unleſs the armour ſhe has brought would ſerve him, (that is, the armour of a *Chriſtian* man, ſpecified by St. Paul, Eph. vi.) that he could not ſucceed in the enterpriſe."

From this text, and the viſion of St. John in the Apocalypſe, are derived all the allegories of De Guileville, Wicliff, Spencer, &c.—down to Bunyan; and this ſlight





Peregrinus
Christianus
Loquitur

Jacob L.
Eckelhart 14
Isaia 40

2 Corinth. 5.

Via veritas
vita.
Ioan. 14.
Matth. 6.

Apocal. 6.
Apocal. 21.

1 Corinth. 15.

Apocal. 21

1 Corinth2

introductory exposition of De Guileville's allegory will show that it contains sufficient *subject-matter*, as well as *personages*, to have suggested to Bunyan the outline, at least, of his own.

Mr. Montgomery (in his Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress) has suggested that a print in Geoffrey Whitney's book of Emblems, published in 1586, representing a Christian pilgrim spurning the world, may have given Bunyan his first idea of his Christian pilgrim.

We cannot doubt that the popular book of emblems were great favourites of his, and we here insert the facsimile of one, (with three small prints taken from an old edition of the Pilgrim's Progress,) which is sufficient of itself, to his inventive imagination and natural love of allegory, to have excited him to write the appalling details of the Christian's progress through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But a parallel still stronger may be found where perhaps it would be least expected, and that is in the "Valley Perilous" of Sir John Mandeville.—See his "*Voyage and Travaille to Hierusalem*," chap. 28.

"SPIRITALE XIANI MILITIS CERTAMEN."

The engraving of the Christian Warrior is one of those emblematic prints so constantly issued by the artists of the Low Countries at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. They were spread very generally over Europe by the book and print-sellers of Holland and Germany; and it was no unusual thing for the English book-sellers to employ these copperplates or woodcuts to illustrate the works they published. Jerome Wierix, the designer of the present engraving, was born in 1548, and passed an industrious life in the production of a large number of engravings, remarkable as well for vigour of design as for extreme elaboration of finish. His Christian Warrior is here armed in accordance with the words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, (chap. 6,) and is surrounded by the various dangers and temptations which hinder his progress to the New Jerusalem, seen dimly in the distance. The Spirit of God hovers over him,¹ and he treads under foot the sins of the flesh;² beside his right arm, Christ, as the "corner-stone," has crushed the head of the Serpent. The World, arrayed in attractive garb, appears before him, holding in one hand a money-bag, in the other a

¹ The dove, the token of the Holy Spirit, hovers over the head of the *Christian*. So, in De Guileville, this token of love is often sent to relieve the "pelerin" by *Grace Dieu*—like the key *Christian* finds in his bosom to open the gate of *Doubting Castle*.

² Bunyan says, "One of the wicked ones got behind him, and, whispering, suggested grievous blasphemies to him."

Diabolus assaults him with flaming darts at his breast; but *Christian* had a shield in his hand with which he caught them. "Then," says Bunyan, "did *Christian* draw—for he saw it was time to bestir him."

The *World* is *Madame Bubble*, so truly described by *Standfast*. (2nd Pt. p. 165.)

The *Flesh* is *Madame Wanton*, (Bunyan, p. 82;) *Death* denotes the valley itself.

In these and other features of the Engraving there are many points of resemblance to Bunyan.

drinking-cup, whilst cards and dice are at her feet. Behind him the Devil aims his arrow and in front Death prepares his scythe for the inevitable blow. In the background, and in advance of his path to the city of rest, Sin awaits to obstruct him, and remorselessly thrusts forth "the worm of conscience"¹ to his view. Between the different figures in the Plate are a great number of texts of Scripture taken from the Vulgate.

It has been already suggested² that, independently of De Guileville's writings, the works also of the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision,"³ "Hampole's Pricke of Conscience," and similar old English poems, furnished to John Bunyan his idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is indeed natural to suppose that this was the case, not only from the method in which the latter author treats his subject generally, as, for instance, in the personification of the vices, &c. but also from the particular way in which he introduces it to the reader, under the similitude of a dream.

In order, however, to show how close this similitude is, it will perhaps be best to quote such passages from those earlier writings which bear most closely upon the point, and the reader will thus be enabled to judge for himself as to the extent to which Bunyan was indebted to his predecessors both for the "plot" and treatment of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, then, contains a series of visions, which the author imagines himself to have seen, while he was sleeping, after a long ramble on the Malvern hills in Worcestershire.

Than gan I to meten a marvelouse sweuen
That I was in wildernes wyth I never where
As I beheld into the aste^a on highe to the sonne
I saw a tower on a toft rychlych ymaked
A *depe dale* beneth a dungeon therin
With depe diches a darcke and dreadful of syght

* * * * *

And thus I wente wide wher walkyng myn one^b
By *wilde wildernesse* and by a *wodes syde*
Blisse of the briddes^c broughtte me a slepe
And undir a lynde upon a launde^d lened I a ffounde
To lythe the layes the lovely fowles made

^a East.

^b Mine own self.

^c Happy melody uttered by the birds.

^d Reclining on an open plot of ground under a lime-tree.

¹ But why must they be thought to 'scape that feel
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which conscience shakes?—Creech's *Juv.*

² See *supra*, p. 3.

³ There has been some dispute as to who the author of *Piers Plowman's Vision* really was. (The whole, however, it appears almost certain that it was written by Robert Langland or Longland, a secular priest, who was born at Cledbury Mortimer, (co. Shropshire,) and was a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. According to Bale he finished his book in 1369; and Wood says of him, "Robertus Langland, Johannes Malvernus nonnullis appellatur; fertur autem inter sui sæculi poetas maxime facetos excelsisse."—*Wood's Hist. and Antiq. Univ. Oxon.* l. 11, p. 107.)



THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

7

Mirthe of ire mouthes made me ther to ſlepe
 The merveilous metets^a me mette than
 That ever dremyd wyghtte in world as I wene
 A much^b man as me thoughtte and lik to my filve
 Com and callid me be my kinde name
 What art thou coth I tho that thou my name knoweſt
 That thou woſt wel coth he and no wyghtte bettre
 Wot I what thou art *Thoughtte* ſeide he thanne
 I have ſuwid^c thee this ſevene yere ſey thou me no rather

^a Dreams.

^b Humble.

^c Sought.

ilarly, in the 2nd Part of Pilgrim's Progreſs, Bunyan ſleeps and dreams in a wood
 he fancies an aged gentleman comes and enters into converſation with him, whoſe
 Sagacity.

lter Mapes, who flouriſhed in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., in his ſatire
 miſuſed learning and corrupt ſtate of the church, entitled "Apocalypſis Goliæ
 i," (Harl. Lib. No. 978,) fancies in his viſion, that, as he is lying in a grove, he
 form of *Pythagoras* ſtanding before him. In like manner, Dante ſees *Virgil*,—
 Guileville's Pilgrim ſees *Ovid*.

uin,—a tranſlation of Walter Mapes's *Apoc. Goliæ*, written about the year 1623,
 n a ſimilar manner to that of "Piers Plowman."

When as the funnes hot lamp out of the Bull
 Darted his burning beames unto the full
 I tooke the way to a woodes ſhady grove
 The gentle weſt winds favour for to prove
 Juſt at the middle of a ſummers day
 Under Joves tree as all along I lay
Pythagoras his forme I ſaw ſtand by &c.

imilar exordium precedes a poem which was exceedingly popular throughout the
 Ages, from the tenth century downwards, entitled, "Debate of the Body and
 il."

Als I lay in a winteris nyt
 In a dronkening before the day
 Vor ſouth I ſau a ſelly fyt
 A lady on a bere lay

may be remarked alſo, by the way, that a decided ſimilarity occurs between the
 ile of Lydgate's *Temple of Glaſs* and Dante's *Inferno*.

Me dyd oppreſſe a ſodayne dedely ſlepe
 Within the whiche methought that I was
 Ravyſhed in ſpyrite into a Temple of Glaſs
 I ne wyſt howe, ful ferre in wylderneſſe
 That founded was all by lyckelyneſſe



Not upon stile but on a craggy roche
 Lyke yfe yfroze
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
 Mi ritrovai per una felva oscura

* * * *

*I non so ben ridir, com' io' v'entrai
 Tant'era pien di sonno, &c. (Dante, Inferno.)*

In the midway of this our life below,
 I found myself within a gloomy wood,—

* * * *

*How first I enter'd it is hard to say,
 In such deep slumber were my senses bound. (Wright's Transl.)*

The mention of Dante's *Inferno* will call to the recollection of the lovers of ancient English poetry the names of three of our northern middle-age poets, who have, in their *Dreams*, had similar *Visions*. The first of these was Richard Hampole, a doctor of divinity, better known as "the hermit of Hampole," who, about the year 1349, wrote his poem called "*The Prycke of Conscience*," divided into seven parts—the number *Limbes* in Dante's *Inferno*, and of the deadly sins—in which he treats of *Death*, *Judgment*, of the torments of *Hell*, and of the joys of *Heaven*; subjects often treated by both poets and painters under the title of the *Four Last Things*; or, as the Italians call the celebrated frescoes of Orcagna, in the Campo Santa of Pisa, the four *Novissi* or *Ultimamenti*.

Hampole, in his *Inferno*, gives a shuddering description of the torment of those he calls "the *syn-folke*," in that monkish legendary hell of fire and ice, described by Dante in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and since adopted by our two greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Thus Hampole's description is:—

The syn-folke schulleth as I haue afore y-told
 Ffele outrageous hete and afterwards to much colde
 Ffor now he schulleth *freoze* and now *brenne*
 And so be ypynd that non schal other kenne
 And also be ybyte with dragonnes felle and kene
 The whuche schulleth hem destrye outrigte and clene
 And with other vermyn and bestes felle
 The whuche beothe nougt but fendes of helle &c.

"One of the torments of the damned, in Dante's *Inferno*," says Warton, "is the punishment of being eternally confined in lakes of ice:

'Eran l'ombre dolenti nell ghiaccia
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.'

"The ice is described to be like that of the Danube or Tanais. This species

infernal torment, which has been adopted both by Shakespeare and Milton, has its origin in the legendary hell of the monks. The hint seems to have been taken from an obscure text in the book of Job, (xxiv. 19,) dilated upon by St. Jerome, and the early commentators. The torments of hell, in which the punishment by cold is painted at large, had formed a visionary romance, under the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory or Cave, long before Dante wrote."—*Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet.* v. 3, p. 208.

In A& III. Sc. 3, of "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare makes Claudio exclaim :—

Aye, but to die, and go we know not where !
— and the delighted spirit
To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reside
In thrilling *regions of thick-ribbed ice*, &c.

And Milton thus describes that "dismal world :"—

The parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging *fire*, to starve in *ice*
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

Par. Lost, B. II. l. 600.

Sir David Lyndefay of the Mount is another of our northern dreamers who has left us descriptions of the infernal and purgatorial regions, and the exordium to his poem called "*The Dreame*," produced in 1528, is modelled upon those of his predecessors.

The poet ascends the cliffs on the sea-shore, and *entering a cavern, high in the crags*, sits down to register in rhyme some merry matter of antiquitie. He compares the fluctuation of the sea with the instability of human affairs ; and, at length, being comfortably shrouded from the falling fleet by the closeness of his cavern, *is lulled asleep* by the whistling of the winds among the rocks, and the beating of the tide. He then has the following vision.

He sees a lady of great beauty, and benignity of aspect, who says she comes to soothe his melancholy by showing him some new sights. Her name is *Remembrance*. Instantaneously she carries him into the centre of the earth. Hell is here laid open—which is filled with popes, cardinals, abbots, &c. and a long satire on the clergy ensues. She then gives the poet a view of *Purgatory* :—

A lytill above that dolorous dungeoun
We enterit in ane cuntrie full of cair

^a Weeping and howling.

^b Many an unhappy fore, or trouble.

Quhare that we saw money ane legioun
Greitand^a and gowland with money ruthfull fair^b
Qhat place is this quod I of blis so bair

But the most extraordinary production of all that have appeared under the similitude of a *Dream* is that of William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian, about the year 14; who, under the title of "Dunbar's Daunce," has given us a picture of the *Inferno*, in burlesque style, in which he exhibits groups of figures worthy of Callot's pencil. But must have taken him as his model.

The poet in his *Dreme* sees a display of hell, and Mahomet or the Devil commencing a dance to be performed by a select party of fiends: immediately the seven deadly sins appear, and present a mask or mummery.

The method which they take to introduce their allegory to the reader was so strictly adhered to by the ancient *Dreamers*, that we are naturally led to suppose it must have been founded on some conventional plan. The following passages from De Guileville's *Pilgrim*, and Chaucer's *Dream*, called the "Book of the Duches," form a curious parallel in support of such an inference. Chaucer dreams, whilst he is in his bed, in the same manner as De Guileville describes himself to have done—and the illuminated initial of his poem represents him as sleeping on his bed in the cell of his convent. Chaucer is also aroused from his dream by the turret-clock of the castle, as De Guileville is awakened by the sound of the matin-bell:—



POURTANT le dy car vne foiz
Lan mil trois cens dix par trois fois
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainfi com sommeilleux
Jescripz a mon reueillement

Thus also Chaucer:—

So when I saw I might not sleepe
Now of late this other night
Upon my bed I fate upright
And bade one reachen me a booke
A *Romaunce* and it me tooke
To rede and drive the night away

After the reading of the Romance he falls asleep; and, according to his usual custom, dreams:—

^c Dreamed.

Methoughten thus that it was May
And in the dawning where I lay
Me met^c &c.

De Guileville thus describes his "*reveillement* :—

Ce me sembla en ce moment
Si que de lespouement
Esueille et desdormy fu
Et me trouuay si esperdu
Quauiser ne me pouoie
Se ia mort ou en vie iestoie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorologe de nuyt pour leuer
Et aussi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuiday lors
Mais ne peu car fuz retenu
De la grant pensee ou ie fu
Pour le myen aduenteux songe
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge
Estoit meslee ou contenue
Ou qui fust de peu de value


And Chaucer follows in a similar strain :—

Right thus me mette as I you tell
That in the castell there was *a bell*
As it had smitten houres twelve
And therewith I awoke myselve
And found me lying in my bed
And the book which I had read

He adds :—

Thought I this is so quaint a sweven
That I would *by process of time*
Fond to put this sweven in rhyme
As I con best *and that anon*

But this is only an echo to what De Guileville says at the opening of his poem :—

OUUENTEFOYS il aduient bien
Quant on a songe quelque rien
Quon y pense sur lesueiller
Et fil ne souuient au premier
De tout le songe proprement
Bien aduient que son y entent
Quapres a plain il en souuient
Et tout a memoire reuient
Au leuer on est sommeilleux

Et font les sens si pareceux
 Que son songe point on nentent
 Si non *en groz* sommierement
 Mais quant on fest bien aduise
 Et on ya apres pense
 Lors en souuient il plus a plain
 Mais *quon natiende au lendemain*
 Car trop attendre *le feroit*
Oblier et nen souuiendrait

There is, moreover, a similarity between the "Envoye," or "way of sending forth their books," of Bunyan and De Guileville, which appears to be sufficiently deserving of a passing remark: though it must, of course, be regarded as a circumstance perfectly fortuitous. De Guileville informs us that the first rough sketch of his *Pilgrim* been stolen from him, and numerous copies circulated by the culprit—of which he complains:—

Afin que ie ne lobliaffe
 Et quapres le *recorrigeasse*
 Quant mieulx esueille ie feroie
 Et que pense plus y auroie
Ce que ie cuidois moult bien faire
 Se ie neusse eu en *ce contraire*
 Car sans mon sceu et volunte
 Tout mon escript me fut *oste*
Par tout diuulge

Not being able to root out the copies of his original sketch, he resolves on publishing an amended edition of his dream, and sending it forth with an "Envoye" tied round neck!

Tout entour le col luy pendray
 Pource quenuoyer le voudray
 Par tous les lieux ou a este
 Sans mon vouloir et sans mon gre

And he thus addresses his book:—

¶ Doncques songe *tu ten gras*
Par tous les lieux ou este as
 A tous tes *prouuains*^a ie tenuois
 Pource que bien y scez la voye
 De par moy va les tous tailler
 * * * * *
Va doncques tost ou ie tenuois
 Car mieulx y scez que moy la voye

In like manner, Bunyan sends forth HIS *Second Part*, with an "Envoye" round

^a The *offsets*, or copies of his 1st MS.

to "every place in which his *first pilgrim had already shewn his face*," and thus increases the numerous counterfeits of it in circulation.

Bunyan. "Go now, my little Book, to every place
Where my *first Pilgrim* has but shewn his face :
Call at their doors, &c."

Book. "But how, if they will not believe of me,
That I am truly thine—'cause some there be
That *counterfeit* the Pilgrim, and his name ;
Seek, by *disguise*, to seem the very same,¹
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The hands and houses of I know not who."

Bunyan. "'Tis true, some have of *LATE*, to counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set ;
Yea, others, half my name and title too,
Have stitched to their books to make them do ;
But yet, they, by their features, do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whose e'er they are."

* * * * *

"Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels ; behold, thou art sent
To Friends, not Foes—to Friends that will give Place
To thee, thy Pilgrim's, and thy word embrace.
—Go then, my little Book, and shew to all
That entertain and bid thee *Welcome shall*,
What thou shalt keep close shut up from the rest,
And with what thou shalt shew them may be blest
To them for Good, and make them chuse to be
Pilgrims, by better far than thee and me."

This close similarity in the mode adopted by the early poets and dreamers, whether
English or foreign, of "sending forth" their books, amounting almost to an identity of
fiction, can by no means be regarded as accidental. Though the subjects of their
visions differed essentially, they were all formed in the same mould. From Jean de
d'Outrebois, Rutebœuf, and De Guileville, down to Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Lydgate,
Langland, and the *Shepherd's Calendar*—they all followed in each other's wake ; and Bunyan, in admiration of his
predecessors, constructed and launched his unrivalled *argosy*, saying :—

O, let my little bark attendant sail,
Enjoy the triumph and partake the gale.

¹This may refer to the publication of a pretended "*Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress*," pub-
lished by Thomas Malthus, a year before Bunyan published his own. Vide Southey's Life of Bunyan,
ii. and Offer's edit. of the Pilgrim's Progress, p. cxxiv.

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progres.

Stephen Hawes, in his "Pastime of Pleasure," published in 1506, which he entitled "The Courte of Man's Life in this World," thus addresses his book, in what he calls "*Excusation of the Author*," a title much like the preamble to the 1st part of *Pilgrim Progres*, which Bunyan calls "The Author's *Apology* for his Book."

Go, little boke ! I praye God thee save
From misse metrying by wrong impressiõ,
And who that ever list thee for to have,
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,
For to be grounded without presumption,
As for to eschewe the synne of ydlenefs ;
To make such bokes I apply my busines.
Beseeching God for to give me grace,
Bokes to compyle of moral vertue.

The following is from Lydgate's Poem in honour of St. Edmond, the patron of monastery at Bury St. Edmond's :—

Go, littel boke, be ferfull, quaaak for drede,
For to appere in so hyhe prefence.

And Chaucer thus addresses his Book, at the close of his poem of "The Flow and the Leaf :"—

O little book ! thou art so unconning,
How dar'ft thou put thyself in pres^a for dread ?
It is wonder that thou waxest not red,
Sith that thou wot'ft full lite^b who shall behold
Thy rude language, full boistously unfold.^c

These passages are not only sufficient indications of the sources from which Bunyan drew his description, at the *opening* of his allegory, of the place in which he chose dream, (a den or valley,) and the mode he adopted of "sending forth" his book, the form of the ancient "Envoye," but also good evidence of his taste for, and attachment to, our old vernacular literature.

^a In public, or in the crowd.

^b Little.

^c Roughly displayed or unfolded.



APPENDIX.



Appendix.

*Containing the Description of the Holy City, &c. and Explanation of the
Woodcuts from Vitellius C. xiii., also Translations of the original French quoted
: Analysis.*

*The Woodcuts are copied from "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme," imprime en
par Anthoine Verard, fol. Paris, 1511.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY CITY.

THE seyde yer ho lyft take kep^a
I was avyfed in my fleep
Excyted eke and that a noon
To Jerufalem for to goon
meved in my corage
do my pylgrymage
er to fteryd inwardly
tell the caufe why
or me thouht I hadde a fyght
inne a merour large and bryght
at hevenely ffayr cyte
representede vnto me
of holy the manere
inne the glas ful bryht and cler

verrayly as yt fo thouhte me
ellyde off bewete^b
er in comparyfon
od hym fylff was the mafown^c
mad yt ffayr at ys devys^d
werkman was there noon fo wys

Yt to conceyve in hys entent
Ffor al the weyes and paament
Was ypavyd all off gold
And in the fawter^e yt ys told
How the ffyrft ffundacyon
On hyllys off devocyon
The mafounry wrouht ful clene
Off quyke ftonys bryht and fchene
Wyth a clofour rounde a bowte
Off enemyes ther was no dowte
Ffor awngell the wach ykept
The wych day nor nyht ne fleep
Kepyng fo strongly the entre
That no wyht kam in that cyte
But pylgrymes day nor nyht
That thyder wentyn evene ryht
And ther were many manfyouns
Placys and habytacyouns
And ther was alfo al gladneffe
Joye with ovten hewynesse
And pleynty who that hadde grace

^a The faid year
(let whoever lift-
eth give heed.)

^b Beauty.

^c Mafon.

^d After his own
plan.

^e Pfalter.

^a Slain.^b Better refuge.^c Slaughter.^d Together.^e Affected with.^f He who heeds
these things is ef-
teemed wise.^g Follow.^h Banners.

Ffor to entre in that place
Ffond on to hys plefaunce
Off joye al maner fuffysaunce
That any hert kan devyse
And yet the entre in fwyche wyse
Was strongly kepte ffor komynge in
Ffor the awngel cherubin
Off the gate was cheff porter
Hauing a fwerd flawmyng as cler
As any ffyr euewe at the gate
And who that wold erly or late
Paffen the wal he was yflawed^a
There ne was noon other lawe
Ne bet helpe ne bet refut^b
The vengeance ay was execute
In the paffage thyder ward
The weye was fo streit and hard
Ffor giauntys with ther felonye
And with ther mortel tormentye
Devyseden on ther entent
Fful many wonderful torment
Lyggyng awayt fro day to day
To flan pylgrymes in ther way

Makyng ful grete occyffion^c
Off pylgrymes of grete renoun
Off men and wommen both yfere^d
Whos martyrdom as ye fhaal here
Was ful grevous to endure
Ffor fomme of hem I yow ensure
Wern out of ther fkynges flawe
And fomme by ful mortel lawe
Were hew as bokys kan remembre
Afonder partyd every membre
Crucefyed of blood al red
And many other loft hys hed
Off fomme the bowelys wer out rent
And fomme on hote colys brent
Ffretynge falt caft in among
Ffor to make ther peynys ftrong
Myd the ffyre flawmys reed
Somme boyled in oyle and led
And fore bete that yt was wonder
Somme fawyd euewe afonder
Nerff and bon afonder rent
And ther entaylles aforn hem brent

The fellouns wern on hem fo felle
That yt ys pyte for to telle
And ther ys no man now a lyve
That kan the penys halff defcryve
Nor a fermon ther off make
That they fuffrede ffor the fake
Off crist ihu vnto the deth
Ffor love tyl they yald vp the breth
Myd ther mortal paynes fmerte
Ffor ther ys noon fo hard on hert
So defpytous nor fo ffelon
That he wold ha compaffyon
Ben agryfed^e off pyte
And fpecyally ffor to fe
That they fuffrede for no fynne
But only off entent to wynne
The love off cryft and ffor hys fake
All they han up on hem take
Seyng how full long aforn
Cryft to fuffre was yborn
And fforbar not to be ded
And fychen he that was her hed
Suffrede paynys deth and woo
The membrys wolde endure alfo
And ffolowe ther hed in al thyng
As feyn Gregori in his wretynge
Recordeth pleyntly who taketh hed
Of al thofe wyfe ys had^f
For wyth the membrys as was due
After ther hed lyft to fue^g
Wyche by example went afore
To whom theentre was not forbore
Ffor fwyche as deyde ffor hys love
By wyketys entrede in above
Vp the gate hih a lofte
Thogh there was paffage was not foffte
The porter lyft hem nat to lette
And ther pencillys^h vp they sette
On cornerys wher them thouhte good
All fteyned with ther oune blood
And whan that I perceyved yt
I conceyvede yn my wyt
That who fchold ther with inne
Entre by fforce he moft yt wynne
By manhood only and by vertu
For by record of feyn Mathew

The hevene as by hys sentence
 Wonnen ys by vyolence
 Crysoftom recordeth ek also
 Who lyfte taken hede ther to
 That gret vyolence and myght
 Yt ys who that loke aryght
 A man be born in erth her downe
 And raviſhe lyk a champyon
 The noble hih hevenely place
 By vertu only and by grace
 Ffor vertu doth to a man assure
 Thyngs denyed by nature
 Thys to feyne who lyft lere
 That vertu makyth a man conquere
 The hih hevene in many wyſe
 To wych kynde may not ſuffyſe
 To cleyne ther poceſſion
 But ſhe be guyd by reſon
 Wych to vertu ys mayſtreſſe
 To lede hyr alſo and to dreſſe
 In hyr Pylgrymage ryght
 Above the ſterrys cler and bryght
 Ffor other weye koude I not ſe
 To entre by in that cyte
 Ffor cherubyn erly and late
 Ay awaytynge at the gate
 Was redy euer and ther ſtood
 Whos ſwerd was bloodyd with the blood
 Off cryſtys holy paſſyon
 Whan he made our Redemption
 Mankynde to reſtore agayn
 The wych wey whan I hadde feyn
 I was aſtonyd in my ſyght
 But I was comforted anoon right
 Whan I ſawh the ſwerd mad blont
 Off cherubin the wych was wont
 To brenne as any ſlawne bryht
 But now the ſharpeſſe and lyht
 Was queynte^a to do no more vengauce
 By vertu off cryſtys gret ſuffraunce
 Wych ſhal no more for man be whet
 * * * *
 Afterward yt ys no ffayle
 Me thouhte I ſawh a gret mervayle
 Vp on tours dyuers eſtatys
 Off doctours and prelatys

Shewyng as by contenance
 By ſpeche and by dallyaunce
 Techyng pylgrymes to knowe
 That wer yn the vale lowe
 How with travaylle and peyne
 And how alſo they ſholde atteyne
 To make hem wynges ffor to fle
 Hih aloſte to that cyte
 By wynges of example good
 Yiff they ther lernyng vnderſtood
 Wych they tauhte hem in ther lyff
 By doctrine contemplatyff
 Outward ſhewyng as by cher^b
 Ther love was to hem ful enter
 Ffouvndyd vpon charyte
 Amongys wych I dede ſe
 Gret nombre of thys Jacobins
 Off chanouns and of Awſtynys^c
 Folkys ful diuers of maner
 Both temporal and ſeculer
 Off clerkys and relygyous
 And other ordrys vertuous
 Mendykantys ful nedy
 That day and nyht werrych beſy
 To gedre fſetterys bryht and ſhene
 And make hem wynges ffor to fſeen
 And gan a noon withal ther myght
 To foren up and take her fflyht
 Hih in to that ffayr cyte
 And hiher vp they dyde fſle
 Above Cherubin that aungel cler
 For they wer out of hys daunger
 By the techyng and the doctrine
 And by examples ek dyvyne
 Wych theſe mayſtres hadde hem tauht
 Wherby they han the hevene kauht
 And ffonde ther in gret avauntage
 To fforthre hem in ther pylgrymage
 And how hem ſylff they ſholde guyde
 And vp on the tother ſyde
 Vnder the wal of the cyte
 I ſawh off gret autorite
 Ffolkys wych dyde entende
 To helpe her ffrendys to aſcende
 By ful gret ſubtylyte
 To make hem entre the cyte

^a Quenched ſo as to do.

^b By their countenance or geſture.

^c Auſtin friars.

^a Ladders.	And ther to dyde her byfy cure By scalys ^a thorgh the strong closure And as me thouhte a mong echon ^b That faint benet ^c in soth was on	To whom men mosten eyven ^b ffeyth That al folk wherso they wende What they do ys for som ende And for that skyle ⁱ more and more I was steryd ^k wonder fore Ffor to take my journee Lyke a pylgryme to that cyte Off more joye I nat keppe ^l And me thouht ek as I slepte And in my dreem did ek mete ^m That ellys I myghte ha no quyete And thus feel penfyff in my guyse A noon I gan me to a vyse And thouht in my avysion I ffaillde a sherpe and bordon Wych al pylgrymes ouhte to have In the wey hem sylff to fave And so the pylgrymes hadde echon In ther vyage but I allone They wer echon by ffore purveyd Bet ⁿ in ther wey to be conveyed
^b Each one.	Wych as I rehers shal Ffor to scale that hih wal That was so myhty and so strong With hym brouht a ladder long In the wych men myhte se	
^c St. Benediċt.	¹ XII grees off humylyte By wych thorgh deuocyon Ffolk off hys relygyon Ascendys vp gre by gre With oute lette to that cyte And the ryht weye han take Monkys greye whyte and blake Ascending vp with oute ffeer And seyn ffraunceys I sawh ek ther And many another I beheld Off dyuers ffolkys that vp ran Off whom the namys I not kan ^d Nor how they dyde hem sylff assure Over the wallys to recure ^e On eche party rounde aboute Ffor I in soth that stood withoute Myghte not be holden al the paas But on the party that I was Wych was to me gret dyspleavnce But I dar seyn ^f in substaunce That ther was noon off no degre Wych entre myhte the cyte But lefft withoute lowe don Ffor al hys sherpe and bordoon ^g But thentent off hys vyage And ffyn ek off hys pylgrymage Wer set of herte fynally Ther whyde perpetuelly With feyth hope and charyte To lyve at rest in that cyte Ffor other thyng in hert and thouht To her desyre they wolde nouht Ffor as the phyhsfrefe seyth	And I roos vp and that anoon And fro my hous gan out gon * * * * *
^d I knew not.		Off entente forth to procede But than at erst I gan take hede That to myn entencion I myghte ffynden a bordoun And a sherpe wyche off ufage Ffolk han that gon on pylgrymage Nedful to me and necessarye Ffor wych cause I dyde tarye Or I myghte gynne my journee To holde my wey to that cyte Ffor wych I went complaynyng Oute off my sylff tryst and wepyng Cerchyng toforn ^o and ek behynde Sherpe and bordon for to fynde And whil I dyde my besynesse ² A lady of ful gret ffayrnesse And gret nobleffe soth to say
^e Get again.		
^f Affirm.		
^g For ever his scarf and staff, i. e. faith and hope.		
^h Owe.		
ⁱ Reason.		
^k Moved.		
^l I cared for no other joy.		
^m See as in a vision.		
ⁿ Better.		
^o Before.		

¹ This is an allusion to the foundation of twelve monasteries by St. Benediċt, and his restriction of the monks in each to twelve brethren and no more.

² See Woodcut I.

Appendix.

V

te vpon the waye
vold I you behete ^a
I sholde hyr mete
for my owne prowth ^b
hadde joye ynowh
ert gret gladnesse
by lyklynnesse
ter of fom Emperour
ghty kyng or govenour
: lord that guyeth al
of power most royal
lady gracious
nayre and vertuous
by gret delyht
te al of whyt
ffu gyrt off grene
ng ful bryht and shene
e a charboucle ston
d abowte hyr body shon
so reche as I was war
r breft a nouche ^c she bar
at nowher was no bet
e awmaylle ^d ther was sette
a reche sterre
t cast hys bemys ferre
owte al the place
fwyth habondaunce off grace
ios bosom mylde ynowh
a dowe whyt as snowgh
wynges splayng ^e oute
round hyr honde aboute
of whom I han told
hyr hed a crowne of gold
f sterrys shene and bryht
aboute a ful cler lyht
il myghty who taketh hede
yt ferst upon hyr hed
: yt ffyrst by gret avys
licheffe and gret prys
that I spak of here
ys and of noble chere
lerly of gret vertu
she gan me to salue
wyfe axynge of me

What maner thyng yt myght be
Or cause why I shold hyr lere ^f
That I made so hevvy chere
Or why that I was ay wepyng
For lak of eny maner thyng
Wher of when I gan take hede
I ffyl ynto a maner drede
Ffor unkonnyng and leudnesse ^g
That sche of so gret noblesse
Dysdenede not in hyr degre
To speke to on so pore as me
But yiff yt were so as I gesse
Al only of hyr gentyllenesse
For gladly wher ys most beute
Ther ys gretteff humylyte
And that ys verrayly the sygne
Swych ar most goodly and benygne
An apple tre with frut most lade
To folk that stonden in the shade
Mor lowly doth hys branches loute ^h
Thon a nother tre withoute
Wher haboundeth most goodnes
Ther ys ay most of meknesse
None so greet token of bewte
As ys parfyte humylyte
Who wanteth hyr in hys banere
Hath not vertu hool and entere ⁱ

* * * *

¹ And then I gan to wepe anoon ^k
Sihe and forowe and seyn allas
What shal I don now in thys cas
Or to what party in certeyne
Shal I drawen off thys tweyne

GRACE DIEU.

Quoth Grace Dieu what may thys be
Why wepyst thou what eyleth the
So thyfylve to dysconforte

* * * *

The PYLGRIM.

Certys quoth I I may wel wepe
For yiff ye lyst to take kepe

^a Affure you that
it was God's will
that I should foon
meet her.

^b Profit.

^c Necklace.

^d Enamel.

^e Spreading.

^f Inform.

^g Ignorance and
surprise.

^h Bend down.

ⁱ Whole and en-
tire.

^k ("A larmo-
yer," &c. f. 39,
b.
Vitell. C. xiii. f.
154, b.)

¹ The French references are to Verard's Edition.

^a Let down or
abased.

^b Follow or re-
main closely at-
tached to.

^c Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 14.
"Je suis celle."

^d Regard or re-
spect.

^e Dove.

^f Since.

^g Make known.

^h "Lors elle me
prist en celle
heure." f. 4.

ⁱ Astonished.

My joye my myrthe and my plesaunce
Myn elthe and al my suffysaunce
Bodeynly me han forsake
I may compleyn and sorowe make
For whilom above the skye
I was wont to fle ful hyhe
And hadde also ful glad repayre
With bryddis fleying in the hayr
In my most lusty fresch seson
But now I am avalyd don ^a
And fynde by gret adverfyte
Al that ys contrayre unto me

* * * * *
Cheyned ryht as ys an ape
On to a clog and must yt sue ^b
And fro thenys may nat remue
For my body gret and large
Ys the clog that me doth charge
And letteth with hys grete wheyhte
That I may nat fien an hyhte
For ever with hys mortal lawe
Don to th erthe he doth me drawe

* * * * *
A body corrupt yt ys no nay
Greveth the body [spirit?] nyht and day
Kepeth hym in captyvte
Yt may not gon at lyberte
Nouther wakyng nor a slepe
For wych certys I may wel wepe
And feyn allas and fory be
Off my gret adverfyte

* * * * * ^c To pylgrymes day and nyht
I enlumine and give lyht
To al pylgrymes in ther way
As wel in dyrknesse as be day
So they lyfte rewarde ^d me
And lyfte that I her guyde be
And yiff they erryn in her weye
Ageyn I han hem wel conveye
I wyl hem helpen and redresse
Ffor I am she in sothfastnesse
Whom thou owest seke of ryght

In straunge lond with al thy myght
I zive lyht to folk echon
That out of hyr waye gon
And releue hem on and alle
Lefte vp folkys that be falle
Ffrom al myscheff and from al blame
And *Grace dieu* that ys my name
Fful nedful in ech contre
And by thys dowe ^e wych thou dost ^f
Wych I bere with wynges fayre
Humble benygne and debonayre
I am tokeynyd who lyft seke
With hyr goodly eyen meke
And so thou shalt me calle in dede
Whan thou hast on to me nede
And that shal be ful offte sythe ^f
That I may my power kythe ^g
Telp the in thy pylgrymage
Ffor fynally in thy vyage
As thou gost to that cyte
Thou shalt haue offte aduerfyte
Gret mescheff and encombraunce
Empechementys and dysturbaunce
Wych thou mayst nat in no degre
Passe nor endure withoute me
Nor that cyte never atteyne
Thogh thou ever do thy peyne
Withoute that I thy guyde be

¹ Tho hyr lyft no lenger byde
But took me in the same tyde ^h
And made me wt hyr for to gon
To an hous of hers anoon
Wher I sholde fynde indede
Al thyng that I hadde of nede
She was hyr sylff yn sothnesse
Off thyk hous cheff founderesse
Ffor on hyr word yt was fyrst ground
And by hyr wysdom bylt and foundyc
The yerys of the mafownry
Thyrtene hundred and thyrtty
And ffor the ffayrnesse and bewte
I hadde gret wyl that hous to se
Abayfshed ⁱ for yt was so fayr

¹ See Woodcut II.

Ffor yt heng hih up in the hayr
Twen hevene and erthe stood the place
As yt hadde only by grace
Ffrom the hevene descendyd down
So stood that heavenly mancyon
With steplys and with toures hihe
Frefshely arrayed to the eye
As a place most royal
Above al other princypal
Wych stood vp on a fayr River
The water ther of holfom and cler
But ther nas passage in that place
Nor shepe wherby men myhte passe

BAPTISM.¹

* The pilgrim having been exhorted by
Gracedieu to enter her house by the waters
of Baptism, he thus replies:—

The PYLGRYME.

Ffor wych to gracedieu I sayde
And to hyr thus I abrayde^b
Madame me semeth in my thouht
That ive ben in perel brouht
Ffor I kan sey no passage
To passe by nor avauntage

I kan nat swymmen yt stondeth so
Wherfor I not what I may do
And yiff I entre I am in doute
How euer I schold komen oute
Ffor wych tentre I stonde in drede
I haue of helpe so gret nede

GRACEDIEU argueth.

What menyth thys what may thys be
That thou art now as semeth me
So fore a dred of thys Ryver
Wych ys but lyte smothe and cler
Why artow ferful of thys stream
And art toward Jerusaleem
And mustest off necessitye
Passen ferst the gret see

Or thou kome ther to her ys al
And dredyft now thys Ryver smal
And most kouth^c ys thys passage
To chylde that be yong of age
And offer han thys ryver wonne
Than folk that ben on age ronne

For other weye ys ther noon
To Jerusaleem for to goon

And ek I wyl the telle a thyng
Ther passede onys her a kyng
Ffyrst assuryng the passage
Unto euery maner age

To wasshen hym yt was no nede
But that hym lyft off lowly hede
Schewe example by hys grace
How other folkys sholde passe
Wher by the same went
Wherfore tel me thyn entent
Yiff thou thys ryver lyft atteyne
And I shal anon ordeyne
A fergeaunt of myn inspecial
Wych offycer the helpe shal
For to passe the water cler
And wardeyn ys of the Ryver
He shal the washe he shal the bathe
And make the passe the more rathe
And to put the out of doute
He shal crosse the round aboute
Make the sur as thou shalt se
From al tempestys of the se
Tescap the wawe of euery streem
And make the wyne Jerusaleem
By conquest and fynally
That thou shalt drede non enmy

The Pilgrim inquires the necessity of this
washing.

In answer to this inquiry Gracedieu thus
speaks—

² “ When God had created Adam and Eve,
your first parents, He bestowed such favour up-

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 15, b.

^b Upbraid.

^c Well known.

¹ See Woodcut III.

² A summary of her answer is given in prose.

^a Pſal. xviii. 20.

^b Prov. xiii. 6.

^c 1 Cor. xv. 22.

^d Gal. v. 17.

^e Gen. ii. 8.

^f John i. 17.

^g Rom. v. 19.

^h Deut. vi. 5.
ⁱ Lev. xix. 18.
Matt. xxii. 37—
39.
Mark xii. 30.
Luke x. 27.

^j John xiv. 21.
^k 1 Pet. i. 22.

^l James i. 14.

^m Titus iii. 5.

ⁿ Chaff.

^o Remains.

^p Mark iv. 28.

on them as enabled them to live without infirmity, and without necessity of death. He granted them uprightness, and power to keep that uprightness in freedom of will,^a so that the body then obeyed the soul,^b tendering it subjection as it ought in reason to do.

“God intended this Righteousness as an inheritance to their posterity; but Adam and Eve forfeited it by their disobedience. Then death became their portion;^c and as they no longer obeyed God they lost the command over themselves;^d for he who will not render subjection to a higher authority can no longer claim obedience.

“Adam was placed in Paradise, to dress it and to keep it;^e its felicity did not consist alone in delicious fruits and cooling waters, but in the uprightness which caused Adam and Eve to love their Creator better than themselves,^f and each other as themselves.

“But since human nature received so great a wound by their disobedience,^g that this Righteousness became effaced from it, the good God renewed it when He commanded Moses,^h saying, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,’ and thy neighbour as thyself.

“Adam possessed this love by nature, the performance of it was therefore easy to him; but after his disobedience it became very difficult to his posterity, so that without my assistance it is impossible for you to do right; but if you make an effort to direct your course to the right haven

‘de tirer tousiours a bon port’
and to recover the power of lovingⁱ with a pure heart, your gracious Redeemer will accept your service as a duty done unto Himself

and will pardon that which is wanting; and though the flesh will still tempt you to evil you must battle strongly against this sinful inclination;^k you will always find resistance necessary, but I will be with you to enable you to withstand against your enemy, that it shall not overcome you,^l which I cannot do unless you will submit to the washing” (of Baptism)

The Pilgrim does not acknowledge this necessity, saying, that if his parents had been cleansed from original sin, he must also have inherited their cleansing.

GRACEDIEU replies:

¹ Than quod she to me agayn
Tak hed when men sewen greyne
The husk the chaff yt ys no nay
But fyrst be clene put away
Or yt be throwe upon the londe
And sowe abroad with manhys hond
Whit and pur yff thow take hede
And afterward whan yt doth fede
Upon the tyme off hys ryping
And the seson of gadryng
Men fynde ageyn the same corn
Huskyd as yt was befor
And ther to clothyd newe ageyn
By which exauple in certeyn
Thogh thy fadris wer by grace
Off ther orygynall trespase
Purgyd clene and frely quyt
The caff^m and the strowh abyⁿ
Reneweth ay and ever shal
Of the synne orygynall
Up on the greyn wych of hem spryngeth
The huske alway with hem they bryngeth
Al folkys as thow shalt lere

¹ Lors me respondit elle or voy
Comment en terre on seme ble
Et quel apres il est trouue
On ly met despoille et nu
Et on le retreuve vestu
De paille et de nouvelle cote
Qui estre te doit vne note^p
Que se tes parens font purgez
De leurs originelz pechez

Pource nest mie que tout tel
Nayes peche originel
Ceste paille tousiours reuint
Avec chascun quant nouuel vient
En ce monde et en ceste terre
Telement qua chascun fault querre
Ruiere ou preigne laument
Sil veult auoir son purgement

That kyndely be sown here
In this world fro day to day
The huske with hem abytt alway
And feveryth not in no manere
Tyl they be wafshed in the ryvere
Wherfor by short conclusyoun
They nede eche on purgatyoun

The Pilgrim acknowledges that he can no longer make any objection, lamenting that it is out of his power to assist himself; an advocate arrives, who undertakes to speak for him and to aid him to pass the river

"Et celluy Guillaume auoit nom
Pas ne scauoie son furnom."

¹ The PYLGRYME.

Tyl at the laste an aduocat
Kam to me tho in my nede
Without gerdoun ^a other mede
And for I hadde of speche lak
Wonderly goodly for me he spak
Profrede for to helpe of grace
To make me the Ryver passe
And that I myght over gon
And that I wer ek wafshe anoon
In al that ever he coude or myghte
And Guylliam ffor sothly he hyhte ^b
Hys surname I not ne knew
And thus he spak to Gracedieu
Myn almesse ^c with your grace

I wol fulfyllen in thys place
And yiff ye wyl I calle shal
Off your hous the Offycyal
Ffor yt ys now ryght good sefon
After your oppynyoun
That he mak by your bydding
Off thys pylgrym the wafshyng
Wher of ye han so mych seyd
Quod she I am ryght wel assayed
And ther withal benygne of look
The advocate anoon me took
Of Charyte by gret plesauce
After the custom and usaunce
And made calle of fyrst of al
To helpyn hym the offycyal
Bad hem also among hem alle
After hys name me to calle
The he shold ek don hys dever ^d
To helpe me pass the ryver
That I were wafshen and noon ryght
And so he dyde withal hys myght
And many thynges as he abrayde
Over me methouhte he sayde
Wordys that hadde gret vertue
As he was taught of gracedieu
When thorgh me thouht and that anoon
That I saw ther fro me goon
A foul that was of colour blak
And in his lydene ^e thus he spak
Cryyng men herd hym every cost ^f
I wys quod he I have al lost

¹ LE PELERIN.

¶ Adonc cest aduocat me prist ^a
Et ie lui dis quil mappelaist
Tout ainsi com lui et nommaist
Et que tantost me fist passer
Leue pour moy dedens lauer
Celui vint tost et ainsi fist
Mais quelque chose auant il dist
Sur moy qui auoit tel vertu
Qu'en ce point aduis il me fu
Que de moy vng oïsel yssy
Qui estoit noir et a hault cry
Disoit en lair iay tout perdu
Cest official mal venu
Soit qui ainsi moste mes droiz
Et maintenant et autrefois
¶ Puis lofficial me baigna ^b
Et dedans leue me laua
Trois foyz me croisa et si me oint

Gracedieu ne men mentit point
Et quant ie fuz oultre passe
Et l'aduocat sen fut ale
Qui me fist si grant courtoisie
Quoblier i'amaï ne doy mie
Lors en sa maison gracedieu
Me mena ou moult a beau lieu
Et la me fist elle semblant
Plus bel que nauoit fait deuant

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Puis dist elle que es laue
Et que la riuere as passe
Et de toy est hors lennemy
Qui ia y auoit fait son ny
Maintes choses te monstrey
Dont ton prouffit tresgrant feray
Se tu as volente daprendre
Et adroit y veulx bien entendre

^a Reward.

^b Truly he was called.

^c Alms.

^d "Devoir," behest.

^e Song or narrative.

^f Everywhere.

^a f. 6. b.

^b John iii. 5.

^a Same.

And from me now ys taken al
 By thys ylke ^a offycyal
 He hath my clothys fro me rauht ^b
 And thre tyme he hath me kauht
 And in the ryver plunged me
 Crossoyd as men myghte se
 Anoynted in the strems cold
^b Snatched away.
 Lyk as gracedieu me tolde
 I fonde she lyede never adel
 And when that I was fayre and wel
 The Ryver passyd than anoon
 And th avocat ek was gon
 Wych only of gentrye
^c Vitell. C. xiiii.
 f. 31.
 Hadde don to me gret curtoysye
 That shal never out of mynd
 Than Gracedieu most good and kynde
 Ladde me forth in my repayre
 To a place ryght inly fayr
 And never she made me to fore
^d And always
 continue thus
 together.
 So good chere syth I was bore
 Nor was so benygn of hyr port
 Unto me to don confort
 Now syth quod she that yt ys sene
 Thou art washed and made al clene
 And art passyd the ryver
 Without a pereyl or daunger
^e In good or evil
 circumstances.
 Thyn enemy fled out of thy brest
 Wher he aforh hadde made hys nest
 I shal the shew of gret delyt
 Fful many thyng for thy profyt

^f f. 8. b.¹ See Woodcut IV.LE IOUENCEL ET IOUENCELLE.^f

LE PELERIN.

^g Gen. xii. 10.

Ung pelerin soudainement
 Vy venir deuers orient
 Et de lautre partie a droit
 Une pelerine venoit
 A lofficial font venuz
 En disant sans attendre plus
 Ensemble nous voulons aler
 Et ensemble peleriner
 En ierusalem la cite
 Mais que vous ayez volente
 De nous enseigner que ferons
 Et comment seurement yrons

^h Gen. i. 27, 28.ⁱ f. 7. b.

LE PRESTRE.

Lors leur dist il cest grant seurte
 Que soyez deux en verite
 Mais que bien vous vous entamez ^g

¹ ORDRE OFF MARYAGE.^e

The PYLGRYME.

And tho myn eye as I vp caste
 I sawe komen wonder faste
 A pylgrym al sodeynly
 Holdyng hys weye synally
 As methouht in hys entent
 Drawyng into the oryent
 And even in the opposyt
 I sawe ek come by gret delyt
 A woman wych that was also
 A pylgryme ek and both two
 Her wey took in especyal
 Towardys the offycyal

(He) tolde hem yiff they wolde gon
 They moſte of herte be alon
 Tweyne in on and on in tweyne
 Both in joye and ek in peyne
 And ſo to gydre ay perſevere^d
 Tyl that deth make hem dyſſevere

And that your trouthe on outhur fide
 Perpetually in on abyde
 To your laſt that yt endure
 And that ye ſhal to me aſſure
 Both be feyth and ek by oth
 And beth wel war for leſſ or loth ^e

Et loyaulte vous vous portez
 Et ce que promettez par ſoy
 Tresbien a certes deuant moy
 En gardant bien que vous ferez
 Car ſapres vous vous pariez
 Et ne tenez vo conuenant
 Je vous promettez ne tant ne quant
 Ne vous vaudra voſtre voyage
 Ne tout voſtre pelerinage ^h

LEVESQUE.ⁱ

dy moy
 Je te prie ſe le ſcez pour quoy
 Ma len fait la teſte cornue
 Et baille la verge poinctue
 Neſt ce pas pour punicions
 Des maux faiz et corrections
 Je crois que les mauvais hurter
 Je dois des cornes et bouter
 Et de laiguillon les fort poindre
 Plus que de doulx oingement oindre

e for no varyaunce
like not your assuraunce
ff ye don ye be forsworn
c I warne you to forne
at ye don in dede or thouht
tel shal avaylle or nouht
vnto yow your vyage
about nor your pylgrymage
r welbet to my entent
ch of you allone went
r hym sylff^b and not trespace
be found in any place
ve to hys companye
t forfet and folye
t man for to be founde
re to hym that he ys bounde

afon¹ is consulted by the Bishop, who
-
ll me, I beg of you, why the mitre is
, and the crozier pointed? Are they not
d for the punishment and correction of

F my staff ek with the prykke
d chaftyn folkys that be wykke
than lyke as ye me tolde
ore how that I sholde
re hem with the oyntment

Reason answereth.

re frend quod tho Reason
d in thy discrecioun
tond me every del
hat thow meneft wel
owe platly^d thy menyng
ys good in euery thyng
y hornys and pyk also
: to the bothe two
nyfshyng and for chaftysyng
kys rebel in werchyng^e
ft thow sholdest hym dyrecte^f

And with fayrnes hem correcte
Swych as thow sey day by day
Erryn from the high ryhte way
And yiff thow founde hem obftynat
That longeth yt to thy estat
To punyfs hem by thy offyce
And vpon hem don ek justyce
Legally for ther offence
The lawe yeldeth the lycense
But ferste thow sholdest trete hem fayre
Be goodly ek and debonayre^g
And don alway ful gret labour
To shewe sweetnesse afor Rygour
And thogh the prykke of Rygour be^h
For chaftysyng the yoke to the
Be alway war touchyng ryht
Whan thow chaftysfist any whyght
Do yt never by swych dureffe
But yt be meyntⁱ ay with swetnesse
Medle with al the unctyon
Off pyte and compassyon
In thyn entente to be mor clene
Thogh thyn hornys be sharp and kene
To punyfshe folk by righteounesse
Thow sholdest ay the poynt so dresse
In thy Rygour of equyte
And in herte to have pyte
On hem that thow haft justesfyed
Let mercy with ryht be so alyed
And think how many day toforn
Or^k thou haddeft any horn
That he to whom thow art vyker
And chose to be hys offycer
Was humble meke and debonayre
Charytable and not contrarye^l
Off whom thow shalt example take
To-forn or thow thy domys make¹
³Hornyd he was by apparence
Not usyng hem by vyolence
Thys was that holy Moyfes^m
That ledde al Israel in pesⁿ

^a Then.

^b Sole, alone.

^c Vitell. C. xiiii.
f. 26. b.

^d Plainly.

^e People who
dislike working.

^f Matt. xviii. 15.

^g Ecclus. xlii.
10.

^h Psalm xxiii. 4.

ⁱ Mingled.

^k Before.

^l Form your
opinions.

^m Erat Moyfes
vir mitissimus.
Numb. xii. 3.

ⁿ Peace.

Woodcut V. for a representation of the meeting between the "Bishop" and "Reason." Cf. also the note
preceding page ("dy moy, &c."), where part of their dialogue is given.
English MS. is here nearly illegible.

"horns," so often painted on the head of Moses, represent merely "the glory," or halo, which we see in
res of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Saints, &c.

	Myddys thorgh the large see ^a And with hys yerde thys was he That passed the floodys raage And made hem have good passage Underfondeth thys lesson Ye that han in subieccion Peplys onder your prelacye To learn how ye shal hem guye Thogh ye be hornyd to sych outward Shewe as they wer styffe and hard Let hem not growen in your herte ^b To make your shep ^c so fore smerte Thogh ye shewe outward dredful Be the in your hertys merciful • • • • •	And in thy drauht be ay benygne Voyde off rancour and felonye Than dost thou trewly occupye ^a The staff wych thou haft on honde For thou shalt wel underfonde Yt tokeneth who that can concerne That thou shalt therewyth governe The peplys I dar wel specefye Commytted to thy prelacye Make hem passe thys thy charge The Ryuer of this world ful large Thy staff to ther avauntage Shal conducte ther passage Sych are the pyk profound and depe In to the wawes hem to kepe And with al thys thou most take hede Off plank or bregge ^f yiff they nede Yiff they ffayll thou shalt on make As thou art bounde for her sake And for that cause folkeys al Pontifex ¹ they doth the calle Making a bregge thys to seyne The passage that they may atteyne ²
^a 1 Tim. i. 15.	Take example off thy staff Wych Grace dieu vnto the gaff Thogh the poynt be sharp and kene Yt ys vpward ^d pleyn smothe and clene The myddys ryht as any lyne Aboue crookyd to encline • • • • •	
^b Bridge.	Schowe hem euer of love a sygne	
^c Rom. xv. 14.	¹ From <i>pons</i> , "a bridge," and <i>facio</i> , "to make." ² Reason thus exhorts the priest:—"A sword to- day is given to you, which was used anciently by the Cherubin to defend the entrance into Paradise. "This sword (of Judgement) is perilous to those who do not understand how to use it rightly; the edge must be used to strike those whose sins deserve severe rebuke, the flat part of the blade in mercy towards those who have sinned from ignorance and require to be ad- monished. "He is foolhardy who would exercise vengeance in anger, or judgement upon suspicion; and this sword is also wrongly given to him who blindly cannot discern good from evil. "Mercy, which is designated by the flat part of the blade, should therefore always be first tried; namely, good counsel, true admonition, and earnest exhortation, in order to remove evil by condemning it, and to spare in striking. This is the doctrine of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which delivers us from eternal death. "The sword was delivered unto you <i>flaming</i> by <i>Grace- dieu</i> for this reason, that whichever way you turn it, either in judgement, or exhortation, or punishment, or correction, you should exhibit it enflamed with love and charity, for love is the burning fire which enflames it; and fearful would be the reverse should the fire of an- ger burn with destructive violence, for that fire proceeds from hell." Nul ne fiert se premierement Du plat du glaive feru na Et quauant bien aduise na Cellui quil veult ainssi ferir	Et par tel cop faire mourir Par le plat du glaive sentent Bon et loyal aduifement ³ Veritable monicion Virile predicacion ⁴ Qui fiert les maux en espurguant Et les espargne en les ferant Cest la parole iesu crist Ou le respit de la mort gift De ce plat vser vous devez Quant voz subgetz errer voyez ¹ Exorter souuent et prescher Fait mainteffoys peche laisser Sainssi les pouez garantir Mieulx vault que du taillant ferir • • • • • Et pource est il droit quayez nom Tant par euvre que par renom Cherubin plain de grant science ² Et de tres viue sapience Car se cherubin vous nestiez Moult de maux faire vous pourriez ¹ • • • • • En main aussi diraondeux ³ Rest ce glaive bien perilleux Car flamboyant il fut baillie Par grace dieu et octroye La cause se sauoir voulez Si est car quant vous le tournez Soit en jugeant ou en preschant ⁴ En punissant ou corrigeant Monstrer le devez enflambe
^d Hosia xii. 6.		
^e 1 Cor. iv. 14.		
^f Heb. ix. 5.		
¹ Prov. i. 20.		
² Prov. xxix. 7.		
³ Ecclef. vii. 5.		

NATURE.¹

he governance^a
 hayr as ye may se
 d off the large se
 cord and ther debat
 hyng in on estat
 che thying by declyn
 we to hys ffyn
 ay thynges newe
 :frefshyng off her hewe
 I clothe yer by yer
 he hym off hys cher
 colour of delyte
 grene red and whyt
 emps with many a flour
 foyl thorgh my fauor
 ewe medwe and pleyn

And hilles hih ek spyce and greyn
 • • • • •
 And in to trees ek I brynge
 Ther lusty blofmys whyte and rede
 And in ther branchys ek I sprede
 Abrood my frefshe vestymentys
 And with myn vncouth paramentys
 I clothe hem wyth buddys glade
 Wych with wynter ded I made
 Thorgh confreynt of hys coldys kene
 Tornyng to ruffet al the grene
 Wt fretyng of hys bytter cold
 But al that wynter maketh old
 And with hyr stormys doth desteyne
 I make yt frefshe and yong ageyn
 • • • • •
 And off the feld the lyllyes ffayre
 And off herbys many a payre
 That winter slowh with hys confreynt

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 53. b.

amour et charite
 our est le feu ardent
 doit faire flamboyant
 ult grant meschance seroit
 eu dyre lenflammoit
 flamme denfer vient
 p au glaue mal aduient
 thus described by De Guileville, ap-
 n illustration of Proverbs xxv. 21, 22.
 my be hungry, give him bread to eat;
 ify, give him water to drink: for thou
 if fire upon his head, and the Lord shall

oted by St. Paul in his address to the
 . xii. 19—21.
 red, avenge not yourselves, but rather
 vrath: for it is written, Vengeance is
 ay, faith the Lord. Therefore, if thine
 sed him; if he thirst, give him drink:
 ou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.
 come of evil, but overcome evil with

; lines may perhaps serve to illustrate

acksmith urge the roaring blast,
 ed heaps the embers cast;
 heat the stubborn Iron feels,
 acksmith's art its toughness yields.

te heart, by favours won,
 the evil it has done;
 tain thy friendship, pardon sue
 dice it has borne towards you.

HON. W. CUST.

word" of De Guileville typifies the
 ainst sinners; whilst the "flame" (by

which the hardest metal is melted) shows the softening
 influence of Divine Grace upon the heart, even although
 it may previously have been as inflexible as steel.

¹ See Woodcut VI.

² Maistresse suis des elemens
 Des impressions et des vens
 De faire variations
 Et diuerfes mutations
 En feu en air en terre en mer
 Riens en estat ne laisse ester
 Tout faiz tourner et tendre a fin
 Tout varier soir et matin
 Nouuelles choses faiz venir
 Et vieilles choses departir
 La terre de mes robes est
 Patee en prin temps ie la vest
 Demy party dherbe florie
 De rouge de vert de soucy
 Et de toutes belles couleurs
 Quon peut trouuer en belles fleurs
 Aux arbres donne paremens
 Et contre leste vestemens
 Puis si les refais despoiller^b
 Contre liuer pour les tailler
 Autres robes autres cotelles
 Telles comme deuant nouuelles
 Il nest bruyere ne geneffe
 Nabriceau que ie ne reueste
 De mes robes bien floretees
 Et tresgaiement desguisees
 Oncques ne vestit salomon
 Tel robe que fait vng boiffon
 Et ce que fais par loisir fas
 Car hastiue ie ne suis pas
 Toute mutation ie he
 Qui est faicte en hastiue

^b Gen. i. 11.

And made hem of ther colour ffeynt
 Ffor no cost me lyft not spare
 But thar rycheffe I do repara
 Whan hete off cold hath the victorie
 That Salomon in al hys glorye
 Was not clad I dar wel say
 Half so freshly as ben they
 Nor hys robes wer nat lyche
 Off colour to the bushes ryche
 Wych Ive clad in my lyffree
 Fro yer to yer as ye may se
 And who that taketh hed ther to
 Al thyng that men se me do
 I do by leyser by and by
 I am not rakel or hasty
 I hate in myn oppynyouns
 Al sodeyn mutacyouns

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 57.

¹GRACE replies thus to NATURE:—^a

Ye refemble who loke wel
 On to the wylde swyn savage
 Wych that rometh in hys rage
 In the woodys large and grene
 And ne kan no ferther sene
 But to the frut that he hath founde
 And the acornys on the grounde
 Ffor to felle hys hongry mawe
 Ffor he in hys swynys lawe
 Off hys rudnesse bestial
 Ne kan no ferther se at al
 Toward the hevene nor the tre
 Wher he receyveth hys plente

^b Do not have a
 grudge against.

¹GRACEDIEU.

* * * * *
 Vous semblez bien le porc sauuaige^c
 Qui mangeue fouuent au boscaige
 Le glan et point na le regarde^d
 Dont il luy vient ne de quel part
 La teste en terre et les yeulx
 Et point en hault ne vers les cieulx
 Regarde dont ce bien luy vient
 Au glan tant seulement se tient
 Aussi point ne me congnoissez
 Ou ne me congnoistre faignez
 De qui tenez tout ce quaeuz
 Ne rien fans moy vous ne pouez

^c f. 14.

^d Matt. vii. 6.

^e Psal. cxxiii. 2.
 Philipp. ii. 13.

^f Isaiiah ii. 12.
 Isaiiah xxix. 16.
 Job xxii. 12.

That bar the frut for hys repast
 Al that ys from hys mynde past
 Ffor to the acorn al only
 And to hys ffoode fynally
 Yt fet hys herte and al hys thought
 * * *

Undoth your eyn derke and blynde
 The eyen of your entendement
 And by good avysement
 The lyddys off your eye uncloseth
 Knoweth wel and nat supposeth
 I am lady hool and entere
 And ye be but my chamberere
 Thys shal ye fynde al openly
 Yiff ye look avysely
 Leve your wordys hih aloffte
 And lerneth for to speke soffte
 And renounceth al your rage
 Ffor he sholde me don hommage
 Off iustyce and equitye
 Ffor that ye holde ye holde of me
 * * *

Yiff the round firmament
 The planetys and ech spere
 And the bryht sterrys clere
 Yiff I hem maade to cesse echon
 Than wer your power clene agon
 Abatyd and fet asyde
 Wher upon lat be your pryde
 And grutchet nat ageyne me^b
 Syth I ha the soveraynte
 Lordshepe and domynacion
 And yt were abusyon

Ouurez doncques discretement
 Les yeulx de vostre entendement^c
 Car se bien ouurez la paupiere
 Moy la dame et vous chamberiere
 Trouuerez tout apertement
 Et lors parlerez doucement
 A moy et hommaige ferez
 De quanque de moy vous tenez
 Car ainfi comme esaiie dit^f
 Cest grant orgueil et grant despit
 Quant encontre le charpentier
 Se veult la coignee redrecier
 Et quant de son potier se deult
 Le pot et arguer le veult
 De facon et se plaint de luy
 En luy disant ie te reny

Appendix.

XV

yteth yfaye ^a
book doth specefye
yte both fer and ner
the carpenter
ere bold by furquedye ^c
den chaumpartye
ying ageyne kynde
yt as ye shal fynde
g off gret dysdene
e pot sholde also feyn
er that hym wrouhte
rme about brouhte
enede ^d off hys making
hys fasson and werkyng
ying not convenable
lyk in cas semblable
eyne me
fect nat ellys be
r sotel ^e argument
andwerk and instrument
mad to helpen me

* * *
lady dame nature
ad herd hyr tale along
hat she had do wrong
mpleynt to specefye
aded on folye
ly in hyr degre
on upon hyr kne

ture cryede MERCY
word that she gan feye
mercy gan hyr preye
numble cher and fface
ede hyr trespae
sayde most mekly
quod she ful folylly ^f
erneyd me to yow
goodly spoke now
repente fore

And certys I ne shal no more
Offende yow in no manere
Nouther in speche nor in chere
So that of mercy and pyte
Ye wyl as now forgyve yt me
That I ha don al outterly
And that ye wyl so gracyoufly
Off alle that ever me afterte ^g
No thyng reservyn in your herte
Only off your benygne grace
But clene forgete my trespae

Repentance and Charity ¹ then appear to the
Pilgrim, the former holding a hammer and rod
in her hands, and a broom in her mouth, and
she thus describes herself:—

² I am the ffayre louyd but lyte ^h
Off my port demur and sad
Debonayre and gretly drad
Off fele folkys ⁱ that me se
And trewly I am ek she
Now adayes lytel preyfyd
And yet ful worthy to be reysed
Off prys to folkys that be dygne ^k
Rygerous and ful benygne
To al that be vertuous
Happy also and right grewious
The gracyouse of synal pleasaunce
I am called dame penaunce
I smyte hertys vp and don ^l
And make hem by contrycion
Wyth salte terys thys the cas
To forewe crye and feyn allas
That they euere dyde amys
Ye shal yt fynde and thus yt ys
Off ther trespacys they repente
And feyn in al ther beste entente
A Lord God how off thy grace
How shal I han off my trespae
Allegement withoute the ^m

^a Ifaiah.

^b Axe.

^c Proudly to wage
war against the
carpenter.

^d Complained.

^e Subtle.

^f Stupidly, con-
fusedly.

^g Escaped.

^h But little be-
loved.

ⁱ Many.

^k Worthy.

^l Down.

^m Thee.

Goodcut VII.
la belle peu amee ⁿ
onnaire trop doubtee
prifee peu plaissant
nce suis appellee
maillet iamoliay

Jadis saint pierre et le froissay
Qui fi dur pierre auoit este
Que son bon maitre auoit nie
• • • • •
Et grande amertume et douleur
De la magdaleine ainfi fis

ⁿ f. 15.

- ^a Job x. 20.
^b Ezra x. 11.
^c Guilt.
^d Soft.
^e Matt. xxvi. 75.
^f "Juice" of his weeping, i. e. his tears.
^g Strong.
^h Luke vii. 38.
ⁱ Isaiah i. 16.
 Prov. xi. 20.
 Ezek. xvi. 30.
 Ecclus. iii. 26;
 vii. 17.
 Jer. xxiii. 29.
^k Matt. xii. 43, 44.
 Romans x. 10.
 Psalm xxvi. 8.
^l 2 Cor. vii. 1.

But thou grant off thy pyte ^a
 That I may al outterly ^b
 Off my gyltes ^c ha mercy
 So that I do no more amyfs
 Now good lord thou grante thys
 Thus I maken hem crye offte
 And with thys hammer I made soffie
 Seyn petrys hert and yt to brak
 That yt wente al vnto crak
 Wych ffyrft was hard as any ston
 But I made yt nefshe ^d anoon
 Whan he hys maystee ffyrft forfok
 But whan I the hammer took
 I smet hym so with repentaunce ^e
 And made hym nefshe with penaunce
 That the jows of hys wepyng ^f
 Yffede out in compleynyng
 Off verray forewe and bitterneffe
 He felt theroff so gret dystresse
 In hys greuous hertly ^g peyne
 And also Mary Mawgdelegne ^h
 With thys hamer I smot so
 That hyr herte I rooff atwo
 Wych was fulhard with synnes old
 But wt strokys manyfold
 I made hyr tender yt ys no doute
 That the terys yffede oute

Repentance adds that the heart of man ⁱ resembles an earthen vessel full of loathsome corruption; this vessel must be broken in pieces, for it is not sufficient to look upon sin in the abstract, but each particular sin must be done away with. There is also a worm contained therein, called the "worm of conscience." None could endure to live gnawed by the

fangs of *remorse* were not the hammer of *contrition* capable of destroying it.

Repentance thus explains the use of the broom, ^k saying, "In the house of which is the mistress, and I the attendant, the six doors; five ^l of admission:

' La porte dodorer, doyt ou descoute
 Du goust, du tast, et du regard.'

"By all these sin can enter; so if I turn my broom in their direction my would be lost; but the sixth is the finger let for transgression:

' Cest la bouche au pauvre pecheur.
 ' Thys gate ys called the mouth of

"Towards this door I employ my broom to sweep, heap up and clean.

' Et mon balay si est ma langue
 Et mon furgon et ma palangue.'

' And my byfme that al thys doth
 Ys myn owne tonge in soth.'

"For, as long as I am servant ^l to *Grace* determined to allow nothing to remain in the dwelling that can injure it, even in the smallest hole or crevice."

^m I go to every place
 Now here now ther aboute I trace ⁿ
 By verray pleyn confession
 Withoute fraude or deception
 Ther may nothing me scape fro
 For gracedieu wyl yt be so ^a
 For she ne wyl nowher abyde
 But yt be clene on euery syde
 Whos chambre and whos mansion

^m Walk.

ⁿ Ecclef. vii. 2.

^o f. 14. b.

^l These five gates are the same as those described in Bunyan's "Holy War."

"The famous town of 'Manfoul' had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go, and these were made likewise answerable to the walls,—to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate."

There is an interesting little work on this subject, entitled "The Five Gates of Knowledge," by George Wilfon, M.D., F.R.S.E.

^a Rien na dedans ne sus ne ius
 Ne en anglet ne en pertuz
 Que tout ne vueille remuer
 Cerchez tracer et hors gester
 Par entiere confession
 Sans fraude et sans deception
 Car ainsi le veult gracedieu
 Qui na cure fors de net lieu
 Et conscience est la maison
 La chambre et habitation
 Ou elle fait sa demouree
 Quant la trouue ainsi balice

welling and habytacion
trewly withoute offence
verray clene conscience

urt of the text from Rom. x. 10, is here
red to: "with the mouth confession is
unto salvation;" but the context is
ted.

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth,
in thy heart: that is, the word of faith,
h we preach; that if thou shalt confess
thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt be-
in thine heart that God hath raised Him
the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with
heart man believeth unto righteousness;
with the mouth confession is made unto
tion."—Rom. x. 8—10.

nyan shows more strikingly that the Gos-
nust first influence the heart, before the
h can utter its feelings. "For out of the
dance of the heart the mouth speaketh."
Then the *Interpreter* took *Christian* by
hand, and led him into a very large par-
that was full of dust, because never swept;
which, after he had reviewed a little while,
Interpreter called for a man to sweep.
when he began to sweep, the dust began
dantly to fly about, that *Christian* had
st therewith been choked. Then said the
rpreter to a damsel that stood by, 'Bring
r the water, and sprinkle the room;'
h, when she had done, it was swept and
sed with pleasure.

Then said *Christian*, What means this?
The *Interpreter* answered, This Parlour
e heart of a man, that was never sanctified
he sweet grace of the Gospel: the dust is
original sin, and inward corruptions, that
defiled the whole man. He that began
weep at first is the law; but she that brought
r, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now,
reas, thou sawest, that as soon as the first

began to sweep, the dust did so fly about, that
the room by him could not be cleansed, but
that thou wast almost choked therewith; this
is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleans-
ing the heart, by its working, from sin, doth
revive, put strength into, and increases it in
the soul, as it doth also discover and forbid it,
but doth not give power to subdue. Again,
as thou sawest the Damsel sprinkle the room
with water, upon which it was cleansed with
pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the
Gospel comes in the sweet and precious in-
fluences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even
as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust, by
sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin van-
quished and subdued, and the soul made clean,
through the faith of it; and consequently fit
for the king of glory to inhabit."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Repentance thus continues in De Guileville:—
Vnto my bysme ^a [human hearts] submitted be¹
Off lownesse and humylyte
That they be swept clenly at al
And that the hammer breke smal
Ffyrst by trewe contricyon
And verray iuste confession
Than a noon my yerde ^b I take
And amendys for to make
By repentaunce in divers wyse
With my yerde I hem chaastyse
Put hem to penaunce of entent
To brynge hem to amendment

Various modes of penance ^c are then enu-
merated, such as visiting the poor and sick,
performing pilgrimages, fasting, &c. *Repent-*
ance says that no sin can be passed over with-
out punishment by rods; those must be beaten
who have consented to commit sin.

² And therefore thys yerde I holde
Wych namyd ys of iuste refon

¹ Sa mon balay soubz mis il est^d
Et se bien balie en est
Et quant le voy ainfi contrit
Et bien confes comme iay dit
Adonc pour le bien chastier

De mes verges le batz et fier
Peine luy donne et batement
Afin que preingne amendement
² Des verges se voulez le nom
Diçtes sont satisfacion

^a Befom or
broom.

^b Rod or staff.

^c Dan. iv. 27.
Ecclus. xvi. 12.
Pf. xxxvii. 28.

^d f. xvi. b.

^a Sufficiently.

Trewe satysfaccion
And fothly yiff I shal not feyne
Satysfaccion ys to feyne
Affeth ^a that ys mad for synne
And that a man haue withinne
As myche forewe and repentaunce
As he hadde ffyrst plesauce

Here the doctrine of Penance appears distinctly as something more than Repentance; and the superior views of Bunyan shine forth with the splendour of the Gospel in contrast with the human idea of self-justification by mortifying the flesh, and a strange aspect is presented of the high Christian privileges of Prayer, attending to the wants of the poor, the sick, and miserable, when they are classed as part of the punishments of sin.

Our Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In De Guileville, *Repentance* beautifully adds, "that she is commissioned to succour all the weary and heavy laden; to those pilgrims anxiously trying to follow the narrow path she offers the consolation appointed by our Lord

^b Rom. xi. 5.
Luke xxii. 19.

^c Long ago.

Himself at the last Supper, which He partook of with his disciples when he took bread and blessed it, and she gives the assurance that will sustain the faith of all his followers ^b who partake of this Sacrament in remembrance of Him, but of which none can be worthy recipients who have not first submitted to afflictions and become contrite, and cleansed from their offences."

Again; we must observe that the view taken by De Guileville of the Sacrament of the Last Supper is partial: he speaks of the bread on which our Saviour says,

"Take, eat; this is my body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—*St. Matt. xx 26—28.*

CHARITY.¹

* * * *

I made feyn martyn yore agon^c
Al be that he hadde but on
Hys mantel to kutte a tweyne

^d f. xvii.

Car satisfacion vault tant
Que faire assez ou tout autant
De peine sans nul contredit
Comme au peche eut delict

¹ CHARITE.

Je suis la mere des vertus ^d
Celle qui reueit les gens nudz
Qui saint martin fis despoillier
Pour poure vestir et aïser
Je suis nourrice d'orphelins
Hofeliere de pelerins
Qui les maux dau truy faiz les myens
Et a tous communs sont mes biens
Sans laquelle saint paul disoit ^e
Que riens nauoit qui ne mauoit
Et quelque bien faire ne peut
Si non quavecques soy il meust
Aussi certainement ne fait
Car sans moy nest aucun bien fait
Mon nom se fauoir le voules
Charite vous mappellerez ^f
Car charite tient en cherte
Ceulx quautres ont en grant vilté
Je repais les gens familleux
Et visite les langoureux
Je suis celle qui dau truy bien

^e 1 Cor. xiii. 3.

^f 1 Cor. xiii. 6, 7.

^g 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

^h Eph. i. 7.

Suis ioieuse comme du mien
Celle qui debonairement
Seuffre tout et paisiblement
Celle qui descouter nay cure
Sufurracion ne murmure
Celle qui oncques ne mesdis
Dau truy ne a au truy messis
Et non pour tant si ay ie fait
Aucuns maux faire sans meffait
Se point avez ouy parler
Du roy iesus et racompter
Comment vult homme deuenir
Et pour les hommes mort souffrir
Sauoir deuez que celle suy
Qui faire luy fis tel ennuy
Car du ciel ie le fis descendre
Pour la vostre humanite prendre
A lestache le fis lyer
Et despines le couronner
Les bras fis en la croix estendre
Et son coste percer et fendre
Les piedz et les mains atacher
En la croix luy fis et ficher
Sang fiz yssir de son corps tendre
Et luy fiz son doulx esperit rendre
Tous lesquelz maux souffrir luy fis
Pour vous tous qui estiez perils
Quant en enfer vous ala rembre ^h

And dyde al hys byfy peyne
 To clothe the poore wych nakyd stood
 Myd off the gate devoyde of good
 I am noryce^a of al nedy
 And I herberwe^b commonly
 Al pylgrymes in ther nede
 And I am she yt ys no drede
 That fele as myche harm in me
 Off other ffolkys aduerfyte
 As they hem fylff that yt endure
 And al my goodys I enfore
 Be common unto every whyht
 Whan they ha nede as yt ys ryht
 Seyn poul sayd ek in hys wrytyng
 Off vertu he hadde no thyng
 Withoute that he hadde me
 And that he myghte in no degre
 Withoute me do no good dede
 And trewly who taketh hede
 No good dede nor good entent
 Ys worth but yiff I be present
 Among estatys hih nor lowe
 And yiff ye lyst my name knowe
 I am callyd dame charyte
 That haue al folk in certe
 And other that folk haue in despyt
 Hem to cheryshe ys my delyt
 I feede folk that hongry be
 And part^c with hem off my plente
 And vyfete hem that lyggen seke
 And dwelle with folkys that be meke
 And for no coste I do not spare
 To be glad of the welfare
 Off euery other maner whyht
 As off myn owne of verray ryht
 I am she that patiently
 Kan suffren and benygely
 Alle sorwes wel apese
 And I am she that kan don ese

Al hevynesses to recure
 And I am she that set no cure
 Off grucchyng nor detraction
 Ffor thys ys my condicion
 Harm to spek neueradel
 But off ech man to sey wel
 Wych I holde in gret vertu
 And yiff ye haue off Cryst Ihū
 Any maner Remembraunce
 I made hym for to ha plesauce
 Off mercy as I reherse kan
 Ffor loue to become a man
 And taken your humanyte
 And suffren by humylyte
 Deth for your sake and passion
 Made hym fro hevene come a don
 And suffren ek as yt ys founde
 To a pyler to be bounde
 And tendure that lovd most fre
 With sharpe thornys crownyd be
 And sprede hys armys on the rood
 And for your sake shede hys blood

I made hym for your sake
 Tendure off entencyon
 To make your redempcion
 That wer for synne lost echon
 And to helle I made hym gon
 To sette hem out that lay ther bounde
 The devels power to confounde
 Wych hadde grievyd man so fore
 And I shal telle you euermore
 How thys kyng most sovereyne
 To forn hys passion and peyne
 And hys tormentys wonder stronge
 Or he the deth sholde underfonge^d
 He forgatt nat off entent
 Ffor to make hys testament
 The forme ther off to endyte

^a Nourisher.

^b Lodge or entertain.

^c Share.

^d Underwent.

Et de la mort denfer defendre
 Ce sont les maux que iay fait faire
 Sans peche voir et sans meffaire
 Or vous diray que ce roy fist
 Auant que ces paines souffrist
 Quant il vit sa mort approucher
 Ne vout pas en oubly laisser
 Que son testament il ne fist

Il mappella ie luy escripz
 Et en ceste forme le mis
 Testament de paix est nomme
 Et le vous ay cy apporte
 Afin que ses lois vous saichiez
 Et ce que vous en duyt ayez
 Je le vueil lire or lescoutez
 Et entendez se vous voulez

^a f. xvii. b. "Ces
trois lettres font
assauoir."

^b Peace.

^c Is or shall be.

^d Feels no symp-
tom of pain.

^e One.

He callede me yt to wryte
Ffor to make the forme bettre
My sylff wrot yt euery lettre
And namyd yt yt ys no les
The trewe testament off pes
Wych to for you alle I brynge
That ye may ha knowelychyng
That maner thyng ther on doth sue
And what to you ther off ys due
I wyl yow reden the sentence
Yiff ye wyl given audyence
So thys yt ys herkneth echon
As I shal her reherse anoon
The testament¹ off cryst Jesu

One clause of this will or testament be-
queaths to mankind *Pax Triplex*—"triple
tranquillity." The three things signified by
the three initial letters, at the three corners of
a right-angled triangle, formed by the stem and
one limb of a Latin crofs are—X, the initial of
Χριστός, "Christ;" A, of *Anima*, "the soul;"
P, of *Proximus*, our "neighbour." When these
three are properly disposed towards each other,
there is a firmly established peace of mind; since
they indicate the whole duty of man's life,
viz. his love to God and his neighbour.²

And overmore thys lettrys thre^a
Ar tooknys that in unyte
He sholde ha verray love and pes^b
With thre thynges douteles
He that he hath pofessioun
Off thys jowell most off renoun
And he to whom cryst hath yt take
Sholde keep for hys sake
Pes with every maner whyht
And fyrst above as yt ys ryht
Wher as the X condygnely
Ys set alofte as most worthy
By wych ziff yt be espyed
I am trewly sygnifyed

In tookne that noon be rekkeles
Fyrst to haue parfyte pes
Wyth god and me byth^c al on
And may neuer affonder gon
And also as I shal devyse
That he in no maner wyse
Ne do no thyng in no degre
Wych that sholde dysplese me
And yiff yt happe off neclygence
Ageyn me that he do offence

Ther by ys pleynly underfonde
The fowle of man with whom ech^v
Sholde ha pes of verray ryht
So that in a manhys thouht
³ Synderesis^d ne grucheth nouht
Thorgh no trespase nor offence
By no remors of conscience
Lat every man tak hed herto
And with your neyhebour also
Ye most ha pes and unyte
Wych ys ytokenyd by the P
And ys yfet fyrst off echon
And that ye sholde be al on
Thexauple techeth yow ful wel
Yiff ye confydren everydel
How ye bothen in o^e lyne
Stonde and may yt not declyne
Lyneally yt ys noon other
As brother verrayly to brother
Nature wyl that yt so be
High and lowh off o degre
Bothe tweyne ymade lyche
The pore man and ek the ryche
At the 'gynnyng as ye shal lere
Al forgyd of one matere
Touchyng ther fyrst orygynal
And bothe tweyne be mortal
The ton the tother in certeyne
They be but wermes bothe tweyne

¹ The testament is given in the analysis.

² See Woodcut VIII.

³ The following lines appear on the margin of the
MS. (f. 74, b.) in explanation of the term "*synderesis*:"
Synderesis to speke in pleyn

Ys as myche for to seyn
By notable descripcion
The hiher party of Reson
Wherby a man shal best discerne
Hys conscience for to governe

passe by o passage
 hole off gret streihtnesse
 I ek rycheffe
 way bothe gret and smal
 ys noon at al
 in thys streihthe nede
 every man take hede
 wde to be nat rekkeles
 : jowell callyd pes
 wel and lofe it nouht
 man in herte and thouht
 lygent labour
 with hys neihebour
 F al perfection
 orme the patron
 nd sothfoft pes
 id lasten endeles
 ht off iust reson
 off the tabellyon
 h in pes and vnyte
 ntys sholde be
 l markyd commonly
 nfermyd openly
 yng her thys wryt present
 cryst the testament
 ne of tabellion
 f entencyon

• • •
 Ieu speketh :

goodly spak to me ^a
 ny sonne tak hed to me
 ff I shal nat feyne
 the Giffys tweyne
 :hihte ^b whylom to the
 shalt not deceyved be
Skryppe and a *Bordon*
 of hool entencyon
 e now kep hem wel
 he maner everydel
 be ryht necessarye
 the ^c thow shalt not tarye
 he in thy vyage
 de thy pylgrymage
 t off hem haue ay gret nede
 lyft thy journee spede

Nedful to pylgrymes all
 And *seyth* thy skryppe thow shalt calle
 Wyth oute wych may nat be
 Brouht aboute no journee
 Nor vyage that may avaylle
 Ffor thy bred and thy vytaylle
 Ther in thow shalt alway conserue
 And all tymes thow shalt observe
 Thys skryppe wel in thy bandon ^d
 In euery cyte and euery ton
 In al thy moste feythful wyse
 And also for to auctoryse
 Touchyng thys skryppe callyd ffeyth
 Herkne what thapostel seyth
 In a pystel ^e that he endyteth
 And to the Romayns pleyntly wryteth
 The ryhtful man withoute stryff
 By this skryppe lat ^f hys lyff
 Thys to feyne that ffeyth off ryht
 Giveth lyff to euery maner whyht
 As *Abachuch* that hooly man
 In hys wrytyng reherse kan
 The seconde chapytle off hys book
 Who so lyft lyfft vp hys look
 And thys skryppe withoute wene ^g
 Off hys colour mot be grene
 Wych colour who so look a ryht
 Doth gret comfort to the syht
 Sharpeth the eye yt ys no dred
 And so doth ffeyth who taketh hed
 Yt maketh pylgrymes glad and lyht
 With hem abydyng day and nyht
 And in ther weye I dar reporte
 Gretly doth hem recomforte
 For good pylgrymes everychon ^h
 On pylgrymage wher they gon
 Only ffeyth doth hem sustene
 By example as the greene
 The gentyl colour glad and lyht
 Giveth clernesse to the syht
 Whan the grene al withoute
 Ys spreynt ⁱ with dropys rond aboute
 Off red blood who kan entende
 Then the syht yt doth amende
 Fful gretly I dar wel feyne
 Ffor ther ys drope noon certeyn

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 99, b.
 f. xxiii. b. "Voy
 cy lescharpe et le
 bourdon."

^b Promised.

^c Advance thy-
 self.

^d Keep in thy
 power.

^e Epistle.

^f Leads.

^g Doubt.

^h Every one.

ⁱ Sprinkled.

^a "Mixed," or
"mingled
with."

^b Shed in purity,
i. e. the green of
the scrip was
shaded with the
pure blood of the
martyrs.

^c "Perfectly,"
or "once for
all."

^d Will.

^e Saints who suf-
fered thus are
gone.

^f Scabbard.

^g Gone or van-
ished.

^h On earth.

ⁱ Jeopardy.

^k Vitell. C. xiiii.
f. 108.
f. xxvii. "Or en-
tens ben de ce
bourdon."

^l I advise thee.

^m Jesus Christ.

But yt ys worth and off more prys
To pylgrymes that be wyfe
Than outhere perle or margeryte
And as I dar ryht wel endyte
Yt ys mor ryche and precyous
Mor off valu and vertuous
The bloody dropys whan they be spreynt
Vp on the grene and ymeynt ^a
To make a man mor strong and lyht
And tofforce with hys fyht
Than any other ryche ston
Ffor to rekne hem euerechon
The green ys good in specyal
Whan the rede ys meynt withal
Off blood for pleylnly the rednesse
Wyth that was shad in clennesse ^b
Off glorious martyrs longe agon
That spente her blood and lefte noon
But suffrede al the vyolence
And the mortal ek sentence
Off Tyrantys tyrannye
And sparede nat platly ^c to dye
Ther legende so wryt and seyth
Ffor to dyffende Crystys *feyth*
Ffor wych vp on thys skryppe off grene
The bloody dropys ther yfene
Shewyn in concludion
Ther martyrdom ther passion
Off ther owne volunte ^d
Only to given vn to the
Verrayly an exemplayre
Wherfo ever thou repayre
To suffre deth for crystys sake
Rather than thou shust forsake
Thy skryppe in any maner wyfe
Off wych thou hast here me devyse
Ffor seyntyng ^e wych that suffrede so
I wot ryht wel that they be go
To paradys and entryd in
Ffor the swerd off cherubin
Wych whilom at the gate stood
Ys so blonted with her blood
That yt ys I dar wel feyn
In the skawberk ^f vp ageyn
But now adayes yt stant so
Hooly seyntyng ben all ago ^g

That wer so myghty and so strong
And dradde nat to suffre awrong
Ffor the ffeyth yt to dyffende
Her lyff her blood ther on to spende
Redy they wern and that anon
But nowh aunerthe ^h ther ys nat on
That wyl hym putte in iupartye ⁱ
Crystys feyth to magnesye
Nor make myhty resiftence
Ageyn Tyrannys by dyffence

But ffyrst tak hed off the Bordon ^k
How yt ys good in ech seson
Ffor he nat ffalleth commonly
That leneth ther on stedfastly
Ffor wych thou shalt as yt ys ryht
With al thy force and al thy myght
Ther on reste what so be falle
Trewly thou shalt nat falle
What perillous passage that thou go
As longe as thou takest hed ther to
And tavoyde a way dyspeyr
Wher so thou goft in foul or ffayr
Or what fortune the be falle
Good hope alway thou shalt yt calle
Thys the name off thy bordon
Off trust and trewe affection
Wych ys callyd *Esperaunce*
Affter the speche vsyd in fraunce
And the maner of that language
And look alway in thy passage
That thou holde the wel ther by
And theron reste feythfully
In peryllous pathys wher thou wend
And by the pomellys as the ende
Holde the strongly I the lede ^l
Ffor they shall in al thy nede
Sustene the thou falle nouht
The hiher pomel yiff yt be souht
Ys Ihū Cryst ^m haue hym in mynde
And in Scrypture as thou shalt fyn
He ys the merour cler and bryht
Wyth oute spot bothe day and nyht
In the wyche a man by grace
May beholde hys owne fface
In wych *merour* as I tolde

lde ouhte beholde
o men may fynde
wrouht be kynde^a
hym with herte and thouht
y and dred the nouht
helpe alway calle
wel thow shalt not falle

• • •
uoth she, and ha no drede^b
hih and tak good heede
perche^c the harneys fe
hat thow wylt armed be
o thy vyage
l to thy pylgrimage
helmys and habergiouns
aylle for champiouns
eyn al vyolence
^d stuffys of defence
d sheldys large and longe
also that wer stronge
make refistene
volde hem don offence

• • •
callyd *attempraunce*^e
i thy dyffence
e refistene
re and at the *byht*^f
n kepe and close aryht
lm for assurance
lled attempraunce
and noble off fame
aff therto a name
yt ffor gret delyt
ff helthe and off profyt
anded men tak hed
: yt on ther hed
chef salvacon

• • •
ys helm be mad aryht
have to large a fyht
rowe sharpe ygrounde

Entre myghte and gyue a wounde
And at the erys ek also
Thow mustest taken hede ther to
That yt be not too large off space
Lyft that by the same place
Entrede by collusion
Som noyce off fals detracion

• • •
Tave a swerd ek by thy syde^h
A bettre was ther neuer founde
Off stel forgyd whet nor grounde
Wych shal ynowh suffyse
The to dyffende many wyfe
Yiff any enmy the assaylle
Outher in skarmush outhere bataylle
I the ensure in al thy nede
Whyl thow hast yt thow shalt not drede
Off non enemy nor no dystresse
The name off wych ys Ryhtwysnesse
A better swerd was neuer wrought
Off prince nor off kyng ybought
For the swerd off good *Oger*ⁱ
Off *Rowland* nor off *Olyver*
Was not for to reknen al
Off valu to this swerd egal
So trusty nor so vertuous
To folk in vertu coragous
Ffor this swerd haueth so gret myht
To ryche and poore for to do ryht

MEMORY.²

The Pilgrim, fearful that he shall forget the good advice which *Grace* has given him, summons to Memory to carry his armour. He is surprised to see the latter without eyes, and complains that she will not be of use to him; but he is assured that her eyes are at the back of her head, and that she is the treasurer of much knowledge; for although she cannot foresee, she has complete information of the

^a Are reproduced or represented.

^b Vitell. C. xiii. f. 114, b. f. xxx. b. "Or regarde."

^c Pole or rod.

^d Stuff for making surcoats. A "jack" was a buff jerkin worn by soldiers.

^e Bucklers.

^f Vitell. C. xiii. f. 121, b. f. xxxii. "Le heaulme, &c."

^g Mouth.

^h Vitell. C. xiii. f. 123. f. xxxii. b. "Par son nom, &c."

id, and Oliver, were three of Charlemagne's peers. (*Vide Biog. Univ. sub. v "Oger," et alibi.*) vere so equally matched in strength and valour that it was doubtful which was superior: hence the ce to the blows they inflicted, "of giving a Roland for an Oliver," which has passed into a proverb age.
t XI.

^a Eph. vi. 11.

^b Zech. ix. 8.

^c Luke xi. 21, 22.

^d 1 Peter ii. 11.
Gal. v. 16—19.
Rom. vii. 22, 23.

^e Matt. vi. 25.
Gen. ii. 7.
1 Cor. ix. 27.

^f Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 144.

^g f. xxxvi. b.

^h f. xxxvii. b.

ⁱ Ecclesiasticus
ii. 18.

^k James ii. 26.

past, and will recall to him her advice, and prove a most useful attendant. *Grace*, however, warns the Pilgrim that he is not the good warrior ^a who requires his armour to be carried; but he who wears it continually, and who is always ready with it in time of need, even in his own house ^b where he is never free from warfare. She also informs him that in the country to which he is going he will be always encompassed with enemies, and that the sling and stones (she had given him) would not be sufficient to defend him unless he was accustomed to his armour, without requiring the assistance of his armourbearer; for it would excite scorn and derision were he to allow her to carry it who was so much weaker than himself.

The Pilgrim inquires the reason why, after taking off his armour, ^c he should experience so much pain in putting it on again?

Grace ¹ bids him remember she had told him he was too fat, and too stubborn.

The Pilgrim acknowledges that she had admonished him of this—but thinks that it should be a reason for his being stronger and more valiant.

She next inquires whether he is aware who he is? whether he is single or double? whether he has not another besides himself to nourish, govern, and maintain?

The Pilgrim replies, that he is astonished at her question, that she must be aware that he has only himself to govern and take care of.

Then she says, “Understand, and list gently, for I will instruct you otherwise: that you nourish one who is your great enemy—that you clothe him, and feed him the costliest viands—that ^d you are his but, notwithstanding, he deceives you, when he is moving and when he is at r

‘Soit en allant ou quant il gift.’

He it is who will not allow you to your armour, and who is always your sary when you would do any good thin

The Pilgrim inquires his name, that h revenge himself on his enemy by killing

Grace replies, that he is not permitted that, but that he may punish him and give pain, by making him work, fast, and subpenance, without which he will never be in revenging himself upon him. She that if he had well understood the matter would have seen that *Repentance* ^e was the tref and chastiser, who, with her rods, cause his enemy to become a good ser and she tells the Pilgrim that he ought to fire that more than the death of his foe he is lent to him to lead him to the heavenly eternal life, and to preserve him from that this enemy is his body and his flesh, and can be called by no other name than that of a foe.

The PILGRIM replies:

Ma dame quod I what may thys be ^f
Whether dreme I other ellys ye

¹ GRACEDIEU.

¶ Ne te souvient dit elle pas
Que ie te dis questoye trop gras
Par trop remply et par trop peuz
Ainsi quencord es et trop druz

LE PELERIN.

¶ Bien men souvient dis ie mais tant
Estre ien deusse plus puissant
Et plus fort aux armes porter
Comme il me semble et a marmier

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Scez tu dist elle qui tu es
Se tu es seul on se double es

Se nul fors toy as a nourrir
Na gouuerner na maintenir

² Penitence est la maistresse ^h
Et de luy la chastierresse ⁱ
Bailles le luy si le batra
Et tellement le chastiera
De ses verges que bon seruant
El le fera dorenavant
Et ce dois tu mieulx desirer
Et mieulx vouloir et procurer
Que tu ne dois faire la mort
Car baille test pour luy a port ^k
De vie et de salut mener
Et de tous perilz le gester
Cest le corps et la chair de toy
Autrement nommer ne le doy

Ffor as fer as I kan espye ^a
 I mervyll off your fantasye
 Or by what weye ye wolde gon
 Ys nat my body and I al on
 I trowe yis and ellys wonder
 Or how myhte we be affonder
 Ys he a nother than am I
 I pray you tel me ffeythfully
 And me declareth the sothnesse
 Withouten any dowbylnesse
 What that ye mene verrayly
 Ffor her ys no whyht but ye and I
 Except only my chaumberere
 Wych that folweth ous ryht here
 A noon to me doth synifye
 Wher yt be trouth or fayrre ^b
 Shal we shold ben on or tweyne
 Tel on a noon and doth not ffeyne

Grace inquires of the Pilgrim whether he would wish to abide always where he could have joy, repose, ^c and his own will.

Ma dame quod I dysplese you nouht
 I say ryht as lyth ^d in my thouht
 Myn hertys ese for to fewe ^e
 I wolde abyde and not remewe
 Ffor myn ese euer in ^f on
 Rather than thenys for to gon
 Ffor yt ys profytable tabyde
 Wher that a man on euery fyde
 Ffyndeth vn to hys plefaunce
 Soiour ^g with oute varyaunce

Ys that verrayly quod she
 Soth that thou hast sayd to me
 I understonde by thy language ^h
 Thow woldest leue thy pylgrymage
 And platly ⁱ settyn hyt a fyde
 Only for reste and ther a byde

Ma dame quod I for my dysport
 Wher I find ese and connfort
 I wolde a byde a whyle there
 Tyl I sawh tyme and good leyser ^k

To me she sayde a noon ryht than
 O wrecche o thou vnhappy man

Tak hed and be more ententyff
 How here in thys mortal lyff ^l
 Thogh that a man renne euermore
 He may never haft hym to fore ^m
 To kome to tymely ⁿ to that place
 I putte ^o caas that he ha space
 Fforth to procede day by day
 At good leyser vpon hys way
 Her vpon I axe the
 Yiff thou haddyft lyberte
 Joye merthe and al solace
 Woldestow fro thylke place
 Yiff thou haddyft fre choys at wylle
 Remeven or abyde styll

Allas quod I what may I feyn
 I kan nat wel answer ageyn
 But o thyng I wot ryht wel
 The cyrcustancys euery del
 Confydryd vp on euery fyde
 Par caas rather I sholde abyde
 Than ben to hasty to procede ^p
 Tyl I sawh I muste nede
 Goon forth off necessitye
 In caas than wolde I haste me

Quod Gracedieu yt semeth wel
 Thow hast not lernyd euery del
 Thynges nouthur hih nor lowe
 Syth thy sylff thou kanst not knowe
 The wych a boue all other thyng
 Ys the beste knowelychyng
 That man may han in thys lyff here
 And yiff thou lyst platly lere ^q
 To knowe thy sylff ys bet knowing
 Than to be Emperour outhur kyng
 And for to knowe al syences
 Practykes and experyences
 Or to han al the rycheffe
 Off thys world in sothfastnesse

And I shal telle the ffeythfully
 In thys matere trewely
 What that I fele in my entent
 Shortly as in sentement
 The body fyrst be nat in doute

^a Col. ii. 5.

^b Illusion.

^c Ifaiah lxvi. 13.

^d Lieth.

^e Follow or procure.

^f i.e. Remain in one (place).

^g Sojourn.

^h Pf. lxxiii. 26.

ⁱ Entirely.

^k Leisure.

^l Gal. vi. 10.

^m He can never hasten too eagerly.

ⁿ Too soon.

^o Even granting.

^p Gen. xii. 1, 2.

^q Psal. xlix. 20.

* Gen. i. 27.

* Gen. ii. 15.

* To have dwelt
or lived.

* Job x. 8.

* Kindred or re-
lationship.

* Psal. lxxxii. 6.

* Murmurs.

* Arose.

* The fruit re-
sembles the tree.

* Profit or ad-
vantage.

* Rom. viii. 13.

* An action in
the field or pitch-
ed battle.

* Beat him down.

Off wych I spak clofyd withoute
Whan yt ys fro the segregat
Dysseveryd and separat
Than off the I dar wel seyn
And afferme yt in certyn
Off god thow art the portraiture
Thymage also and ffygure^a
And off nouht yiff thow kanst se
He ffourmede and he made the
That lord ffyrst in thy creauce
To hys owne ressemblaunce
And ymage wych of lyknesse
Most dygne and worthy off noblesse
A prent to speke off dygnyte
He myghte nat ha set on the
Mor worthy nor more notable
Than to hym syllff ressemblable
He gaff to the off hys goodnesse^b
Cler syght off reson and ffayrnesse
And off nature to be mor lyht
Than any ffoul that ffleth in flyht
And never to deyen ek withal
For he made the immortal
Permanent and even stable
And tadwellyd immutable^c
Yiff thow not haddyst off entent
Forfetyd hys commandement
Than haddystow thorgh thy renoun
Excellyd in comparyfoun^d
Comparyfoun myghte noon ha be
To thy noblesse and dygnete
Off hevene nor erthe in certeyn
Nor to declare and speke in pleyn
Bryd nor outhere creature
Except off angelys the nature
God ys thy fader tak hed her to
And thow art hys sone also
Most excellynge off kynrede^e
That euer was withoute drede
Most noble and off gretest style
Ffor off Thomas de Guilleveyle
Thow art not sone on that party
I dar afferme and seyn trewley^f
Who euer gruchche^g or make stryff
That he nat hadde in al hys lyff
To seke in al hys nacyon

No sone off swych condycyon
Douhter nouthere yt ys no fable
Off kynrede so notable
But off engendrure bodyly
Thow haddyst off hym thy body
Wych kam off hym by nature
The wych body I kan assure
Ys to the tak hed her to
Thyn enmy and thy gretest foo
On that party yiff thow lyft se
Roos^h ffyrst the grete enmyte
Nature hath yt so ordeyned
But yt thorgh vertu be restreyned
Ffor the ffrutⁱ what euer yt be
Bereth the carage off the tre
* * * * *
And her vp on yiff thow lyft se
The same lord he made the
Off his goodnes for thy prow^k
And in the body wher thow art no^l
He the putte as I dar telle
Ther a whyle for to dwelle^l
And ther tabyde thys the cheff
Ffor tassaye the by presse
And by thy port also dyscerne
How thow sholdest the governe
Prudently both fer and ner
And yiff thow dydest thy dever
To dyffende thy party
Yiff ye wolde holde chaumpartye^m
Ageyns the in any wyfe
Ffor as I shal to the devyse
A twyxe yow yt ys no ffaylle
Ther ys werre and strong bataylle
And contynuelly ther shal be
But so falle thow yelde the
And put the in subiection
Thorgh hys fals collusion
By hys deceyt and flatrye
Evere to haue the maystrye
Over the in conclusioun
Why he hath domynacioun
But yiff that thow as yt ys ryht
Dyscomfyte hym by verray myght
And by force betⁿ hym don
Lyk a myghty champyon

Than shal tow bothe fer and ner
 Over hym han ful power
 That he shal neuer for no quarelle
 Ageyns the dor rebelle
 To interupte thy entente
 And trowly but thy sylff assente
 He shal neuer be so bold
 The to withstonde as I ha tolde
 He ys *Dalyda* thow art *Sampson*^a
 Thow art strong as by reson
 Sturdy on thy feet to stonde
 Suffre hym nat the to withstonde
 Nor over the to han maystrye
 Ffor no glosing nor flatterye
 And yiff thow tak hed ther to
 She ne kan nat ellys do
 But with flatterye and deceyt
 Nyht and day lyn in a wayt
 And swych wach on the doth make
 To make thyn enmyes the to take
 At mescheff whan they may the fynde
 And yiff thow wilt she shal the bynde
 Sher^b thyn heer whyl thow dost slepe
 But thow konne thy sylven kepe
 And overmore I the ensure
 Thy counsayl al he wyl dyscure^c
 And thy secretys eveicchon
^d To *phyllystres*^e that be thy ffoon^f
 Other frenschepe truste me
 He hath pleyndly noon to the
 Know thes and to my speche entende
 How thow wylt thy sylff dyffende
 Be nat to thy confusyon
 Deceyved as whylom was *Sampson*

Quod Gracedieu a noon to me
 What thow hast sayd tak hed quod she
 And understond ffyrst in thy syht
 By the sonne that shyneth bryht^g
 Thy soul cler in especyal
 Wyth inne thy body wych ys mortal
 Off thys mater we haue on honde
 Ther by thy soule I understonde
 Thy body yiff thow kanst espye^h
 Ys dyckⁱ as ys a clowdy skye
 And lyk also who can dyscerne

To a murky blak lanterne
 And nat^k for thy I dar expresse
 Men may sen thorgh the bryhtnesse
 Off the soule yt ys no doute
 And the clernesse fer withoute
 Clerkys recorde yt in ther skolys^l
 And other wene^m that be but ffolys
 In ther follysh fals demyng
 That al the cler enlumynyng
 Thow off that pore skye lo
 Wherwyth the fowle ys shrowdyd so
 Eclypsed off hys ffayr bryhtnesse
 And ne were the gret darknesse
 Off thys skye who loke a ryht
 The fowle sholde han so cler a syht
 At oⁿ look fro the oryent
 To sen in to the occident
 Ffor off the body truste me
 The eyen no verray eyen be^o
 But lyk to glas I dar wel feyn
 Wher thorgh the clere soule ys feyn
 And outward with hys bemys bryht^p
 Giveth ther to clernesse and lyht
 Ffor the fowle who taketh hede^q
 Off bodyly eyen hath no nede

But for thy sake a noon ryht^r
 I shal assayen and provyde
 Thy body for to leyn asyde^s
 Ffro the take yt yiff I kan
 That thow mayst conceyve than
 Off hym hooly the governaunce
 And what he ys as in substaunce
 But thow mustest in certeyn
 After sone resorte ageyn
 To thyn olde dwellyng place
 Tyl that deth a certeyn space
 Schal the despoyle and make twynne^t
 Ffro the body that thow art inne
 And Grace dieu a noon me took
 I not wher that I slepte or wook
 And made for short concludon
 My body for to falle adoun
 And after that a noon ryht
 Me sempte that I took my flyht
 And was ravished in to the hayr

^a Judges xvi. 4.

^b Sheer or clip
thine hair.

^c Discover or be-
tray.

^d Judges xvi. 18,
19.

^e Philistines.

^f Poes.

^g Ecclef. i. 5.

^h 1 Cor. ii. 14.

ⁱ Thick.

^k Notwithstanding
this.

^l Schools.

^m Suppose.

ⁿ One.

^o Matt. v. 16.

^p Luke xii. 35.

^q Mark viii. 17,
18.

^r Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 152, b.

^s Isaiah xlii. 16.

^t Separate thee.

^a Whether.

^b Touched its head, so as to be sure that it was my body.

^c Prov. xii. 28.
Prov. ix. 13—15.
Prov. ii. 13.
Prov. ix. 10.
Prov. xix. 1.

^d 1 Cor. xii. 4—6.

^e Vitell. C. xiii. f. 174, b.

^f Polisher.

^g Ecclef. vi. 7.

^h f. xliv. b.

ⁱ James v. 3.

A place delytable and ffayr
And me thought ek in my syht
I was nat hevy but verray lyht
And by beholding was so cler
That I sawh bothe fer and ner
Hih and lowe and overal
And I was ryht glad with al
Al was wel to my plesauce
Save a manner dyspleaunce
I hadde off o thyng in certyn
That I muste go dwelle ageyn
With inne my body wych that lay
Lyk an hevy lompe off clay
Wych to me was no forthryng
But perturbance and gret lettyng
Thyder to resorte off newe
Tho wyf I wel that al was trewe
That grace dieu had seyde to me
And thanne I went for to se
Wher ^a the body slepte or nouht
And whan I hadde longe souht,
Tastyd ^b hys pows in certeyne
And gropyd euery nerff and veyne
I find in hym no breth at al
But ded and cold as a ston wal
And when I dyde al thys espye
Hys gouernance I gan desye
Tho Grace Dieu spak unto me
Lestt up thyn eyen beholde and se
Yiff thou konne now clerly
Knowe in erthe thy gret enemy
He that wolde nat suffre the bere
Noon armys nor noon harneys here

The Pilgrim arrives at a path which branches into opposite directions: to the right is seated *Industry*, and to the left *Idleness*; the "Pelerin" inquires the way to the city of Jerusalem, beyond the sea (of this world). *Industry* replies that the opposite path conducts

¹ LABEUR.^h

¶ Certes dist il ainssi est il ⁱ
Ainsi que le fer est en peril
Du lacier dont riens on ne fait
Que tost apres rouille ne soit
Aussi l'homme qui oyseux est
Et riens ne fait en peril est

pilgrims into great peril, but that the wherein he is, was always discovered safe to those who continued in it; but many turned out of their way, through hedge which led them back into the path, ^c (the stile in *By-path meadow*.) Pilgrim then inquires why he carries on humble employment of net-maker. He replies, that he ought not to be blamed for doing; that it is not every one who can wear gold crowns: ^d

"Chascun si ne peut pas forger
Couronnes dor ou lor changer;"

that an honest trade is not to be despised, however humble, provided it is pursued with diligence, since labour was good for its own sake, adding the following simile:—

The NATTE MAKER.¹

So as a swerd I dar expresse ^e
Y ffadyd ys off hys bryhtnesse
And off hys clernesse ek also
Whan men take noon heed ther to
But rusteth and ffareth al amys
Ryght so a man that ydel ys
And kan hymself not occupye
By ressemblaunce thow mayst espye
Into hys sowle thus I begynne
The rust off vyces or off synne
Doth a way withoute gessie
Off all vertu the clernesse
But exerceye in sentence
And contynual dylygence
Born vp with vertuous labour
Ys bet than any fourbyshour ^f
Ageyn the rust off ydelnesse
Off vertu to gyue perfyte clernesse
The Pilgrim expresses surprise ^g at his

Quassez tost bien fort enrouille
Ne soit par vice et par peche
Mais quant il se veult occuper
Et en labour exerciter
Celuy vault vng bon forbisseur
Et vne lime et vng limeur
• • • • •





saying, he had looked upon him as a
ld man—to which *Industry* replies, that
generally^a the case that he who did not
fine clothing^b was held in little estima-
and that a foolish man, well dressed, was
prized^c than a poor man with much learn-
he adds:—

nd for to speke my general
stene and ber up al
d yt ys I ech hour and space
at makyth the tyme shortly pace
thout envy or perturbatione
r I am he by remembrance
h Adam the appyle eate
lich with labour and with swet
ve yove^d ffoode and pasture
every levynge creature
he to best and ek to man
h tyme that the world began
ere off I am no thyng to blame
d my verray ryhte name
without mor farmon
hour and Occupation

e Pilgrim then inquires of the young
seated on the other side, which were
lered the best paths for pilgrims.

t I knowe be wel certeyn²
F I shall the trouthe seyn
ys the weye most royal
lled the kynges hih³ weye
nd her withal I dar wel seye

Yt ys most esy off passage
To ffolkys old and yonge of age
Smothe and pleyn yt ys no nay
And most yused nyght and day
And by thys ylke same weye
Gladly ffolkys I conveye
Swich^e as love paramours
Toward the woode to gadre flowers
Soot^f rosys and vyolettys
There of to make hem chaplettys
And other flourys to her plesaunce
And in thys weye I teche hem daunce
And also for ther lady sake
Endyte lettrys and songys make
Upon the glade somerys days
Balladys roundelys vyrelays
I teche hem ek lyk ther ententys
To pleye on sondry instrumentys
On herpe lut and on gyterne
And to revelle at taverne
With al merthe and melodye
On rebuke^g and on symphonie
To spende al the day in ffabyls
Pleye at the ches play at the tablys
At treygolet and tregetrye
In karrying^h and in jogoloryⁱ
And to al swych maner play
Thys the verray ryhte way

The Pilgrim inquires her name and condi-
tion. She replies that she is the daughter of
Idleness, that she is lazy, tender, and soft:

¹ Et touteffois ie suis celluy
Qui a trestous donne du pain
Et sans moy pieca mort de fain
Fust dadam tout le parente
Rien ny vaulsist larche noe
Je suis celluy qui fais passer
Le temps briement sans ennuyer^k
Celluy a qui est ne tout homme
Pour le mauuais mors de la pomme
Car appelle suis par mon nom^l
Labeur et occupation

² OYSIETE.^m

¶ Bien scay et pour vray te dyⁿ
Que cest cy le chemin royal
Ou gens de pie et de cheual
Et pelerins passent le plus
Bien vois quil est le plus batus

Par luy ie meyne gens au bois
Cueillir fleurs violettes et nois
En esbatement en deduit
En lieu de ioye et de delict
Et la leur fais oyr chansons
Rondeaulx balades et doulx sons^o
De herpes et de simphonies
Et plusieurs autres melodies
Dont long le parlement seroit
Qui toutes dire les voudroit
Et la leur fois ie veoir danseurs
Jeux de bastiaux et de iogleurs
Jeux de tables et deschiquiers
De boules et de mereilliers
De cartes jeux de tricherie
Et de mainte autre muserie
³ Bunyan and Spenser both adopt the simile of the
“highway.”

^a 1 Cor. iv. 12.

^b Luke vii. 25.

^c Tobit iv. 7.

^d Given.

^e Such.

^f Sweet.

^g Rebeck, a
kind of violin.

^h Legerdemain.

ⁱ Jugglery.

^k Pf. cxxviii. 2.

^l Ecclus. xl. 1.

^m f. xlv.

ⁿ Prov. xxviii.
10.

^o Prov. iv. 14,
15.

^a Eph. v. 3, 4.

^b Prov. xvi. 2.

^c Ecclus. xxxiii. 27.

^d See the description of "Penitance" given above.

^e Job xxxvi. 13. Ecclef. xi. 10.

^f Vitell. C. XIII. f. 233, b.

"Suis oyseuse, tendre, et succree."

She says that she loves better to play with her gloves than any other occupation;^a that she is the friend of his body when he sleeps or wakes—saving it from trouble,^b and seeing that it is well taken care of; she warns him to beware which way he takes—that the one opposite is long and narrow, and that hers is wide, which is apparent to everyone.

The Pilgrim inquires who had placed the hedge between the paths; for if that were not there it would all appear as one and the same road.

Idleness answers that it was placed there by a great persecutor of pilgrims,^c named *Repentance*, who held all those who went her way in great hatred, and that when they wished to turn into the other they could not,

without being pierced with thorns, and of wife wounded; that *Repentance* came to make brooms, rods, and hammers; for she was severe beyond measure, and there she was little loved and praised.^d

The Pilgrim calls to his remembrance lady with the broom and rods, answering aptly to this description, and he confide better to turn into the "Nat-maker's" before he passes the hedge which was so gossamerous and prickly.¹

In journeying on, the Pilgrim, after countering and escaping from *Gluttony Lust*, meets *Wrath*^e and *Tribulation*.^f is assailed by the former, who is represented as a four-looking ugly old woman holding stones in her hands—one of them called *Spite*, the other, *Animosity*—and a saw in

¹ Y is called the letter of Pythagoras, (not because he invented it—for Palamedes invented it from the flight of cranes—but) because he used it to signify the bifurcation of the good and evil ways of men.

Novimus Pythagoram Samium vitam humanam divisisse in modum litteræ Y scilicet quod prima ætas incerta sit, quippe quæ adhuc se nec vitis nec virtutibus dedit: bivium autem litteræ Y a juventute incipere quo tempore homines aut vitia, i. e. partem finistram, aut virtutes, i. e. partem dextram sequuntur.

Servius, Comment in Virg. Æn. vi. 136.

Dicunt enim humanæ vitæ cursum, Y, litteræ esse similem; quod unusquisque hominum, cum primum adolescentiæ limen attigerit, et in eum locum venerit, partis ubi se via findit in ambas hæreat mutabundus, ac nesciat in quam se partem potius inclinet. Si ducem nactus fuerit, qui dirigat ad meliora titubantem, hoc est, si aut philosophiam didicerit, aut eloquentiam, aut aliquid honestæ artis, quod evadat ad bonam frugem; quod fieri sine labore maximo non potest: honestam, accipiofam vitam, disputant, peracturum: Si vero doctorem frugalitatis non inuenerit; in finistram viam, quæ melioris speciem mentiatur, incedere; id est, desidiam, inertiam, luxuriæ se tradere; quæ suavia quidem videntur ad tempus, vera bona ignorant; post autem amissa omni dignitate, ac re familiari, in omnibus miseriis, ignominiaque victurum,

Nos igitur melius, et verius, qui duas istas vias, cæli, et inferorum esse dicimus, quia iustis immortalitas, iniustis pœna æterna proposita est.—*Laëtantius*, vi. 3.

For they say that the course of human life is like the letter Y; because every man, when first he shall have touched the threshold of youth, and shall have come to that place where "the way splits itself into two parts," may stick doubting, and know not to which part he would rather bend himself. If he shall have found a guide who can direct a faltering (man) to better things,

that is, if he shall have learned philosophy, or eloquence or anything of any honourable art, he may reach for good (purposes), which cannot be done without great labour, they maintain that he will pass through an honourable and wealthy life: but if he shall not be a teacher of temperance, (they say) that he goes left-hand road, which falsely assumes the appearance of a better (road), that is, that he gives himself to ignorance, (and) luxury; which indeed seem for the time to him who knows not true good; (but wards) all rank, family property, being lost, (that) he will live in all misery and disgrace.

Wherefore we affirm better and more truly that ways are two, of heaven and hell, because immo is placed before the just, and eternal punishment the unjust.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit littera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.
Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 56.

But you have pass'd the schools; have studied long
And learn'd the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limned, of you
With trowlered Medes) unfolds of ethic lore,
Where the thorn youth, on herbs and pottage feeds
Bend o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:
And sure, the letter where, divergent wide,
The Samian branches shoot on either side,
Has to your view, with no obscure display,
Marked, on the right, the strait, but better way.

Gifford's Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 99.

Quumque iter ambiguum est et vitæ nescius error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes.

Ibid. Sat. v.

Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y.

Anthonius, Ldyl.

² See Woodcut XII.

he use of which she thus describes :—

sharp sawe in verray dede
that callyd is hatrede
with thys sawe tak hed her to
awe and kut a two
loue and unyte
ord and fraternyte
martye and allyaunce
also dyssseveraunce
: a two ech vertu
ob and Esu
mayst se a playn figure
ow rede the scrypture
sawhe made hem gon assunder
on her the tother yonder
ong tyme assunder were
hys sawh also I bere
ow sest her in my mouth
ever I go both est and south
tent be well certeyn
ever I pray or shold seyn
ster noster nyht or day
I sawh mysylff away
the hooly trynyte
e^a yt as thow mayst se
God off entencyoun
y synnes to han pardoun
lyk to my socour
orgyve my neighebour
prayer ek I sette
he forgyve me my dette
orgyve folk thoffence
to me dyde vyolence
o conclude yiff yt be souht
ve her off ryht nowht

Than must yt folwe off equyte
My prayere ys ageyns me
To ward my sylff by mortal lawe
Wrongly I tourne thys ylke sawhe
In the wych ys no profyt
Worshepe honour but fals delyt
But gret damage and harm ful offte
And he that sholde stonde alofte
Holdynge thys sawhe thys the caas
He ys benethe and stonde most baas
In sygne wheroff who lyft knowe
Sathanas he ys most lowe

Wrath also carries a hawk, representing *Murder*, with which she girds her agents—citing, for example, Barabbas,^b and the tyrants who formerly put the martyrs to death.

“ Beste sauuaige non pas hom
Cil est qui porte ce fauchon ; ”

“ (A wild beast, and not a man, is he who bears this hawk.) ”

Wrath warns the Pilgrim to defend himself against her assaults ; to which he answers, that he will resist unto the death.^c

Descending the hill whence he had come, he then perceives *Tribulation*, who commands him to lay down his staff and protect himself with his shield and sword. She tells him that she carries the instruments for forging—only requiring an anvil upon which to forge him a crown—the crown of life ;^d and that his not possessing this, renders him in peril of being destroyed by the first stroke of her hammer, which is *Persecution*^e—by which Job was severely tried, and by which those who are not

^a Prove.

^b Mark xv. 7.

^c Col. iii. 6.

^d 1 Pet. i. 6, 7.

^e 2 Tim. iii. 12.

Et est celle see^f nommee^g
Ffayne de laquelle est fice
Union de fraternite
Et alliance dunite
En iacob et en esau
Fu en as la figure veu
Je les siay et les desioncts
Et lun de lautre enuoyay loinge
Aussi ay ie maint autre fait
Dont racompter auroit trop plait
Aux dens ceste see ie porte
Afin que se la pater nostre
Je dy que ie soie bien fice

De dieu le pere et separee
Car quant le pry quil ait mercy
De moy et me doint tout ainfi
Mes meffais comme les pardonne
Et qua nully ie ne pardonne^h
Bien scay que contre moy ie prie
Et deuers moy tourne la fie
En ceste fie a si trespeu
De bien de louenge et de preu
Que qui la tient et maistre en est
Au dessoubz et au plus bas est
En signe que le sathenas
Le tendra en la fosse bas

^f f. lxi. b.

^g Matt. v. 22.
Gen. xxvii. 41.

^h Matt. vi. 12.

^a Prov. i. 32.
^s Chron. xxi. 1.
Job ii. 7.

^b Job i. 21.
Rom. v. 3.
Ecclus. xxxv. 20.
Psal. lxxi. 20.

^c Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 241.

^d Tongs.

^e Stars.

^f Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 241, b.

^g f. lxvii. g.

^h Pf. cxvi. 3, 4.
Hab. iii. 16.

ⁱ Job vi. 10.

well armed are confounded, even unto the death.^a The Pilgrim remembers that St. Bernard had advised him in all trouble to resort for aid to the Virgin Mary, to whom he makes his prayer. *Tribulation* then ceases to assault him, finding he has not given up his staff, and has sought a good and sure refuge.^b

How much more scriptural than this is Bunyan's "key of promise," which unlocks the door of *Doubting Castle*!

Tribulation describes herself in *De Guilleville*, as being like the wind which scatters some of the falling leaves and drives others into various corners for refuge, and speaks as follows:—

¹ Som like leavys I whirl away^c
Wych by the ground ful lowe lay
But thoro my commissioun
I ha tourned them up se doun
And many another ek also
With my trouble and with my wo
And with my toonges^d I hem chace
Agayn the Lord whann they trespace
That I caufe hem for to ffe
To God on hem to han pyte
And some I have ek caufed offte
To fien up to the sterre^e alofte
To whom thow fleddyft with gret labour
Ffor to have of hym succour
Comfort and consolacioun

¹ TRIBULATION.^s

¶ Je suis dist elle tout ainfi
Que le vent qui maine a labry
Et destourne les fucilles cheues
Ou les rachasse vers les nues^h
A refuge tay fait aler
Et vers les nues regarder
Qui es une fueille seichee
Et deiectee et desuoyee
En cestuy chemin maleureux
Ou nest pas (dont meschief est) seulz
Ceulx qui bien ne vont ie rauoye
Et point aise ie ne feroye
Jusqua ce que trouue auroient
Ung destour ou se mufferoient
• • •
Les vngs chaffe a la pitie dieu
Ou a grace qui tient son lieu
• • •

Ageyn al tribulacioun

* * * I have to the
Partly declaryd myne offys
As thow mayst fele yiff thow be wys
Without any gret outrage
Don to the or gret damage
Withouten any wordes mo
A dieu farewel for I wyll go
And be war in thy passage
That thow do well thy pylgrymage
And in thy way be iust and stable
Lych a pylgrym good and hable

The Pilgrim then prays that God wi him from any worfe evil, for he feels has no power in himself, that his only is on his staff (faith); but that as *Tri* has threatened to return again, he can his own heart should she do so, for it is ing, and only too ready to follow diffe signs, and he proceeds in the following w

¹ And as I stood allone al fool^f
Gan compleyne and make dool
Havyng no thyng up on to reffe
Save as me sempte for the beste
I lenede me on my bordoun
For thogh that Tribulacioun
Wer departyd in certeyn
She sayde she wolde kome ageyn

Mon deuoir iay fait a present
Sans oultrage tresdoulcement
Ailleurs ie vois va bon chemin
Com doit faire bon pelerin

² LE PELERIN.

Or me garde dieu de pis auoirⁱ
Car en moy nay aucun pouoir
Ne sur moy rien ou ie me fie
Fors le bourdon ou ie mapuye
Se tribulation sen va
El dit bien quelle reuiendra
Se ne me tiens a mon refuy
Ou me suis mis et mon abry
Mais certes ie voy bien et scay
Que tenir ie ne my pourray
Pour mon cuer qui trop volaige^d
Et a diuers propos tost prest
Ainsi comme seul meditant
Men aloye mon frain rongean
Vng val pfond en vng boicaige

where I woke or slepte
 refuge ay I me kepte
 by hyr protectioun
 in tribulacioun
 at I by gret owtrage^a
 y port wyld and savage
 of my condycioun
 y turnynge up and down
 aunge and doublynesse
 me no stabylnesse
 I wente thus mufynge
 myselff ymagynynge
 on in my passage
 oode ful savage
 te the weye peryllous
 pafs encombrous
 at what was lefte to doone
 voode a man may soone
 weye and gon amys
 war^c and thus yt ys
 ms know wel ech on
 ylgrymage gon
 y fynde narew and streyth
 lyn ek in aweyt
 e bestys many on
 ylgrymes wher they gon

xpresses a similar idea thus:—
 the end of the Valley of *Humilia-*
 tion, called the Valley of the
 Death, and *Christian* must needs
 go, because the way to the Celestial
 is through the midst of it. Now this
 is a very solitary place; the prophet
 describes it: 'A wilderness, a
 land of pits, a land of drought,
 a shadow of death; a land that no
 Christian) passeth through, and

where no man dwelt.' (Jer ii. 6) . . . About
 the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth
 of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the
 wayside. Now, thought *Christian*, what shall
 I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke
 would come out in such abundance, with
 sparks and hideous noises, (things that cared
 not for *Christian's* sword, as did Apollyon be-
 fore,) that he was forced to put up his sword,
 and betake himself to another weapon, called
 'All-Prayer,' (Eph. vi. 18.); so he cried in
 my hearing, 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, de-
 liver my soul.' (Psalm cxvi. 4.) Thus he
 went on a great while; yet still the flames
 would be reaching towards him: also he heard
 doleful voices, and rushings to and fro; so that
 sometimes he thought he should be torn in
 pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets.
 This frightful sight was seen, and these dread-
 ful noises were heard, by him for several miles
 together; and, coming to a place where he
 thought he heard a company of fiends coming
 forward to meet him—he stopped, and began
 to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes
 he had half a thought to go back; then again
 he thought he might be half way through the
 valley; he remembered also how he had al-
 ready vanquished many a danger, and that
 the danger of going back might be much more
 than for to go forward; so he resolved to
 go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer
 and nearer—but when they were come even
 almost at him, he cried out with a most vehe-
 ment voice, 'I will walk in the strength of
 the Lord God;' so they gave back, and came
 no farther."

¹ After his encounter with *Tribulation*, the
 Pilgrim is assailed by *Avarice* and *Necromancy*,

^a By the great
 violence I had
 suffered.

^b Restless.

^c Unless he take
 care.

ble lait et moult sauuaige
 quant moy par ou passer
 onuenoit sauant aler
 uloye dont esbahy fu
 ar bois on a tost perdu
 ye et mains perilz y font
 clerins qui tous seulz vont
 ns et mains bestes sauuaiges
 ent en croz et tapinaiges

Y sont pour nuire aux trespaffans
 Et leur faire destourbiers grans

¹ The narrative from this point is taken from the
 MS. Tiberius A. vii. of which mention has already been
 made. Vitellius C. xiii. is unfortunately lost after the
 meeting of *Tribulation* with the Pilgrim; but the story
 is continued in Tiberius A. vii. (which is also a transla-
 tion of portions of De Guileville's "Pélerinage"), and
 the coloured drawings are facsimiles from the latter MS.

when a messenger comes, sword in hand, (like *Greatheart*;) to his rescue, and is represented in the illumination as a Crusader, with an escutcheon on his breast, and a red cross, or *rood tree* in the centre of it—he has then to encounter *Hereſye, Satban, Dame Fortune, Dame Idolatrye, Sorcerye, Scilla, Conſpiracyon, Gladneſſe of the world*, or “*world’s ffals ſolace*,” (the *Vanity Fair* of Bunyan;) with each of theſe he has long colloquies, juſt as he has in De Guileville’s poem.

In his diſtreſs, by the ſide of a great water, he perceives a ſhip ſailing towards him, and preſently *Gracedieu* lands, and opens a fountain in the rock. In this water he is waſhed and purified, and ſhe offers him the choice of a refuge in various monaſteries; he makes his choice, like De Guileville, of the monaſtery of *Ciſteaux*.

GRACE.

Voy la Cluny voy la Ciſteaulx
Voy la Chartreux voy la preſcheurs
Voy la croiſiez voy la mineurs
Su en vois la de toutes guiſes
* * *

^a f. lxvii.

^b Ezekiel v. 17.

^c Daniel vii. 4.

^d Ezek. xxi. 11.

^e Mark ix. 42.

^f Avarice, according to St. Auſtin, is an inſatiable and depraved luſt after vain-glory or anything elſe.

¹ *Agiographe*, or *Hagiographe*, ſignifies “Holy writings,” or “Scriptures,” and may have ſuggeſted to Bunyan his name of *Evangelift*.

² . . . ainſi que ie deſcendoye ^a

Dedans ce val et aualoye
Une grant vieille deſguiſee
Et autrement pis faconnee
Que par auant veu ie nauoye
Lors vy qui eſtoit en ma voye
Et ſembloit que la maſtendift
Et que courre fus me vouliſt ^b
Nulle tel beſte en daniel ^c
Nainſi faiſte en ezechiel
Nen lapocalipſe ne vy
Et dont autant ſeuſſe eſbahy
Boiteuſe elle eſtoit et boſſue
Et dun groz viel burel veſtue
Repetaſſe de viel penneaulx
De vieulx haillons et pendillaux
Ung ſac auoit pendu au col
Et bien ſembloit que faire vol
El vouliſt car dedens boutoit
Grain et fer y enſachoit
Sa langue quelle auoit hors traicte
Ne leur contenance ainſi fiere
Luy aidoit moult a dedens meſtre
Mais mezelle tout elle eſtoit
Et ſurſemee come ſembloit
Six mains auoit et deux moingnons

LE PELERIN.

Dame dis ie puis qua choiſ fuy
Le chateau de ciſteaulx ieſſy

Or according to the old Engliſh tradition:—

“Madame quod I whan al ys fought
I have choſe off herte and thought
Off cyſtews in eche ſyde
In that caſtel to abyde.”

The porter of the gate then fetches him in a boat. His name is *Drede off God*. is welcomed by *Charity*. *Leſſoun*, who is *Lecon* or *Conſcelliere* of De Guileville, him inſtruction. *Agiographe* ¹ ſhows him *wonderful mirror*. Theſe are ſucceeded *Obedience, Discipline, Abſtinence, Poverty, Chaſtity, Prayer, Infirmary, Old Age, Death*.

² On deſcending into the valley, (after he been attacked by *Tribulation*;) the Pilgrim counters an old woman, diſguiſed in ſu manner as he had never ſeen before, who

Deux des mains ongles de griffons
Auoient que moult ie redoubtay
Et quant gy penſe peur en ay
En vne de ſes autres mains
Ainſi que ſe deult lymer frains ^d
Une lyme taillant tenoit
Et vne balance ou pezoit
Le zodiaque et le ſoleil
Pour meſtre en vente ſans rapel
Une eſcuſelle en lautre main
Tenoit et vng ſachet a pain
En la quinte auoit vng crochet
Et ſur la teſte vng mahommet
La fixefme main appuyee
Deſſus la hanche eclopinee
Auoit et ſouuant la leuoit
Juſqua la langue et la mangeoit
Celle vis ie tantost venir
Encontre moy pour maſſailir ^e

AVARICE.^f

Par mahommet diſt elle a moy
Qui eſt mon dieu en qui ie croy
Je tatendoye a moye lauras
Mal y venis tu y mourras
Meſtx ius teſcharpe et ton bourdon
Et fay hommaige a mon mahon
Ceſt celluy par qui ſuis louee
Saige reputee honnoree



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in his path and appeared ready to run towards him—he says, “No such beast is described in Daniel, Ezekiel, or the Apocalypse.” She was lame and humpbacked, clothed in tatters, and having her head covered with old rags; a bag was suspended round her neck, evidently for the purpose of theft,¹ for she stuffed into it all sorts of fragments; her tongue was thrust out of her mouth: but her haughty countenance prevented her being able to collect many contributions, and she appeared therefore weak and miserable. She had six hands and two stumps—two of these were furnished with griffin’s claws, which the Pilgrim feared greatly; in another hand she held a file, just as though she were going to file horses’ bits—and scales, in which she weighed the zodiac and the sun; in the fourth she held a porringer, (*escuelle*), and a wallet for bread; in the fifth a hook—and on her head was a *mawmet*, or idol, of gold and silver—the metals she so much covets, and of which she speaks as follows:—

² AVARICE.

Or est temps que ie te parolle
Finablement de mon ydole^a
Mon ydole est mon Mahomet
Le denier dor ou dargent est
Ou quel lempainte est figuree
Du seigneur de celle contree

Celluy sans qui nul nest prise
En la terre nauctorize
Celluy par qui sont honorez
Mains grans folz et saiges clamez^c
A luy fault que tu te soubmeetes
Et de le servir tentremettes
Et puis apres honteusement
Mourir te fault et villement

¹ A similar description is given by Chaucer in the “Romaunt of the Rose.”—Vide *Clarke’s Riches of Chaucer*, vol. ii. p. 278.

“This *Avarice* held in her hand
A purse which hung by a band
And that she hid and bound so strong
Men must abide wonder long
Out of the purse ere there came ought
For that ne cometh in her thought
It was not certain her intent
That from that purse a penny went.”

AVARICE.

Now wole I speke of my *mawmet*^a
And of myn ydol that is so oold
Made of silver and off gold
In the which I the enfure
Is the ymage and the figure
And the prynte as thow mayst see
Off the lord of the contree

She next swears to the Pilgrim that by the “mawmet,” which she worships, she will have his life, and commands him to give up his scarf and staff, and to pay homage to her “mawmet,” through whose instrumentality she is accounted wise and honourable; to which also he must submit himself, and afterwards die miserably.

The Pilgrim inquires her name, to what nation she belongs, and the use of her idol to which she wishes him to render such abject service—for he accounts it unreasonable^b to serve or pay homage to a “mawmet,” which is blind, deaf, and dumb, he himself being of noble lineage.

Before, however, she consents to answer these questions, or to give him any further information regarding herself, she leads him to the top of a lofty embankment overlooking a wide plain. Here he beholds a large cathedral, built near a court-house,^c and sees, as it were, a personified game at chess. There were kings, rooks, knights, &c.—all of them with their

^a Levit. xxvi. 1.
Deut. xii. 3.
¹ Cor. x. 14.

^b Wisdom xiv.
8—11.

^c Bunyan’s *Demas*. (Cf. 2 Tim. iv. 10.)

² Mawmet, or mammet, a corruption of the word “Mahomet,” and hence applied to anything worshipped with idolatrous reverence. In De Guileville’s poem the word *mawmet* is called the “ydole Mahomet,” meaning in this case the particular idol worshipped, i. e. “money.”

⁴ *Escbiquier*. This word is thus explained by Roquefort:—“Lieu ou s’assembloient les commissaires que le Roi, les Princes souverains ou grands vassaux envoyoiient dans leurs domaines. Dans la province de Normandie cette cour étoit permanente, et en 1250 on y portoit appel des sentences des baillifs.”—See also Du Cange’s Glossary, sub. voc. “Scacarium.” The word is introduced here as being radically connected with the game of “eschecs,” or “chess,” which is described, and the reader will at once recognize in it the origin of our *Court of Exchequer*.

^c Eph. v. 5.

^a Jer. vi. 13.
Pſalm lxxix. 1.
Judith vii. 29.

^b Prov. xix. 4.

^c Lament. i. 1.

^d Micah vii. 3.
Matt. vi. 19.
1 Tim. vi. 10.

^e Malachi iii. 5.
Hab. ii. 9.
Pſalm lxii. 10.

^f Zech. v. 3.

^g Hoſea vii. 1.

^h Exod. xxii. 15
Prov. xi. 26.
Pſalm lv. 11.

ⁱ Matt. v. 45.

swords drawn, and charging at each other with great violence. But not even thus were the combatants ſatisfied, for after having aſſaulted one another, they ruſhed ſavagely with one accord and laid ſiege to the cathedral—ſo violently, that no living creature could remain in or near it, and everything around was reduced to the moſt complete ruin. Upon the Pilgrim's complaining ^a to *Avarice* of the deſtruction of the cathedral, and of the horrible grief and deſtitution that muſt be cauſed thereby, ſhe aſſures him that in very truth he has himſelf now ſeen how that ſhe holds all mankind in ſubjection,^b that every one pays court to her, and that all kinds of buſineſs have reference to her—of this, ſhe adds, Jeremiah prophesied when he ſaid, “How doth the city ſit ſolitary, that was full of people! how is ſhe become as a widow! ſhe that was great among the nations, and princeſs among the provinces, how is ſhe become tributary!”^c “Jeremiah knew very well,” ſhe adds, “that all are my pupils—that king, and rooks,¹ (i. e. all potentates,) are ſubſervient to me, and ſooner or later all devote themſelves to my handicraft.”^d “I am named *Covetouſneſs*,” ſhe continues, “becauſe I covet the riches of others; and *Avarice*, becauſe I guard too well mine own. I have fix hands to ſeize with in ſix different ways, and to put my prey into my bag. The firſt is named *Rapine*;^e it ſeizes and kills pilgrims, and entraps its prey everywhere. My ſecond hand, which is behind

me, robs ſecretly; it is called *Cut-purſe* forges ſeals and ſignatures—it is a falſe ſmith and treaſurer; this hand deſpoils dead, and keeps doors and windows cloſed; it has gleaned all it wiſhes for; and if it is adminiſtrator of goods, or the executor of wills, it takes the largeſt portion to itſelf^f—and of thoſe who travel by night are not free from its ravages, being conducted by falſe guides.

“The hand which holds the ſcale is *Uſury*; it hoards up corn in granaries till it is dead, and then ſells it at double the price—it deſtroyeth life by little and little.”

The Pilgrim inquires why ſhe weighs the zodiac and the ſun?

Avarice replies, that *Gracedieu*^g has placed the zodiac round the heavens, and appointed the ſun to ſhine equally for the good of all; but that this was diſpleaſing to her, becauſe ſhe perceived that if ſhe did not take poſſeſſion of time, ſo as to regulate the bargains by ſhe ſhould be able to accompliſh but little with her ſcale. For this reaſon, therefore, ſhe had taken poſſeſſion of the zodiac,^h and placed the ſun in her ſcales for the purpoſe of weighing out certain portions of time, according to which ſhe retailed her goods for periods of ſeven, eight, fifteen days, months, or years; charging in proportion to the rate of intereſt to the which her customers were willing to give.

Some converſation then enſues between *Avarice* and the Pilgrim, as to ſome ſtanding w

¹ Still keeping up the metaphor of the game at cheſs, the “rook,” or “caſtle,” being the next piece in value to the king and queen.

² Grace de dieu iadis aſſiſt¹
Entour le zodiaque et miſt
Le ſoleil pour luire a chaſcun
Et pour eſtre au monde commun
A tous veult que general fuſt
Et que nully faulte nen euſt
Or te dy que ce me deſpleut
Pour mon prouiſſit qui pas ny geut
Car bien vy que ſe ie nauoye
Le temps et ne laproprioye
A moy bien peu pourroye ouurer
De ma lyme et peu lymier
Par quoy a moy iappropriay
Le zodiaque et vſurpay

Le temps et le ſoleil men fis
Et en ma balance le mis
Je men ſuis faiſte peſereſſe
Et par mon poix reuendereſſe
Par iours le vens et par ſemaines
Par huitaines et par quinzaines
Par mois et par ans tous entiers
La liure ien vens vingt deniers
Le moys en vends neuf ſolz ou dix
Et la ſemaine cinq ou fix
Et ſelon que chaſcun en prent
Selon le poiſe et le vend

³ The zodiac was, of courſe, placed in the ſcale to typify the rate of intereſt to be charged by the moon each ſign correſponding to a month, and the ſun, as he completes his courſe through the zodiac in a year, to ſhow the rate of intereſt by the year.



Avarice

XIII



Le nigromancien

XIV



XV



XVI

7

h had been once offered to the latter by odman, at a very cheap price. To this *vice* replies, that the woodman, no doubt, ed ready money, and therefore sold the l standing, and at a low price; but that : Pilgrim had waited for another year, woodman would have asked him more— use the growth of the wood, and, conse- tly, its value, would have by that time ased. Hence in old times, she adds, wood measured after it had been cut down, and s sold according to the measure; and this, ys, is legitimate, since interest ^a should be ed for time.¹ Wherefore, she does not be- that the woodman would have sold the l standing to the Pilgrim, and still ^b al- d it to stand where it did, without charg- im according to the yearly increafe of its in proportion to its growth.

varice then goes on to inform the Pilgrim he hand in which he sees the porringer “is l *Roguary*, and *Mendicancy*;^c it is always g out for presents, and stuffs its scrip full :at, which becomes foul and tainted be- it can be consumed: it is ever begging read in the name of God—never paying nything which it uses, or returning any efy that it may have received: it labours pport itself by shameful methods; and it at which causes me to be clothed and ed with rags—for it pays no attention to ing but keeping fast hold of boxes, bottles, ything else it can beg. This hand leads o shady spots, where passengers, pilgrims, grandees are in the habit of passing, and ain alms from some of them by feigning distres, from others by pretending to be led, and in various other ways; but still, although I have plenty, I curse them for iving me more. This hand of mine also es gentlefolks how to beg—for they, too,

know very well the art how to appropriate and secrete matters in their large gloves which they wear for hawking, and they know very well, too, how to take them off when they would filch anything. Thus they go, without shame or hesitation, to the monks, and beg for leather for their hawks’ hoods, and for their dogs’ leashes, choose garments, blankets, horses, chariots, ploughs, and many other things—all of which they sometimes pretend to borrow, but take good care never to return.^d And when they ask for these things, not only will they take no excuse from the monks for not lending them, but are even angry at being denied; as if, forsooth, the poor monks were only inter- ested to supply them with means of living. You may suppose, then, how dear I am to the nobles, since it is I who supply them with the receptacles for that which they have begged; and how much, now that they have adopted this novel method of obtaining their living, they reverence me, since they are willing to serve me, even grey-haired old hag that I be.

“The hand with the crook,” she continues, “formerly belonged to Simon Magus, and to Gehazi, who made me a present of it; but the crook was given to me by the former. Now the letter S, which is the first letter of his name, is shaped like a crook; and this shows that I am the abbess of an ancient and dishonest abbey, which is called *Simony*,^e from Simon. This hand it is which admits robbers into the household of Christ Jesus, and false^f shepherds into his fold—men who for the sake of tem- poral gain would thrust aside and depose God’s grace, and who are ever ready to chaffer with the highest bidder. But in such transactions there must be two parties—the buyer and the seller. Now, the sellers are called *Gebazites*,^g and the buyers *Simonites*, although the latter term generally comprehends both classes.^h Such

^a Isaiah xxiv. 2.

^b Lev. xxv. 23—27.

^c Luke vi. 30.
Prov. xxviii. 20.

^d Ecclef. xii. 2
—4.
Deut. xxiii. 17.

^e “*Simonia est studiosa voluntas emendi vel vendendi aliquid spirituale.*”

^f John x. 1—16.

^g “*Giezi in veteri testamento et Symon Magus in novo fuerunt Symoniaci.*”

¹ This is, of course, a sophistical argument used by *vice* to deceive the Pilgrim, by confounding the “interest” with “usury;” for although the r, according to an equitable rate, was allowed even : Mosaic law, the latter was strictly forbidden by

it. (See Levit. xxv. 14—37; Neh. v. 7; Psal. xv; Ezra xviii. 8; *et alibi*: and Cf. Matt. xxv. 29.)

^h This curious distinction is made because Gehazi wished to receive a gift from Naaman as the purchase-money or price for his cure, (See 2 Kings v. 20—27.)

as these would even sell Jesus Himself for ever so small a sum, and are even worse than Judas, for when he saw that he had acted wickedly he restored the price he had received; but these men will never, by any process of reasoning, be induced to surrender their gains. And if thou wouldst know the reason of this, I give thee to understand that such gains go into the bag which I wear so cunningly round my neck, and which is like a fish-net; for whatever once goes into it, never escapes again.

¹“My sixth hand is cozening, trickery, fraud, and deceit. It is this hand which easily cheats the unsuspecting dealer, or deceives the wary by using false weights^a and thus acting contrary to the law of God. This also it is which palms^b off colours which will not stand, sells bad linen for good, and unsound horses for sound. It travels round the villages, exposing fictitious shrines and fairs to the simple population, and thus obtains money falsely from them. At

other times, in order to bring gain to priests, it takes old images, in the head which it pours oil, wine, or water, and descends to the bottom, and then the image is said to perspire, and a miracle to have been worked, which gets exaggerated until the image becomes renowned: then I go to needy rogue, and induce him to pretend he is maimed, or deformed, or blind, or lame, and he presents himself to the image and begs to it to restore him; and when the specter behold him sound again, not knowing the maladies were all assumed, they think the miracle has been worked, and this brings to the priest of the image. Again, when children are brought to be baptized, I induce them to be laid upon an altar which appears quite solid, but in reality is hollow inside; then, by certain subterranean passages, I introduce burning charcoal to be introduced beneath into the cavity which warms the altar,

whereas Simon Magus offered to give money to Peter and John in order to purchase the power of imparting the Holy Spirit. (See Acts viii. 17—24.)

¹ Mon autre main dicte est barat
Tricherie tricot hazard
Et si est homme deceuance
Laquelle de tricher sauance

Moult fait ceste main cy de mauulx
Couratiere elle est de cheuaulx
Et fait les mauuais bons sembler
A ceulx qui veulent acheter
Souuanteffois par le pais
Faulx saintuaires et saintiz
Va monstrant a la simple gent
Pour faullement tirer argent
Autre fois prent en ces monstiers^c

Aucuns ymages qui sont vieulz
Et fait pertuiz dedens leurs testtes
Pour faire venir gaing aux prestres
Es pertuiz qua fait huille meste
Ou vin ou eau ce qua plus preste
Afin que quant celle liqueur
Descend a val dicte sueur
Soit et que cest fait par miracle
Et soit renomme tel ymage
Et afin que plus colore
Soit ce miracle et renomme^d

Je men vois aux coquins parler
Et leur faiz faire simuler
Que boisteux ilz soient ou contrefaits
Sours ou muetz ou contrefaiz
Et en tel point venir les fas
Deuant lymage et crier las

Sainct ymaige gariffes moy
Et lors de ma main ie les lieue
Et tous sains en heure tres brieue
Les monstre merueilles nest pas
Car malades ilz nestoient pas
Et seulement mon mal auoient
Que les prestres pas ne cuidoient
Mais cuident que miracle soit
Et que par lymaige soit fait
Et par ainsi gaigne le prestre
Et est faicte vne faulce feste
Aucuneffois faiz baptisez
Daucuns petiz enfans mors nez
Dessus lautier ie les faiz mestre
Qui ressemble tout massis estre
Mais il est tout creux par dedens
Et par certains soubsterremens
Des charbons ardans ie soubzmettez
Et lautier eschauffer ie faiz
Qui a lenfant donne chaleur
Et puis ie monstre que vigueur
Il ya et dy quil est viuant
Ja soit ce quil soit tout puant
Et tel puant ie le baptize
Et par ainsi a moy iatise
Or et argent a ma prebende
Qui chose est horrible et horrende
De baptizer vne charoigne
Pitie est quautrement nen soigne
Le prelat en quel euesche
Est fait si horrible peche
Mains autres mauulx ceste main fait
Et fera et tous les iours fait

^a Prov. xx. 10
—23.

^b Prov. xi. 9.

^c Pf. xxxvii. 14.

^d Jeremiah xxiii.
11—13.

imparts heat to the child, and then I de-
that it is still alive, and I baptize it.
I obtain money for my priests; and
and pity it is that the bishops in whose
les these foul sins are committed should
like notice of such atrociously disgusting
things; but this hand of mine is and ever
employed in this and many other similar
of wickedness.

But now I will tell thee why I place this
on my hip and thence transfer it to my
side. The former of these I call *Lying*,^a
because it has a limp,¹ and the latter *Perjury*.^b
Deceit is most familiar and friendly with
all these, and willingly betakes itself to
for deceit cannot be carried on without
lies and lies,^c and these three things in com-
mon subvert truth. This, therefore, is the
why I so often apply this hand to my
side, limb, and to my tongue."^d

Avarice then points out at some length to
all the various plans and methods in
which lying is practised. "Some," she says,
in a livelihood by it; and others exalt
themselves by it, inasmuch as they are em-
ployed in telling falsehoods^e of their neigh-

It is found in the courts of kings, and
attorneys at the bar do not disdain to use it
they defend a cause which they know
bad. My tongue, therefore, like that
of a lance, always inclines to that side which
is right, and I defend that side which I
will pay me best.

avarain (*éparvin*), a veterinary term signifying,
a "pavin." Hence it is applied to the limping
Avarice, in consequence of the "lame" excuses
and evasive statements often made by habitual liars.
It refers, of course, to the monastic rules touching
simpleness in food, plainness of apparel, &c. which
were imposed upon religious houses.

1. current money bearing the proper government

Lawrence was born at Rome in the third cen-
tury and was made treasurer of the church revenues by
Pope Sixtus I. when he ascended the papal chair, A.D. 257.
The Emperor Valerian published his edicts against
Christians, Pope Sixtus was one of the first who suf-
fered martyrdom, and St. Lawrence attended him to the
execution, lamenting that he was not thought
to share the Pope's sufferings. Sixtus, however,

"You perceive also that I am humpbacked;
and this typifies the religion of those who in-
dulge in superfluities instead of living according
to proper religious rules,² for the hump signi-
fies superfluity. Hence a rich man^f is likened
to that humpbacked animal the camel, which
cannot pass in by a narrow entrance on ac-
count of the bulk on his back.^g And thus
sometimes religious people miss the narrow
way to life; for even although they came
naked into the world, and for some years live
frugally, yet many of them learn to indulge
in superfluities until they become humped, and
that so incurably (for it is the nature of this
hump that nothing can cure it) that they can
never retrace their steps so as to become truly
religious again.

"And lastly, my idol whom I worship is
gold or silver³ bearing the mark of the sove-
reign of the country. It is a divinity which
is often wrapped in swaddling-clothes, in order
that it may be concealed; sometimes, too, it is
hidden in beds or secreted in holes, corners, or
cabinets—nay, even buried in the earth amongst
the field-mice. It frequently blinds people,
and makes them look downwards towards the
ground. This, too, it is which makes men
humpbacked like I am. This my idol is
generally loved so much that he is lauded like
a god upon earth, and I endeavour by all pos-
sible means to gain his favour and make him
dwell with me. On his account St. Law-
rence was broiled upon charcoal,⁴ because he

predicted that St. Lawrence would not be long in follow-
ing him; and, foreseeing the rapine which was about
to commence, commanded him to sell the sacred vessels
and sacred deposits which were in his hands, and to dis-
tribute the money amongst the poor. Upon hearing of
this the city prefect ordered St. Lawrence to appear be-
fore him, and bring with him all the church treasures
which were in his keeping. The saint obeyed the order;
but instead of gold and silver, he took with him all the
poor old men, widows, and orphans whom he had re-
lieved—a deed which so enraged the prefect that he
ordered him to be broiled on a gridiron over a charcoal
fire. The saint bore this frightful torture with great
composure, and died praying for his murderers. His
martyrdom took place August 10, 258, on which day
his feast is kept by the Roman Catholic Church.

^a Psalm v. 6.

^b "Perjurium est
nequiter deci-
pere creden-
tium."

^c Levit. xix. 12.

^d Matt. v. 33.

^e Prov. xxvi. 18
—28.

^f Matt. xix. 23,
24.
Mark x. 25.
Luke xviii. 25.

^g "Regulares nil
debent habere
proprium; et qui
nihil habent pro-
prium non pos-
sunt facere testa-
mentum."

^a Jer. xv. 17.

^b Job xxix. 8.

^c Prov. xxviii. 16.

^d Coloff. iii. 5.

^e 1 Cor. x. 6, 7.

^f Wisdom xiv. 8.

^g Deut. xviii. 9
—12.
^h Chron. xxxiii. 1—6.
Ecclef. i. 15.
Eccluf. xii. 13.

ⁱ Tib. A. vii. f. 49.
Verard's Ed. f. lxxiv.

^j Scabbard.

^k Cruel.

^l Notwithstanding and in spite of.

^m Art.

ⁿ Same.

^o Which look at.

^p To signify.

^q Ezek. xviii. 4.

^r Ezekiel xviii. 27, 28.
Rom. vi. 23.

^s Dove.

^t Before I was aware.

^u Old woman.

stole him from me. I dote upon him, and play ^a at various kinds of games of hazard in order to propitiate him; and therefore, because I love him so much, I command you to regard and serve him. Take care, therefore, what you are about, for if you do not I will persecute you continually."

After *Avarice* has finished this description of herself, *Youth* ^b comes forward and declares that she will interpose to rescue the Pilgrim.¹ Upon which *Avarice* abuses ^c her, and says, that although she can do nothing against ^d him at present, yet she swears by her idol that she will keep her eye constantly upon him, so that she may be able to find him wherever he goes.

The Pilgrim then once more proceeds upon his journey, until he enters a vast forest, where, as he is passing along, he hears a loud voice uttering cries in a language quite unknown to him. Upon advancing further he perceives that these sounds proceed from a person who stands in his path brandishing a large unsheathed sword, apparently ready to slay him therewith. He tells the Pilgrim he must immediately go and speak with his mistress.^e As he was standing in the midst of the road in a large circle marked with a great many figures and bore the signet of a king, the Pilgrim was much rejoiced when he saw him, supposing him to be one of the king's messengers. Under this impression, he asks him what had made him cry out so loud in that strange language? and who that mistress was to whom he had alluded? and for what purpose he was to appear before her?^f Upon this the other lifts up his finger, and points out to the Pilgrim a large tent standing on the left of him. It was black as charcoal, and on the top of it there was a nest, and a raven fluttering with its wings and croaking. In front of it he beheld

^g NECROMANCYE.

^h Off whom I greetly was afferd ⁱ

In the mydde of a book shee helde
Other scawbeck ^j had sche noon
And as I byhelde anoon
Sche hadde in sothe as thought me
Large whynges ffor to fle
And by a maner felonye ^k
Sche began loude ffor to crye
And me manafynge off pryde
Bade me that I schulde abyde
And ellis ^l mawgrey al my myght
I schulde not scape out off her fyght
Till I hadde in partye
Somewhat seyne of her maystreye ^m
And towarde me her look sche caste
And gan to come up on ffull faste
But as sche kam it sempte me
That sche sate hygh upon a tre
And pleynty gan to speceffye
Hor name was "Necromancye"
Whiche by my craffte in substaunce
Whan folke encreffe and wel chaun
That bee in my subiecyoun
And lyfte to learne my lessoun

This ilke ⁿ Book wolte se ^o
Is callyd "Mors Animæ"
Whiche is in Englysche ffor to ^p sey
Dethe of the fowle incertayne ^q
And this nakyd swerd whiche I he
As thou mayste thisilffe byholde
Therewith ffor schorte conclusioun
Whanne thew hafte herde my lessoun
There with thou schalt slayne be
And thus sche gan manasse me
Where off I stood in ffull greet dre
But off grace as I toke hede ^r
A white dowve ^s I dyde se
Ifteen sodeynely towarde me
But with me where as I stood
Sche ne made no longer abood
And I ne made no greet delay
But wente fforthe upon my way
And I mette or I was war ^t
An oolde oon ^u whiche that ffagot

¹ The reason of *Youth's* undertaking to rescue the Pilgrim is, of course, because avarice is generally regarded as the vice of Old Age.

² See Woodcut XIV. and coloured drawing B.



B



C

ir bak and eke thereto
and sche heelde also
cysours sharpe igrounde
me ward as sche was bounde
d ffor schorte conclusioun
leye my skryppe adoun
upon me ffor to frownne
cryde hyr lyfte not rowne ^a

¹ HERYSYE.

thow leye here adoun
o thi confusoun
he skryppe off newe array
not to my pay
kutte in other wyfe
my sylven lyfte devyse ^b

The PYLGRYME.

olde vekke ^c as semeth me
w mayste not clerely se
re me lyfte ^d by thi bydding
o no maner thyng
to fforne ^e I know and se
er and thyn autorite
ke also and thyne office
ste knowe in myn avyce

HERYSYE.

nely off lasse ^f and more
ter my fadris lore
F bothe ffalse and trewe
ppes kutte and schape newe
rymes greet and smale
m alle on pecys smale
as I my filse allon
ope the skryppes zere agon ^g
this Pellagyens
off these Arryens
other sectys newe
ffalse and untrew
bokes speciffye
called "Herefye"
che do away ^h my labour
e ffolke in greet errour

That ffolke my condysfiouns
Only by ffalse oppynyouns
Make her hertis to declyne
Ffro the trouthe off iuste doctryne
And cause hem ffor to do their cure
And mys ⁱ to expown holy scripture
And trewely nadde bene ^k
The great councayle at Nycene
Ordained by greet Constantyn
And nadde ben also Augustyn
And many other greet doctours
Ffor to annule myn errours
The skryppes off holy churche echon
I have ffordon ^l full zere a goon
Off pylgrymes that passe by the way
Sythen goon ffyl mane aday
And zit ^m I schal what so by ffale ⁿ
Assayl the among them alle
And myn oolde purpos holde
In ffyre though that I brenne ^o shulde
I wold my wythes ^p alle applye
Hardy with obstynacye
Contynue til the ffyre be hoot
Thereffore I beere thys ffagot
And ffirste thow schalte me not escape
But newe I wole thy skryppes schape
Or ellis I dar undertake
That thow schalt it here fforfak ^q
And leve it with me utterly
My ffader is here ffaste by
Whiche hathe power as thow mayste se
And bothe upon londe and see
Thow shalt not skape hym in certayne
But with daunger and greet payne

The PYLGRYME.

Myne eyen then I gan unffolde
And anoon I gan byholde
In the weye me byfforne
An ^r hunte stood with his horn
Off chere ^r and look ryght pervers
And the passage in travers
With cordes he gan it overleyne
Frette with nettys alle the pleyne

^a She cried loudly, do not run.

^b Just in the shape I please.

^c Woman.

^d Why I do not choose.

^e Unless beforehand.

^f Less.

^g Years ago.

^h Always.

ⁱ Fail.

^k There was need of.

^l Destroyed.

^m Now.

ⁿ Whatever else happen.

^o Burn.

^p With.

^q Titus iii. 9—11.

^r Mien.

^e Woodcut XV. coloured drawing D.

^g See Woodcut XVI. coloured drawing C.

^a Despite of.

^b Unless.
² Sam. xxii. 5,
6.

^c Stoppage, arrest.

^d Pleading.

^e Frightened.

^f Freeze.

^g Every one.

^h Unhappy.
The reading in
the text is con-
jectural, as the
two words are
entirely obliterated
in the MS.
Jeremiah xviii.
22.

And he brought in hys companye
The ffälse vekke herysye
And that men schulde hym not knowe
His horne he gan fful lowde blowe
As it were to cacche his pray
Ryght so he blewe on the way
And his doughter heresyfe
The passage to kepe and guye
That I schulde not in no syde
Ffrom ther damage my sylfe provyde
And trewely as I have sayd
The nettys were so narewe layd
In londe on water and in the hayr
That I myght haue no repayr
To passe ffrecely that passage
It was so fful off mortal rage
Off daunger and aduersitie
That but yiff that I amydde the see
Durste swimme ther was no way
Ffor me to passe nyght nor day
And there he dyde also malygne
To leyne out nettys and assigne
There to stoppen my passage
So that I ffonde noon avauntage
From his dawngere to declyne
Ffor many a hook and many a leyne
Were caste in to that peryllous se
Off entente to letten me
That mawgre ^a alle my force and myght
But zeve ^b I koude swimme aryght
Amonge the wawys ffeerfe and ffelle
I muste under his daunger dwelle
But ffyrste while he his trappys leyde
Unto the hunte thus I sayde

The PYLGRYME.

Hunte quod I telle me now
What maner officere art thou
Whiche lyggeste on the way
Unlawefful to cacche pray
Thus to make thyn areftis ^c
Namely on the kynges beeftis
I trow thou haveste no lycence
Ffor to don so greet offence

I dar afferme eerly and late
Swych hunters the kyng doth hate
And it seemyth by thi manere
Off his thow art noon officere

The HUNTE.

Quod he what makyste thou swyche
Thou art wonder iniquityff
Besy also by argument
To hoolde with me a parlement
By langage and longe pletynge ^d
Ffor though I longe not to the kyng
And thou conceyue aryght I wys
Som tym I was oon off his
And though I have no conge
Off hym to hunte in this contre
He suffryth me here in this place
At his beeftis ffor to chace
And assaute on hem to make
And whanne that I by fforce hem t
Be it by day be it by nyght
I cleyme hem to ben myn off ryght

The PYLGRYME.

And while I herde alle hys resouns
And ffroward oppynyouns
Myn herte abaschyd ^e gan to colde ^f
Namely whaune I gan byholde
Pylgrymes by greet aduersite
Fful many oon swimme in the se
And they were clothyd everychon ^g
And som off hem I sawe anon
Ther ffeet reversed upsodown
And som in myn inspectyoun
Swamme forth fful clene and ryght
And som hadde whynges ffor the ff
That afforcyd hem fful offte
Ffor to flowe fful hygh alofte
And though ther purpos was so sett
The see hath hem fful offte lette
Som by the ffeete were bounde stro
With knottys off herbys longe ^h
And som with wawys wood and ra
Were [so ^h un-]swet in their vyfag

¹ See coloured drawing E.



IV



E



F

7

ey loften look and fyght
 ole were off fforce and myght
 dyuerfe apparylle
 e fo gan hem affayle
 another dyverfe wyfe
 I may as now devyfe

The HUNTE.

wel quod he espye
 on thou castyste so thyn eye
 thi wyles and thi jape^a
 halt not so ffor me eskape
 he cacche by som crook
 yde ffor the las^b and hook
 mayste thy sylven se
 halt not skapen by this se

The PYLGRYME.

e anoon and lye nought
 he ryght in thy thought
 ylgrymes alle that I se
 th thus putte hem in thys see

The HUNTE.

ys quod he anoon
 way for ffolke to goon
 y alle day in ther vyage
 is goon on pilgrymage
 not ellis as I haue sayde
 okis and my nettis leyde
 he alle in thys place
 hat fforby here do pace
 s greet large see
 that thou here doft se
 worlde ay fful of trowble
 many wawys dowble
 l off woo and grete torment
 he fful many a man is schent^c
 llewys blowe on every fyde
 that myne owne doughter pryde
 e with hir ffor to bere^d
 ylgrymes ffor to dere^e
 ny a pylgryme thou mayste se
 e in this perelous see
 hem whiche is not ffeyre^f
 et han upward in the ayre

And alle swyche zeve thou lyfte se
 Ben thylke ffolke that charged be
 With the sac of covetyse
 And overlade in many wyfe
 That they to swymme be not able
 Ther burthen is so importable
 Whiche by ffalfe affecyoun
 Ploungeth her heedes low adoun
 Under the wawys off this world here
 That they may not in no manere
 Swymme ffor the hevynesse
 That they bere off grete rycheffe^g
 Other ther ben that swymmen ryght
 And haue eke wynges ffor the fflyght
 And they ben ffolkes whiche in this lyffe
 In herthe ben contemplatyffe
 In wordely thyng haue no plesaunce
 Save in ther bare sustenaunce
 For this world ther joye is nought
 For alle ther herthe and alle ther thought
 And ffynall truste off ther workynge^h
 Is sette upon the heuenly kyng
 But ffor alle that I the assure
 In this see they must endure
 Bodely by greet penaunce
 In hevене hemsylffe to avaunce
 And ffor the lawe off Crist ihu
 They make hem whynges off vertu
 To ffeen by clene affectyoun
 To the heuenely mansfounⁱ
 Whiche greetly displefeth me
 Theder whaune I se hem ffele
 Swyche ffolke refemblen alle
 Un to a bryd that clerkes calle
 Ortigometra^k in ther bokys
 And this bryd caste in his lokys
 Tofforne hym prudently to se
 Whanne he schal swymme in the see
 This ffoul hath whynges ffor the fflyght
 Be he anoon off kyndely ryght
 Whanne he is wery off travayle
 And that his feders do hym ffayle
 Anoon off his condifcyoun
 In to the water he ffalleth doun
 And thanne to swymme wole not ffayle
 Off his o whynge he makith a ffayle

^a Cajolery,
 mockery.

^b Snare.

^c Sunk.

^d Carry.

^e Annoy or in-
 jure.
 Pfalm cxlii. 3.

^f Pleasant.

^g Ezekiel xxxiii.
 31.

^h Job xxxix. 21.

ⁱ Pf. xxxvii. 29.

^k Water-quail.

^a In the same short period of time.

^b Jonah ii. 8.
Prov. xvii. 4.
John viii. 44.

^c Prov. xxxi. 30.
James v. 2.

^d Beauty.

^e Like.

^f Blinded.

^g Are often sunk before they are aware of it.

^h Luke xviii. 22.

ⁱ Forgiveness.

^k Delay or hesitation.

^l Yet.

^m 1 John iii. 10.

ⁿ Make war against.

^o Tib. A. vii. f. 55.

^p 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

^q Cease.

^r Dominion or subjection.
Ecclef. ix. 12.
Hab. i. 15.

^s Tib. A. vii. f. 56, b.

^t Epistles.
1 Pet. v. 8, 9.

Amonge the sturdy wawys alle
To keep hym safe that he not falle
Til he resume ageyne his myght
Off acustom to take his flyght
Thus stoundemel ^a ye may hym se
Som tyme swymme som tyme flee
In bokys as it is iffounde
But they that haue ffeet ibounde ^b
With herbes and with wedes greene
That they may not aryght sustene
Newther to swymme nor to flee
They be so bounden in the see
Off wordely delectacyoun
In ther inwarde affectyoun
Ffor alle ther hool felicitye
Is sette in verrey prosperite
Off the world and in rycheffe
Fful off chaunge and dowbleness
With whyche they be sore bounde
That her foulis yt wole confounde
Ffor they haue power noon nor myght
Newther to swymme nor flee aryght
So sore the world doth hem constreine
That it were to hem greet payne
Her hertes ffor the world to unbynde
And som also be makyd blynde
Ther eyen cloos they may not se
Ffor to confidere the vanyte
Off this worldis falsse veyne glorie ^c
Evere onsure and transitorye
And fful off motabyte
Whyche shewith to hem fful greet bewete ^d
By maner off apparence
But it is falsse in existence
That is fful ffoul doth schewe ffayre
Lyche ^e afflour that doth apayre
Whanne it is plucked and leyde lowe
Or with som sodeyne wynde iblowe
Whyche bewete as wryte *Salomoun*
Is but a falsse deceptyoun
And ffolkes that beth therewith blente ^f
Or they be war beth offte schente ^g
For lak ther eyen be not clere
Eke som ther swymis as ze may lere
With hand and armys stretchyd out ^h
Swyche as parte good aboute

To pore ffolkes that haue neede
And swyche unkynde her ffeete in deede
From wordely dilectacyoun
And off devout entencyoun
By counsel off her confessor
And bynde her ffeet by greet labour
Ffor to goon in ther vyages
Barffote to seke pylgrymages
Off ther synnes to haue pardoun
Fforgevenesse ⁱ and remysseyoun
Whanne ther menyng trewley
Is voyde ffrom al ypcryfy
And thus as now without flouthe ^k
To the I haue tolde the trouthe
And trewely zit ^l overe alle thyng
I hate trowthe in my workyng ^m
And off malys bothe day and nyght
Werrey ⁿ trouthe with al my myght

^o By neme called I am *Satan* ^p
The whiche as fier as evere I kan
I worke in myne entencyon
Ffor to cacche in my bandoun
Alle pylgrymes as thow mayest se
That swymmen in the wawy see
Off this world fful off disseyte
And evere I lye in greet awayte
And no moment I ne ffyne ^q
For to leyne out hook and lyne
My lyne by demonstracyon
Icalled is temptacyoun
And whanne that ffolke in ther entente
Off herte and wille therto consente
Thanne on myn hook by falsse awayte
They be icacched with the bayte
And thanne by fful mortal lawe
To my bandoun ^r I hem drawe
I lay out nettes nyght and day
In water and londe to cacche my pray

I am a ffoulere eke som whyle
Ffor alle that high or lowe goon
I make nettes ffor everych oon
Ffor as saint Petre lyfte endite ^s
And in his pyfelys ^t ffor to wryte



XVII



Deuote ou esbatement mondain XVIII



XIX



Draifon

XX

I go and ferche day and nyght
With all my force with all my myght
Lyche a ravenous lyoun
Ffor to devour up and down
Alle ffolkys zonge ^a and oolde
That lambre ^b be of cristis foolde
• • • • •

And I warne the outerly
Thow shalt not lyghtly zeve I may ^c
Fro my daunger fcape away

The PYLGRYME.

Wher thow be wel or yvel mayd ^d
In the wordes that thow hast sayd
I haue founden a greet dyffence
To make ageyne the resistence
And conceyue it in my thought
Blowe thyne horne and spare nought
Ffor thow schalt ffayle zeve that I may
To make off me schortely the waye
And to be more strong in vertu ^e
With the crofs of Crist ihū
And off his grace most benygne
I can me crosse and eke sygne
Ffor to assure my passage
Ageyne his laafs ^f so fful of rage
And by my crosseynge I anoon
Gan to passe hem everichon
They hadde no power ffor to laste
Ffor by the vertu they to brafte ^g
And I anoon gan ffaiste ffliee
And wolte haue taken anoon the see
But long or I entre myght
And as *Sathan* of me hadde a fyght
He gan to crye so stood the cas
Out and anoon allas allas
• • • • •

The PYLGRYME answereth to SATHAN :—
O *Sathan* thi displeaunce
Was to me fful greet plefaunce
Releuyng me off my distresse
I took ther off greet hardynesse
Made as tho no lenger lette
I spared newther hook nor nette

But trustynge in conclusyoun
Upon my skrippe and my burdoun
And there upon I byleued me
Whanne I entryd in to the see
And in swymmyng to be more stable
Methought my skrippe profitable
To kepe me sure in herte and thought
In my way that I erred nought ^h
Trewely in this dredefful see
Is gret myscheef and aduersyte
Many a perel I yow ensure
And many a straunge aventure
I ffelte there in my passage
Off wawys and rokkis rage
And many a tempeste in certeyne
Off thundryng lyghtnyng and off reyn
And other perells that befelle
That zeve I schulde hem alle telle
Or the myscheves alle endyte
They were too longe to wryte
But while that I in my passage
Byhelde the see sterne and sauage
Methought I sawe besyde me
That there stood a greene tre ⁱ
And I was glad alle thilke while
Wenyng ^k there hadde been an yle
In hope that I schulde londe
Hastely up at some stronde
• • • • •

^l And evere round as thoughte me
This whel ^l wente aboute the tre
Wheroff I astonyd was
Whanne I sawe this fodeyn caas
Upon whiche tre anoon
I sawgh nestys fful many oon ^m
And brydes that I koude knowe
Som hygh and som lowe
Ther nestis made I toke good hede
Grete and small it is no drede
• • • • •

And there I sawe a lady stonde
Amonge the wyld wawys trouble
Upon a whel dyverse and double
• • • • •

^a Young.

^b Lambs.

^c If I can help it.

^d Whether thou meanest good or evil.

^e Psal. cxxiv. 7.
James iv. 7.
Hosea iv. 12.

^f Snares.

^g Burst asunder.

^h Micah vii. 19.

ⁱ Luke vi. 43.

^k Supposing.

^l Wheel.
Ecclus. xxxiii. 5.

^m Jer. xlix. 16.
Ezek. xxxi. 6.
Prov. xvii. 16.
Hab. ii. 9.

^l This is a description of "the wheel of Fortune." See Woodcut XVII. coloured drawing F.

^a Said with sudden emotion.

^b Then.

^c Roused myself.

^d Expound to.

^e To ask me how I govern myself.

^f Laugh.

^g Countenance.

^h White is here put for "lucky." Thus, "cretā an carbone notandus" was said, among the Romans, to signify a lucky or unlucky day.

ⁱ Scornful grins.

^k Moon.

^l Waiting in every place.

^m Tib. A. vii. f. 62.

ⁿ Bent.

^o Laugh on.

^p Practise. Isaiah lxx. 11, 12.

^q At some time or other.

^r f. lxxviii.

Thanne was I greetly agaste
And my burdoun I heelde ryght ffaste
And dyde also greetly my peyne
To grype it with myne hands tweyne
And seyde off sodeyn moscyoun ^a
Bordoun quod I bordoun bordoun
But thow me helpe in this caas
I may wepe and seyne allas
My peynes ben so scharpe and kene
And but thow helpe to sustene
Myn nown powere and impotence
That I may stonden at diffence
Upon my ffeet and that anoon
Ffarwel my joye is alle goon
But tho ^b thorough helpe off my bordoun
I roos up as a champyoun
But whanne this lady did espye
That I was up sche gan to hye
Ffor to have putte me doun ageyne
And I trow ryght and certeyn
That but I hadde spoken ffayre
And off my porte be debonayre
I hadde ben fful ffeble of myght
Upon my ffeet to stonde vp ryght
But I abrayde ^c and bade in deede
That sche scholde taken heede
To thilke party that was ffayre
Off hir and putte me fro dispayre
And schewe lyke hir countenance
Som comfforte or som plesaunce
And that sche wolde expowne ^d me
What lady that sche schulde be
Hir name hir power every del
Bothe off hir and off hir whel
And off the tre and off the croppe
And off the nestis in the toppe
And do me some avauntage
To ffurthre me in my vyage

FFORTUNE.

In me schortely to expresse
Ther is no maner stableneffe

¹ Elle vers l'arbre sen ala
Et desconforte me laissa
Toujours dessus la roe tournant
Et a son mouvement mouuant

Ffor be hereoff ryght wel certeyn
Alle that I worke is uncerteyn
Lyke my dowble contenance
I am so fful off variaunce
Therefore to axe how I me guye ^a
It is no wysdom but ffolye
I worke nothyng in certeynte
But fful off grete duplycyte
I am what evere I do provyde
For I lawe ^f on the ryght syde
And schewe a cher ^g off greet delyte
On the party that I am white ^h
Than men me calle glad *ffortune*
But no while I do continue
Ffor longe or ffolke may apperceyve
I kan hem sodeynly disseyve
And make her joye go to wrak
With fforward mowhes ⁱ at the bak
Thanne I lykened to the mone ^k
Ffolke wole chaunge my name sone
And ffro my whel whanne they are fa
Inffortune they me calle
To ffolke unworthy and not dygne
I am somewhile moste benygne
Lyggyng awayte in every coofte ^l
Off ffolkes whom that I cherifche mo
And who that on me sette his luste
I kan disseve hym off his truste

• • • • •
Off my staff and off my crook ^m
Wronge ⁿ at the eende as is an hook
And whanne I loke with eyen clere
Lawye on ^o and make hem cheer
Thaune lygge I ratheste in awayte
Ffor to don ^p hem som disseyte
Lo here is al go fforthe thy way
And truste wel zeve that I may
What wey euere that thow go
Or thi pylgrymage be do
Turne it to soure outhur to sweete
Ones ^q I schal with the meete

¹ FFORTUNE IS WALKYD.

Mais assez tost ie tumbay ius
Car tenir ie my peu plus
Helas dis ie que feras tu
Chetif dolent que diras tu



fier *Fortune* has left him, the Pilgrim suffers various encounters with vices—personified as usual—until he meets *Worldly Gladness*, which is typified by a revolving tower and a wheel, which he describes as follows:—

But as I stood thus in awher^b
And drowh me toward the rever
A towre I sawh wylde and savage^c
And square abouten off passage
Whiche hadde round fenestrallys
Receyd thorough upon the wallys
Whiche hoolys out off doute
Toke and flawme passed oute
And yet this toure who loke wel
Turned aboute as a wheel^d
Upon the floodes envyrour^e
With the wawys vp and doun
In whyle as I koude knowe
The hyste party was moſte lowe
And also eke I sawe fful offte
The loweste party sette aloſte
And thus by tranſmutacyoun
Turned alway vp ſo doun
And in this while euere among
Sung a meledious ſong
For as I koude vnderſtonde
That bare a phetele^f in his honde
And thys mynſtral ſoth to ſeyne

Or es tu venu a ta fin
Pourquoy fuz oncques pelerin
Mieux il te vaulſit quauvorte
Tu euſſes eſte et mort ne
Qui te pourra iamais aider
Qui conſeiller qui viſiter
Tu as perdu par ta folie
Grace ta treſſoyalle amye
Helas tres douce penitence^m
Pourquoy ſis iamais redoubtance
De ton vile haye paſſer
Pour mes erreurs mediciner
Tes verges et tes diſciplines
Tes poinctures et tes eſpines
Maintenant me ſuſſent oingture
A ma grande meſauventure
Helas armeures pour marmer
Toute ma vie regretter
Je vous deuray ſe ie vy plus
De vous vne fois fuz veſtuz
Et aourne moult cointement
Mais las chetif car longuement
Pas ne fu ains toſt vous mis ius

Was departyd evene atweyne
From the myddel up a man
Downward as I reherſe kan
A bryd whynged mervellouſely
With pawmys ſtreynynge mortallyⁿ
Now this beſte fful ſavage
Lyke a man off his vyſage
Spake to me fful curteyſly^h
And thus he ſeyde muriely^l

GLADNESSE OFF THE WORLD.

Tel on to me and ſay not nay
What maner ſolace or what play
Loveſte thou beſte tel on lat ſe^k
And I ſhal pleyn to ſorre the
For I kan lyche to thyn entent
Pley on every instrument
For to make lordys cher
Both at cheſſe and the cheker
The draughtys ther off fful wel I kan
Ye bet then eny other man
And whanne that ylke play ys do
For ſheppardes I kan alſo
At the merels^l beſte of alle
Whanne ſo that they lyſte me calle
Pype and tabour in the ſtreete
With luſty folkes whan they meete
At weddynges to do pleaſaunce
I kan karole well and wel daunce

Plusieurs maux men ſont aduenuzⁿ
Et maintenant ou aſſez toſt
Jen ſeray liure a la mort
Helas ſacremens de legliſe
Je ne ſcay ſaſſez ie vous priſe
Jay grant doute quen vain receuz
Ne vous aye qui ſuis rencheuz
Maintenant tout evanouy
Et en danger deſtre pery
Et ne me puis eſtre tenu
A mon bourdon ne ſoubſtenu
Helas ieruſalem cite
Ou daler ieſtoie exite
Comment vers toy mexcuſeray
Et quel reſponce te ſeray
Promis ie tauoye en couraige
Que ſeroye le pelerinage
A toy pource que ie te vy
Ou bel mirouer et poly
Or ſuis du tout cy arreſte
Ta ſoit quaſſez ie ſoye tourne

^l See Woodcut XVIII. coloured drawing G.

^a Tib. A. vii. f. 76, b.

^b Longing or desire.

^c Job iv. 16. Ezek. xxvi. 9.

^d Wheel.

^e Round about.

^f Violin, or guitar.

^g Hands stretched out like those of a human being.

^h Courteously.

ⁱ Merry-making.

^k Let us see.

^l Merry-making.

^m Ecclus. xx. 3.

ⁿ 1 Sam. xxxi. 9.

^a Exod. xxxiii. 6.

^b Always.

^c Job i. 6.

^d Tower.

^e Lofe.

^f Seeth.

^g Here.

^h Sweet.

ⁱ Jer. xv. 17.

^k Fiddle.

^l Island.

^m Confusion.

ⁿ In company.

^o f. lxxxvii. b.

^p Pſal. lxxix. 9.
Prov. iii. 5.

In euery play I do excelle
And it were to longe to telle
The difportes and the playes ^a
That I vſe on fomer dayes
My joye is al in myrthe and game
And *Wordely play* that is my name
Men may me calle off equyte
A mermayden off the ſee
That ſynge off cuſtom ay ^b gladdeſte
To fforne a ſtorme and a tempeſte
So make ek folke this my labour
To fforgete ther Creatoure
And folk in my ſubieſtyoun
I brynge hem to diſtruſtyoun

THE PYLGRYME.

Though thou bygynne in gladneſſe
Thou eendeſte euere in wrecchydneſſe
Ellys I wolde ffor my pleaunce
With the hauen acqueyntaunce
I praye the putte me out off doute
Off this toure turnynge aboute
What maner thyng that it may be
Fyrſte off alle that wolde I ſe

WORDELY GLADNESSE.

Fyrſte yiff thou lyſte to ſe
The greet amyrall off the ſee
Whiche that callyd ys *Sathan* ^c
This tour ^d ſothely he began
Ffor he ffuſte off entencyoun
Made there his habytacyoun
And other ſchyp ne hath he noon
Amonge the floodys ffor to goon
In the whiche by gret diceyte
He lythe euere in awayte
With pylgrymes holde ſtryff

And to make hem leſe ^e her lyff
He ſeth ^f bothe by hylle and vale
Thorough thylke hoolys ſmale
By what weye that they gon
Amonges whiche thou art on
And to diſceyve hem in her way
Her ^g he maketh me ſytte and play
With foote ^h ſonge and armonye
Alle pylgrymes to eſpye ⁱ

And this mynſtral than anon
Made his ffythele ^k ffor to gon
And ſange with al ffyl luſtly
And wyth hys ſyngynge ſodeynly
To me he gan turne his tayle
And with his pawmes ſcharpe as a nayle
By the arme he gan me ſtreyn
Mawgre my myght and al my peyne
Horybely he caſte me
Amyddes off the greet ſee

I gan ſwymme with inne a while
Ageyne vnto that ſame yle ^l
Ffro the which that I kam ffro
Whanne the *meremayde* was go
I mene this *worldes fals ſolace*
That gan ſo fore at me to chace
But lyſte ſche ſcholde haue taken me
I ſwam ffyl ffafte mydde the ſee
Ffor drede off hir I was in were ^m
But Youthe and ſche to gydere yſere ⁿ
Ful great joye they gan to make
And thus hath Youthe me fforſake
For thanne I loſt hir in certeyne
That ſche to me kam ner ageyne

¹ And down I ſate ffor weryneſſe

¹ Lors ie maſſis a terre ius ^o
Si las que ie nen pouoie plus
Helas diſ ie que feras tu
Tu es en ceſte yle venu
Qui perilleuſe grandement
Et venu perileuſement
Y es par ſirtim et ſcillam
Par caribdim et ſirenem
Et par bithalaſſum auſſi
Et encores aſſeur ycy
Nes pas et ne ſcais ou aller

Le tu te remectz a noer
Par la mer tu y periras
Ou ne ſcez a quel port venras
Helas chetif que feras tu
Bien ie voy que tu es perdu
Hors ſuis de ſente et de chemin
Je mattens quoncques pelerin
Ne fut plus ſoruoye que moy ^p
Beau doulx ſire dieu ayde moy
Tu es le pommeau treſhaultain
De mon bourdon ie te reclaim

I compleyne in greet distresse ^a
 od I myd off^b my wo
 as what schal I do
 al I wretche eskepe away
 this yle weyle^c away
 five enchauntereffys
 ought in gret distressys
 pereyl dowteles
lla fyrst and eke Cyrtes
 sed me to gon amys^d
 and *Karibdis*
thalassus worste off alle
 onys on me falle
 rtally me to beguyle
 in me brought in to this yle
 I forewe to sojourne
 I noon other wey retourne
 de focoure in this caas
 el forewe and seyne allas
 my way in ouncerteine
 I no mene to kome ageyne
 ere pylgryme in swyche poynt
 nor in swyche disioynt
 od God off thi greet grace
 ocoure in this place
 w ffor my salvacyoun
Pomel off my *Bordoun*
 as ffor my cheff comfporte
 dede I ha resorte
 ge me thorogh thy greet myght
 e weye I may go ryght
 I supported ffer and nere
 at charboucle bryght and clere
 that with his bemes bryght
 on to my bordoun lyht
 urte with me off thy clernesse
 ynge me out off my distresse
 this deedly mortal rage

Ffor sythe tyme off my tendre age
 My truste and my affyaunce
 My joye and all my suffyaunce
 Alle hooly hath ben in the
 Ageynes alle adversite
 In euery peyne and eche labour
 To ffynden comfporte and socour
 And now that stonde in so greet drede
 Helpe me in this greet nede
 And while I gan me thus compleyne
 Even amydde off alle my pene
 I sawgh amyddes off the see
¹ A schippe saylle towards me^f
 And evene above upon the maste
 Whereffore I was the lasse agaste
 I sawe a croffe stonde and not flytte
 And there vpon a dowve sytte
 White as any mylke or snowgh
 Where off I hadde joye enowgh
 And in this schippe ageyne alle schoures
 There were castels and eke towres
 Wonder dyverse mansfouns
 And sondry habytacyouns^g
 By ressemblaunce and seemynge
 Lyche the loggyng^h off a kyng
 And as I took good hede ther at
 Alle my forewes I fforgettⁱ
 The Pilgrim is rejoiced beyond measure at
 perceiving *Gracedieu* descend from the vessel;
 he expresses his gratitude to her for relieving
 him in his great distres; she inquires where
 he has been, and what has brought him to
 that perilous island which is named Scylla.²
 The Pilgrim assures her he has no pleasure in
 remaining there, and that he will willingly
 quit it to return into the way which by his
 folly he has quitted, and which has brought
 upon him so many evils.

in quen toy et par toy voye
 r la ou ie prendray ma voye
 incte escharboucle reluisant
 ont mon bourdon est fait luyfant
 clere moy par ou giray
 es le pommel ou toute ay
 on port ma seurte ma fiance
 tousiours euz des mon enfance
 toy me rends a toy mappuy
 de moy ou perdu ie suy

Dame dis ie bien est mon gre
 Bien doit le recreu pelerin
 Desirer court et brief chemin
 Recreu ie suis et traueilles
 Le court vueil aller voulientiers
 Et vous mercy treshumblement
 De vostre bon confortement
¹ See Woodcut XIX. coloured drawing H.
² The "valley perilous" of Mandeville.

^a Jer. xv. 17.^b In the midft of.^c Woe is me.^d Astray.^e Are all at once.^f Isaiah lx. 9.^g Deut. xv. 11.^h Lodging.ⁱ Psal. cxix. 29.

^a Nurse.
Tib. A. vii. f.
91, b.

^b If thou carest
to learn it.

^c To signify.

^d Rom. xv. 4.

^e In times of yore.

^f Truly.

^g More than one.

^h Dissemble.

ⁱ Lying.

^k Numb. xvi. 26.
Jer. v. 25.

^l Stingy.

Gracedieu tells him, that, if he will enter her ship, she will receive him from the pity she feels for him, and will convey him by a short passage into the safe path; but that he must expect to meet with *Repentance*, the stile, the hedge, and the thorny plants again, just as he had met them before.

He answers, that every weary pilgrim should desire a short voyage, that he is himself weary and way-worn, and he thanks her very much for her comfort; he then promises that if she will take him on board the ship he will amend his faults. Upon which *Gracedieu* reproaches him for having required his armour to be carried, and for not being able to endure the weight of it himself; and she also tells him that his professions are great, but that he does not carry them into practice.

She then leads him to a rock from which water flows, in which he is washed, and afterwards conducts him to the vessel; he inquires its name, and is told it is *Religion*.

They then embark, and steer for the Monastery of Cisteaux. Upon their arrival there they are received by the porter, *Crainte de Dieu*, ("Drede of God;") and upon *Gracedieu* leaving the Pilgrim, he is conducted to

¹ AGYOGRAPHE.

I am quod sche chieff noryce^a
To alle ffolkes that ffeen vyce
No cloyster is worthe who looke aboute
On no syde whan I am out
I make cloystris fferme and stable
Worschipe and honourable
And my name zeve thow lyste se^b
Is callyd *Agyographe*
Whiche is to feyne^c I the ensure
Off holy wrytynge the scripture^d

• • • • •

The PYLGRYME.

And off a merour that I ffonde

Whiche that I heelde in myne honde
I preyed hir without schame
To telle me there off the name

AGYOGRAPHE.

Hyt were good to hye and lowe
That alle ffolkes sholde know
And there off hadde a trewe syght
Justely what thys merour hyght
That ffolkes ffor greet lak off lyght
Were not deceyued in her syght
This merour by descripcyoun
Is called *Adulacyoun*
This is withouten eny blame
Verily his ryght name
Ffor take good hede that *fflateryng*
Is engendred off *lesyng*
Some callen hir "*Placebo*"²
Ffor sche han maken an *Eccho*
Answer euee ageyn the same
Because that he wole haue no blame
There is no contradicyoun
Ffor bothe off newe and zore^e agon
Ffolkes sothely^f mo than on^g
Han in adulacyoun
Ffinde fful greet decepcyoun
Lordes wherfore I seye alas
Han be disseyved in this caas
And by adylacyoun
Brought to ther destrucyon

FLATERYE.

For this custum hath *fflaterye*
To feyne^h thus by losengerieⁱ
Whanne hym lykyth to begyle
Ffalsely by his sotel while
To hem that be mošte vycyous^k
How that they are vertuous
And though they ben to vyces thral
They feyne eke they be liberal
Though they be streyte^l and ravynous
And greet nygardes in her hous

¹ See coloured drawing I.

² *Placebo*, "I will please," the name given to Flatery, from her endeavouring to curry favour with every

one. The "Echo" is in reference to the "Placebo" which was the name given to the vesper hymn for the dead.—*Du Gange*.

They calle ffame and high renoun
Raveyne^a and ffalfe extorcoun
Though they be ffooles and off no prys
They afferme that they be wys

• • • •

The PYLGRYME.

Madame quod I zow not displeefe
Thys myroure schal do me noon cefe
Wher so that I leefe or wyne
I wole neuere looke ther inne
But ryht anoon myne happe it was
To loken in another glasse
In the whiche withouten wene^b
I sawe my sylff ffoule and vncleue
And to byholde ryght hydous
Abbomynabel and veyous
That merour and that glas
Schewyd to me what I was

Wherffore off rancour and dyfdeyn
The same merour I caste ageyn
Without a look in her pavere^c
Ffrowarde off look and eke^d off chere
And gan my bak away to turne
And therefore soon I gan to morne

AGYOGRAPHE.

Now I fe wel by contenance
And also by thy governaunce
Thow hafte no luste to loken and fe
In the merour yt semeth me
Callyd the merour off concyence
Whiche shewith by trewe experyence
Without eccho or ffaterye
Or any other lozengerye
Vnto a man what ymage
He bereth aboute or what vyfage
The portraiture ryght as it is
And in what thyng he dothe amys^e

After the Pilgrim had held converse with
Obedience, Discipline, Poverty, and Chastity,
two messengers next appeared to him, one of
whom had wings extended, whilst the other

held in her hand a wimble, which she held up
aloft towards the heaven, as if she would pierce
the sky. She says she is to reward all people
who act uprightly, that she is called *Prayer*^f
(*oraison*), the good and swift messenger which
has wings to fly and to bear a message to God
for all mankind. "Before Him," she says, "I
appear swiftly and present boldly the commis-
sion which has been entrusted to me; and
know," she adds, "that if you send your re-
quest to Him it shall not be refused; and if
you wish to enter the city where you see so
many pilgrims go, I will be your messenger,
and will prepare you a house where you may
take up your abode—no one shall enter there
who has not sent me before him. You know
that it was so with the thief who was crucified
with the King.^g I believe you will do the same,
for you have great need of it, and so I hasten
the more readily to perform your message."

¹ There was another who held a horn which
gave a pleasant sound, whose name was *Latria*,
(worship or service)^h and who thus speaks:

Off this place ffolkes alleⁱ
Latrya they me calle
Myne offys is moſte in wakyng
To kepe the gate aboute the kyng
I wacche there on day and nyght
Do my fforſe and eke my myght
Ffor to lyue aye in awayt
That there be ffounden no dysceyt

• • • •

For bathe at eve and eke at morew
I kepe the houres off ryfynge
To do worſchipe to the kyng
Alle ffolkes vp I calle
That no ſlomber on hem ffalle
Myne horne is *Invocacyoun*
Off *Deus in adjutorium*
I blowe myn horn toward mydnyght
To reyſe vp ffolkes anoon ryght
I fuffre hem not off ſleep to deye
Myne^k orgones I tempre ffor to pleye^k

^a Plunder.

^b Doubt.

^c Basket or wal-
let.

^d Also.

^e Job xx. 2.
Ecclef. vii. 5, 6.
Daniel x. 21.
Mark xii. 24.
Ephesians v. 6.
Col. iii. 22.
¹ Thef. ii. 4—6.
¹ Pet. iii. 21.

^f 2 Chron. xxx.
27.
Mark xi. 24.
¹ Peter iii. 7.

^g Luke xxiii. 42.

^h Pſal. xcvi. 9.

ⁱ Tib. A. vii. f.
104, b.

^k I manage my
musical instru-
ment ſo as to
play.

¹ See Woodcut XX.

² The "Virginals" of Bunyan.

^a Sound.

^b Psalmody.

^c Psalm cii. 23.
Heb. ix. 27.

^d Jer. xlv. 11.
Ecclus. xviii. 21.
Rom. vi. 18, 19.
2 Cor. xii. 9.

^e Isaiah xl. 30.

^f Deut. xxxiii.
25.
Gen. xxv. 8.
Job xii. 12, 13.

And vpon hem I make a sown^a
With outen intermyssyoun
And trewely alle my melodye
Is in songe off psalmodye^b
And devoutely in myne ententis
I calle so myne instrumentis
For thylke kyng that is moſte ſtronge
Moſt hym delytyth in ſwicke ſonge
To hym it is moſte pertynente
Whanne it is ſonge off good entente
In clerneſſe and in purete

At the laſt, after *Gracedieu's* return, two old women appeared,¹ at the ſight of whom the Pilgrim's heart trembled; one ſupported herſelf on crutches, and ſeemed to have leaden feet—ſhe carried a box on her back, whiſt her companion had a couch bound on to her head. Theſe were *Infirmity* and *Old Age*, who advanced towards him and ſaid :—“*Death*^c ſends us to you to announce that ſhe comes without delay; and ſhe has enjoined us not to leave you until we have conquered you.”

The Pilgrim ſays that he is not acquainted with them, or with their miſtreſs *Death*, and inquires their names. They tell him it is uſeleſs to argue with them, for, however ſtrong a perſon may be, as ſoon as *Death* comes to him ſhe vanquiſhes him; for ſhe has complete control over human life, and kings and dukes fear her more than poor people who labour under life's burthens. “*Death*, however,” they continue, “is no reſpecter of perſons—into many places ſhe enters often without having ſent us before her; we are her meſſengers, and will tell you our names.”

Then the one who carried the couch ſaid :—“I am named *Infirmity*:^d wherever I find *Health* I attack her to make her ſubmit; I recal *Repentance* when ſhe is forgotten. He who created *Nature*, when He perceived that He was diſregarded, ſummoned me, and ſaid thus :—“Go quickly to *Death*, and ſay that I ſend you to ſerve her, and to do according

to her pleaſure. But firſt you ſhall go into the world; and, when you are there, whomſoever you find the moſt hardy, who think to live the longeſt, and becauſe they have health deſpiſe me, and put me out of their thoughts, thoſe correct, chaſtiſe, and bind down ſo ſtrongly on your bed that they cannot riſe, nor turn according to their will, nor have any taſte for eating and drinking, in order that they may implore my mercy, and by amending their lives have ſome regard for their own ſalvation.” Thus have I been in many places, and have pulled down young and old.^e Prepare yourſelf, therefore, for I ſhall attack you and lay you down on your bed.” The other then ſpoke :—“I am ſhe whom you never thought to behold :^f I have leaden feet; I walk ſlowly—nevertheleſs I come towards you and acquaint you that *Death* is approaching. No meſſenger can ſpeak more truly; my companion often deceives; for different reaſons prevent her from performing her meſſage, but nothing can impede me. I am named *Old Age*, the greatly feared, the ſkin-dried, and the wrinkled. My head is ſometimes grey, and ſometimes bald; I am able to give ſage counſel, and ought to be much honoured—for I have ſeen in times paſt both much good and much evil; I have proved what writings are the moſt ſenſible, and what are the beſt means of acquiring knowledge; for without practice and experience no ſcience can exiſt.”

The Pilgrim then informs *Old Age* that ſhe is not agreeable to him, and he wiſhes that ſhe would depart; but ſhe tells him, that, whether he likes her or not, ſhe will remain with him—and before *Death* comes ſhe will make him crooked and feeble by the blows which ſhe will give him; but ſtill, ſhe ſays, that if he is wiſe, he will derive great advantage from her—for ſhe will lend him thoſe crutches² which ſhe herſelf has to lean upon: but yet ſhe does not wiſh to deprive him of his ſtaff, inasmuch as a ſpiritual ſupport is uſeful as well

¹ See Woodcut XXI.

² Mr. *Ready to Halt's* crutches.—*Bunyan*.



XXI



XXII

Misericorde



XXIII

oral one—for by this means if a man
l on one side he is supported on the
“Take, therefore, my crutches,” she
“for you will find them very useful,
lows are hard to bear, and that you shall
.” Then she said to her companion,
that he may not think that we feign,
nce knock him down, and lay him
r couch.” *Infirmity* and *Old Age*
y lay hold of the Pilgrim, and place
y upon it, and tell him that *Death*
arrive.^b Whilst, however, he is
e, a lady, of a kindly and pleasing
ce, approaches him :¹ she has in her
ord, and upon her inviting the Pil-
with her to the Infirmary he joy-
ts, but first begs that she will tell
he is.

” she replies, “ named *Mercy*, and I
excessively welcome after a severe
s passed in any judgement. The
en He commanded that all the hu-
should die for their offences, when
Him, forbore his hand, and made
e all that remained ; and I induced
ace in the heavens a bow without a
sign of concord—the string remains
as the bow does with Him :^d so that
his cord He cannot use the bow, and
ason I keep it in my hands ; and,
as I rescue the wretched from misery,
the degraded from their woful po-
means of this cord, I am called
de (Mercy).^e The maker of this cord
ity, and it is not possible for any one
to heaven who breaks it.”

Mercy has further explained to the
r various offices, such as relieving the
poor, the captives, the humble—and
her readiness to serve him—he asks
cannot rid him of *Death’s* messen-
mity and *Old Age*. This, she says,
t do ; but she will, by means of her

cord, convey him secretly to the Infirmary,^f
where, although the messengers will not even
then leave him entirely, yet he may put off for
some little time longer the arrival of *Death*.

Accordingly, she binds her cord to his bed,
and, at the same time, *Infirmity* and *Old Age*
also approach him so closely that he has no
strength remaining.

After he had arrived at the Infirmary, and
had lain there for some little time, the porter,
called the *fear of God*,^g enters, bringing with
him two other messengers—one of whom
was the lady² with the wimble, of whom
mention has already been made, whilst the
other extended her arms towards heaven as if
she would fly. The porter then informed
the Pilgrim that he had brought these messen-
gers, of whose aid he could avail himself, if he
wished to send them before him to Jerusalem,
for that he could no longer tarry on earth,
and if they did not go before him he would
not be able to enter the holy city. Their
names were *Prayer*,^h and her companion *Alms-
giving*,ⁱ (*aufmone* ;) the latter has always her
hands extended ready to give, and makes wings
of them with which to fly—and she is willing
to go at once to the King to beg for admission
for the pilgrims into the heavenly mansions.
The Pilgrim answers, that he would willingly
employ her, but he possesses nothing—having
renounced all he had when he entered the con-
vent, everything there having been in common.
He says that she should be sent before kings,
and great and wealthy people—that the rich,
being pilgrims as well as himself, must also be
admitted by their staff and scarf (i. e. *hope* and
faith) into the heavenly city—and he therefore
trusts that God will provide an humble and poor
man like himself with an habitation.^k He then
welcomes the other messenger,^l and commis-
sions her to go before him ; to which she an-
swers, that she would do so most readily, ac-
cording to her promise to him in the Church

^a Prov. xxii. 6.

^b Psalm lxxi. 9 ;
xcii. 14.

^c Ecclef. xviii.
13.

^d Gen. ix. 13.

^e Deut. v. 10.

^f Prov. xxii. 9.

^g 2 Chron. xix.
7.

^h Prov. xv. 29.

ⁱ Luke vi. 30 ;
xi. 41.

^k Heb. xii. 22.
² Cor. v. 6.
Heb. xiii. 14.

^l Tobit iii. 1.

woodcut XXII.
dy with the wimble or auger was *Prayer* ;

she was described before as holding it, because “ she
seemed as though she would have pierced the heavens.”

where he had seen her before: whereupon *Infirmity* interferences, and says it is now too late for the intercession of *Prayer*, that the Pilgrim had plenty of time to employ her during his life, but that now she (*Infirmity*) claims him. *Prayer*, nevertheless, departs on her errand; and whilst the Pilgrim is fearing that she will be too late, and that he will perish,¹ an old woman mounts on his bed, who alarms him extremely; she holds a scythe, and also bears a wooden coffin—her name is *Death*. She has already placed one of her feet upon the Pilgrim's body, and he has begged her to spare him a little while longer that he may ask her one or two questions, when *Gracedieu* appears to him and reassures him by saying,² "I perceive you are now at the narrow entrance which is at the end of your pilgrimage. *Death* is near you, who is the end of all terrible things; she will mow down your life, and place your body in a coffin for the worms to destroy it. This is the common end of all flesh. Man, in this world, is exposed to *Death* as the grass in the

field is to the scythe; so he also is flourishing one day, and is withered the next. You have prospered a long time; you must now be reaped and separated into two parts—the entrance is narrow, the body and soul cannot pass through together; the soul will enter first, and the body, after having seen corruption, will be regenerated and join the great assembly in the city to which you are hastening. You are now at the wicket-gate, which, when you saw it imaged in the mirror, you so longed to reach. You will be received within it if you present yourself there unburdened and naked. Nevertheless, you must first implore the Father for mercy,³ and promise to *Penance*, that if you have not undergone sufficient suffering for your sins, you are willing to expiate them still further in Purgatory."⁴ Upon this *Death*⁵ seemed to run him through the body with her scythe; and he awoke with a start, scarcely knowing whether he were dead or alive, until he was certified of the fact of his being alive by the sound of the convent bell and the crowing of

^a 1 Cor. xv. 3.
Ecclus. xiv. 12.

^b Job xxi. 26.

^c Isaiah xl. 7.

^d Job xix. 26.

^e Rev. iii. 12;
xxii. 14.

^f John xiv. 6.

^g Heb. ix. 27, 28.

^h Rev. xiv. 13.

¹ See Woodcut XXIII.

² GRACEDIEU.

Je voy bien qua lestroit passaige
Tu es de ton pelerinaige
Voicy la mort qui de pres test
Qui des choses terribles est
La fin et le terminement
Ta vie tantost faulcher entent
Et la meſtre du tout afin
Et puis ton corps en vng cofin
Elle meſtra pour le bailler
Aux vers puans pour le manger^b
Ceste chose est toute commune
A tout chascun et a chascune
Homme en ce monde est expose
A la mort comme lherbe au pre
Est a la faulx aussi est ce foin
Qui huy est verd et sec demain^c
Or as este verd vng long temps
Et si as receu pluyes et vens
Mais fault maintenant te faulchier
Et en deux pieces despiecer
Lhuys est estroit lame et la cher
Ne pourroient ensemble passer
Lame premiere passera
Et puis apres la chair yra
Mais si tost ne fera ce mie
Avant fera la chair pourrie
Et autre fois regeneree
En la grant commune assemblee^d
Doncques regarde sappoincte

Deuement tu es et appareille
Sa toy ne tient tantost verras
La grant cite ou tendu as
Tu es au guichet et a lhuys
Quou mirouer pieca tu vis
Se tu es despoille et nuz^e
Dedans tantost seras receuz
Celle entree tu auoies moult chier
Lors quant tu la vis au premier
Et touteſſois tant ie te dy
Qua mon pere tu cries mercy
En promettant a penitence
Que se nen as a souffrance
Fait volentiers tu la feras
En purgatoire ou tu yras

³ By the light of Divine Truth the reader must perceive that the atoning Sacrifice of the Son of God has been completely set aside in the advice here given to the Pilgrim. *Fallen man* must come to God as a *Judge*, but cannot come to Him as a *Father*, otherwise than by Christ as Mediator. Jesus saith, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."^f

⁴ How can this be? when we read in the Bible, "and as it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgement, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for him shall be appear the second time without sin unto salvation."^g "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: (from the moment of their death:) yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."^h

cs. Hereupon he would have arisen, still in bed musing upon his wondrous concerning which, he informs the that, if there be anything in it which favour of vanity or untruth, it must as the straw and the chaff is with and the whole so sifted that the good e may remain and be remembered, the light and worthless is forgotten and d; and, finally, he concludes by reading his work to all those who, like knowers, are skilled in separating rem error, and truth from falsehood.

ie Pilgrim's Progress, *Christian* and are described as at once entering into fect peace, and rest, and joy which ath not seen, nor ear heard, neither ered into the heart of man to conceive, gs which God hath prepared for them e him."^a

w, upon the bank of the river, on the le, they saw the two shining men again, re waited for them; wherefore, being out of the river, they saluted them, We are ministering spirits, sent forth ter for those that shall be heirs of fal-

Thus they went along towards the Now you must note that the city stood nighty hill; but the pilgrims went up with ease, because they had these two lead them up by the arms; *also they their mortal garments behind them in ; for though they went in with them, ne out without them.* They, there- ent up here with much agility and ough the foundation upon which the s framed was higher than the clouds. The talk they had with the shining ones ut the glory of the place, who told at the beauty and glory of it was inex- . 'There,' said they, 'is the Mount e heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable y of angels, and the spirits of just men rfect.^b You are going now,' said they, Paradise of God, wherein you shall see of life, and eat of the never-fading

fruits thereof; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King: even all the days of eternity!^c There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death—for the former things are passed away.^d You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds—each one walking in his righteousness.^e The men then asked, 'What must we do in the holy place?' To whom it was answered, 'You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way.^f In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One—for there you shall see Him as He is.^g There, also, you shall serve Him continually, with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.' * * * Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'^h

"Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.—to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction*, for the love that they bear to the King of this place.'

^a 1 Cor. ii. 9.

^b Heb. xii. 22—24.

^c Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxi. 1.

^d Isaiah lxxv. 16.

^e Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

^f Gal. vi. 7.

^g 1 John iii. 2.

^h Rev. xxii. 24.

^a Isaiah xxvi. 2.

^b Rev. v. 13, 14.

And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, 'Where are the men?' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said He, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'^a

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'"^b

These lines at the conclusion of Bunyan's

Dream show how similar are the metaphors employed both by himself and De Guileville in their parting addresses to the reader:—

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour; but take heed
Of misinterpreting; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:
By misinterpreting evil ensues.
Take heed also that thou be not extreme
In playing with the outside of my dream;
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of the matter see.
Put by the curtains, look within my veil;
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.
What of my dross thou findest there be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore?
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.



Following *Extracts on the glories of the New Jerusalem* are quoted from *Hymns* at three different periods:—The first by St. Bernard, (to whom reference is made in *Chapman's poem*,) A.D. 1100. The second is taken from a *Chap-book*¹ in the *British Museum* (1078 k 17,) to which no date is prefixed. The third is by a well-known modern who has kindly permitted its insertion.

HYMN.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.
No retribution,
No toil, eternal rest!
No pains and for sinners
No mansion with the blest!
We should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high,
Where arms should seek their dwellings
And the starry sky.
We fight the battle,
Then we wear the crown
And everlasting
Passionless renown.
God, our King and Portion,
Inness of his grace,
Behold for ever,
Worship face to face.
O dear, dear country,
Thy eyes their vigils keep:
Thy love beholding
Happy name they weep.
O only mansion!
Paradise of joy!
Tears are ever banished,
Smiles have no alloy:
Thy living waters
Fountains are, great and small;
Far of the forest,
Mystic of the wall.
Thy power glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;

The sardius and topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy fountains build up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment,
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages,
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiance of glory!
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing thee,
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjugal with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

¹ See f. 2.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil releas'd,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquer'd in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
 Jerusalem the radiant !
 The glory of the cleft !
 O dear and future vision,
 That eager hearts expect :
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en now thy walls discern ;
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and burn.
 O land that seest no sorrow !
 O state that fear'st no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

ST. BERNARD.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,
 when shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 thy joys when shall I see ?
 O happy harbour of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 no grief, no care, no toil.
 In thee no sickness is at all,
 no grief, no toil, no care ;
 There is no death, nor ugly fight,
 but life for evermore.
 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
 no dim nor darksome night ;
 For every soul shines as the sun,
 for God himself gives light.
 There lust nor lucre cannot dwell—
 there envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
 but pleasure every way.
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 would God I were in thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,
 thy joys that I might see !
 No pains, no pangs, no bitter griefs,
 no woful night is there ;
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
 no willaway nor fear.
 Jerusalem the city is
 of God our King alone ;
 The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
 sits there upon the throne.
 Ah ! God, that I Jerusalem
 with speed may go behold ;
 For why ? the pleasures there abound
 with tongue cannot be told.
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 with carbuncles doth shine ;
 With jasper, pearls, and crysolite,
 surpassing pure and fine.
 Thy houses are of ivory ;
 thy windows chrystal clear ;
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
 where angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 thy bulwarks diamond square ;
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—
 O God ! if I were there.
 Within thy gates nothing can come
 that is not passing clear ;
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
 no filth may there appear.
 Jehovah, Lord, now come, I pray,
 and end my grief and plaints :
 Take me to thy Jerusalem,
 and place me among the saints :
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,
 and see God face to face.
 They triumph all, and do rejoice,
 most happy is their case.
 But we who are in banishment
 continually do moan ;
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
 perpetually we groan.
 Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
 our pleasures are but pain ;
 Our joys are not worth looking on,
 our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
such pleasure, and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
seem but as yesterday.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
thy joys when shall I see?
Thy King sitting upon his throne,
and thy felicity.
Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
so wonderfully rare,
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruits,
most beautiful and fair.
Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,
as no where else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grows;
there nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
what pleasures there are found.
There nectar and ambrosia spring,
the musk and civet sweet;
There many a fine and dainty drug
is trodden under feet.
Quite thro' the street, with pleasant sound,
the blood of life doth flow;
Upon the bank, on ev'ry side,
the Tree of Life doth grow.
These trees each month do yield their fruit,
for evermore they spring;
And all the nations in the world
to thee their honours bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,
full sore I long to see;
O that my sorrows had an end,
that I might dwell with thee!
There David stands, with harp in hand,
into the heavenly choir,
A thousand times that man was blest
who might this music hear.
There Mary sings Magnificat,
with tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
sitting around her feet.
Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like;

Old Simeon and Zachary
have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalen hath left her moan,
and chearfully doth sing,
With all blest saints, whose harmony
through every street doth ring.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
and take me home to thee.
O plant thy name in my forehead,
and take me hence away,
That I may dwell with thee in blest, (*sic*)
and sing thy praises ay!
Jerusalem, the happy throne,
Jehovah's throne on high;
O sacred city, queen and wife
of Christ eternally!
O comely queen, with glory clad,
with honour and degree,
All fair thou art, excelling bright,
no spot is found in thee!
I long to see Jerusalem,
the comfort of us all;
For thou art sweet and beautiful,
no ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
no darkness dare appear;
No night, no shade, no winter foul,
no time doth alter there.
No candles need, no moons to shine,
no glittering stars to light,
For Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
for ever shineth bright.
A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
to thee doth stand in lieu
Of light so great; the glory is,
thy heavenly King to view;
He is the King of kings, beset
in midst his servants right,
And they his happy household all
do serve him day and night.
There, there the quire of angels bright,
there the supernal fort
Of citizens, who hence are freed
from danger's deep resort.

There be the prudent prophets all,
 th' Apostles, six and six,
 The glorious martyrs in a row,
 and confessors betwixt.
 There doth the crew of righteous men
 and matrons all confist,
 Young men and maids who here on earth
 their pleasures did resist.
 The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scapt
 the snares of death and hell,
 Triumph in joy eternally,
 whereof no tongue can tell;
 And though the glory of each one
 doth differ in degree,
 Yet the joy of all alike,
 and common as we see.
 There love and charity do reign,
 and Christ is all in all,
 Whom they most perfectly behold,
 in glory spiritual.
 They love, they praise, they praise, and love,
 they holy, holy, cry;
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
 but laud continually.
 O happy thousand times were I,
 if, after wretched days,
 I might with listening ears conceive
 these heavenly songs of praise,
 Which to th' eternal King are sung,
 by heavenly wights above:
 My sacred souls and angels sweet,
 to praise the God of love!
 Oh, passing happy were my state,
 might I be worthy found
 'T' to wait upon my God and King,
 his praises there to sound.
 And to enjoy my Christ above,
 his favour and his grace,
 According to his promise made,
 which here I interlace:
 "O Father dear," said he, "let them,
 whom thou hast given of old
 'T' to me, be there where so I am,
 my glory to behold,

Which I with thee, before the world
 was laid, in perfect ways
 Have had, from whence the blessed fun
 of glory doth arise!
 Again, if any man will serve,
 then let him follow me;
 That where I am, be thou right sure,
 there shall my servant be.
 And still if any man loves me,
 him loves my Father dear,
 Whom I do love, to him myself
 in glory shall appear."
 Lord, take away my miseries,
 that there I may be bold,
 With thee, in thy Jerusalem,
 thy glory to behold;
 And so in Zion see my King,
 my love, my Lord, my all—
 Whom now as in a glass I see,
 then face to face I shall.
 O blessed be the pure in heart,
 their Sovereign they shall see!
 O ye most happy heavenly wights
 which of God's household be!
 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,
 those gins and fetters strong;
 For I have dwelt within the tents
 of Kedar overlong!
 Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
 to guard me from all strife;
 Thus to thy hill I may obtain,
 and dwell there all my life.
 With cherubin, and seraphin,
 and holy souls of men,
 To sing thy praise, of Lord of hosts,
 for evermore. Amen.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.

HA! yon burst of crystal splendour!
 Sunlight, starlight, blent in one;
 Starlight set in arctic azure,
 Sunlight from the burning zone!

¹ Vide "Hymns of Faith and Hope," by Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Gold and silver, gems and marble,
 All creation's jewelry.
 Earth's uncovered waste of riches—
 Treasures of the ancient sea.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me?

• • • • •

What to that for which we're waiting,
 Is this glittering earthly toy?
 Heavenly glory, holy splendour,
 Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.
 Not the gems that time can tarnish,
 Not the hues that dim and die,
 Not the glow that cheats the lover,
 Shaded with mortality.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,
 Not the gleams that come and go,
 Not the mirth whose end is madness,
 Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
 Not the notes that die at sunset,
 Not the fashion of a day;
 But the everlasting beauty,
 And the endless melody.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;
 City of the jasper wall;
 City of the golden pavement;
 Seat of endless festival.
 City of Jehovah, Salem,
 City of eternity,
 To thy bridal-hall of gladness,
 From this prison would I flee.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,
 Fairest of what earth calls fair,
 How I need thy fairer image,
 To undo the syren snare!
 Left the subtle serpent-tempter
 Lure me with his radiant lie;

As if sin were sin no longer,
 Life were no more vanity.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,
 My low spirit to upbear;
 Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
 So beguile me with their glare.
 Let me see thee, then these fetters
 Break asunder, I am free;
 Then this pomp no longer chains me;
 Faith has won the victory.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
 No excess of brilliance palls,
 Salem, city of the holy,
 We shall be within thy walls!
 There, beside yon crystal river,
 There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
 There, with nought to cloud or sever,—
 Ever with the Lamb to be!
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

It may be interesting to some of our readers if we quote a letter from a Syrian gentleman who remarked that the translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Arabic had done more good in Syria than any book, except the Bible; the parabolical mode of instruction of our Saviour being the natural form of expression in that country.

"You desire me," he writes, "to relate to you a few facts connected with the Arabic Pilgrim's Progress; I shall try to do so in this note, in the fewest words possible.

"The book was first translated for the 'Church Missionary Society,' by a first-rate Arabic scholar, a native of Mount Lebanon, and printed at their Arabic printing press, at Malta. It was extensively read, wherever the Arabic language was spoken.

"Soon after the breaking up of the mission

at Malta, it became scarce, and another edition was called for.

"The American Missionaries, in Syria, had the book then re-translated, (by another native of Mount Lebanon,) and, by the help of the first translation, made of it a very good *new* edition. They put this new copy into the hands of one of the best Arabic scholars and poets (a native of Mount Lebanon also), who corrected it and saw it 'through the press.'

"The book has now become a classical one. It is read in all the American schools throughout Syria. Copies of it have gone into Arabia, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, and the Coast of Barbary.

"During my first visit to England, I had the curiosity to go to Blackwall, to see the Niger Expedition, which was then fitting up for the heart of Africa; and on going into the first cabin of one of the steamers, I saw all its shelves filled with Arabic books. On asking the Missionary (Muller), who was then accompanying the expedition, why they took Arabic books with them, he answered me, that the Arabic was the medium of communication with the natives: and that the Arabic characters were used in all the interior of Africa, even when the language spoken by the tribes was not Arabic. Many copies of the Pilgrim's Progress were on the shelves.

"The book being full of figurative language, and allegorical expressions, has had a great hold on the mind of the simple people in the East.

"I was spending, not many years ago, a short time at Hasbaya, a town in Anti-Lebanon, several thousand feet higher than the level of the sea. I took a ride one fine afternoon to the top of the hills that overlook the town and country. As I wandered amongst the vineyards, admiring the beauty of the bold and majestic scenery, the 'Watchman' came down, and asked me to go up and sit with him in his bower; adding, that the view from it was the best in the neighbourhood.

"I must, however, explain to you what a

'*watchman*' and a '*bower*' are. The vineyards in Syria cover many acres of land. The vines either lie on the ground, are supported by poles, or run up, and twine themselves round high trees. The fields being very extensive, and the land quite cheap, there are, of course, no hedges to the vineyards; the bear, the hyæna, the fox, and the dog, are very fond of grapes—and the visit of any of these animals to a vineyard costs the owner a basket of grapes. Although strangers are never molested if they help themselves to the grapes *as they pass by a vineyard*, yet the people of the village are not allowed that privilege. To watch then, over tame and wild depredators, town and forest visitors, the owners appoint a '*Watchman*,' during the season of the grapes.—See Isaiah v. 1, 2.

"The '*Watchman*' selects a large tree, generally an oak, on the top of the highest hill. He then lays poles on the centre of the branches of the tree, and ties them with cords, &c. and placing boards over these poles, and then covering the whole with other branches, he spreads his mat and bed on the boards, and in this bower he eats, drinks, watches, and sleeps, day and night.

"These men have such a good ear, assisted by a clear sky and pure atmosphere, that they can hear the least sound, and with a rifle, they are, indeed, not to be despised. By such a '*watchman*' I was invited, and into such a bower I ascended.

"As I sat on the bed, admiring the scenery that was before me, I looked round me and saw some Arabic books, one of which was well used. I took it up; it was the '*Pilgrim's Progress*.' 'You may well ask,' said Nicola to me, 'why this book is well used, more so than the others. You know that on becoming a Protestant what persecution I endured—how often I was hunted down, like a wild beast—how my wife deserted me for her father's house—how my two daughters were taken to my brother's home, to prevent their being contaminated by my principles. Well, this book

was a comfort to me during my troubles. The man who wrote it seemed to have had just such a person as me before him. Then, in my solitude, nothing is more cheering than to read it early at morn and late at night. Such a book was never made for *you* men, who live in cities—who are ambitious, rich, and luxurious; but *I* who *live* in this *tree*, for three months in the year—I see the sun rise in majesty in the morning, and go down in power in the evening; I see the moon appear in glory, and set in splendour—with Anti-Lebanon for my habitation—and Lebanon, Hermon, and Iulan round about me: while the Jordan, taking its source at my feet, winds its way into the lakes of Huleih, Tiberias, and Lot, till they all vanish in the distance. I have need of such a book—I can understand it!’

“Poor Nicola asked me, two years after, to go and see him at home. There were his wife, and two daughters. ‘We live now,’ said he to me, ‘together, and in peace; but the people often cause us trouble. They are always trying to throw discord amongst us. You know my daughters can now read; and they often read the Pilgrim’s Progress.’”

“I called frequently at the cell of an old monk at Beirut, to pass an hour in disputation and friendly talk—and often saw him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ ‘I am still of opinion,’ he would say to me, ‘that it is better not to marry. See what trouble this man had with his wife and family. I am alone—I have no trouble, because I have neither wife or children—I read this book during the long winter evenings and feel quite delighted to think that your Protestant friends have at *least one good* book to offer us. I really think that our friends, the Roman Catholic Priests, are wrong; for, in forbidding their people in this country to read Protestant books, they should have made an exception of the Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I really loved the man because he was sincere in being attached to the doctrines of the orthodox church.

“Not far from him lived another monk, young, handsome, and intelligent. He is one of the few amongst the Clergy, in Syria, who have liberal and enlightened views; desire to see the old Churches shake off their sloth, and take up the cause of Evangelical religion and general education. I have often seen him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and heard him say, that if he had the influence and the power he would make all the people study it. I have just heard from a mutual friend that this good gentleman has been promoted to the Bishopric of Tarsus. My friend wishes me to write and congratulate him on this promotion.

“I am quite sure that this new bishop will behave like a true Christian, and will do much good in his new sphere of action. Dear Gerasimus! may you never forget the long conversations we often held together; and may you be like Paul of Tarsus, a blessing to that part of Syria.

“I have seen another man day and night turn over the leaves of this book. I had given him the first translation when it was first printed. I brought him the new edition as soon as it came out. I saw this old man read it to his old partner in life, during the long winter nights; and when I returned late from some evening party, I found him with the book in his lap, reading, (and smoking at the same time,) waiting for me. ‘I could sit up,’ he would say, ‘the whole night reading it. I know the Arabic of the *old* edition is not so good as the *new* one; it has many defects, but I like it as an *old* friend. I like the *new* one for a change. This world is so full of wickedness—we live in sin, and the very breath we draw is so polluted with evil, that it is well we can, at home and alone, commune with the spirits of good men who have departed in peace.’ This man was my own Father.

“ANTONIUS AMEUNY.”

The following curious passage, extracted from a well-known periodical, shows the quaint form which the “*allegory*” sometimes took.

"Of the universal taste for allegory in the middle ages, we are furnished with a curious illustration by M. Jubinal, in his elegant publication of '*Les anciennes tapisseries historiques*,' in the specimen he gives from the tapestry of Nancy, said to have been taken from the tent of Charles le Téméraire in 1477. In the first compartment, three boon companions, *Dinner*, *Supper*, and *Banquet*, meet with a company of *bons vivants*, called *Bonne-Compagnie*, *Accoutumance*, *Passe-temps*, *Gourmandie*, *Friandise*, &c. whom they invite to their *bofets*.

"In the second compartment they are represented at the hotel of *Dinner*; but at this performance *Supper* and *Dinner* take umbrage, and conspire against the *convives*: in the next compartment, whilst at *Supper's* hall the guests are suddenly attacked by the hired assassins, *Gout*, *Cholic*, &c. but they make their escape, and are pursued by *Supper*, who bruises many of them with his club. They next repair to the hall of *Banquet*, where, in the midst of their festivities, they are suddenly attacked by a troop of ugly women, armed with sharp knives, named *Apoplexy*, *Paralysis*, *Epilepsy*, *Pleurisy*, *Dropsy*, &c. The feasters are now slaughtered without mercy, and only a few escape from the hands of the assassins. These fly for aid to *Lady Experience*, who decides that the two companions, *Supper* and *Banquet*, shall be separated.

"In the remaining portions of the tapestry, *Supper* and *Banquet* are made prisoners, and carried for judgment before *Dame Experience* and her counsellors *Galen*, *Ypocras*, *Avicenna*, and *Averrois*, who pass sentence of death upon *Banquet*, whilst *Supper* is condemned to have her arms bound, and never to approach the dwelling of *Dinner* nearer than three leagues. The last of the compartments represents the execution of the sentence."—*Gent. Mag. Dec.* 1842.

In an American newspaper, entitled "The Christian Advocate and Journal," dated Aug. 9, 1843, the following satire appeared on the modern fashionable facilities of getting to hea-

ven, called "The *Celestial Railroad*," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The writer supposes that in a dream he visits the populous city of *Destraction*, from which the public-spirited inhabitants had recently established a *railroad* to the Celestial City. His curiosity induces him to visit the station-house, and there he had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman of the name of Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders.

The vehicle rattles through the city, and at a short distance passes over a bridge of elegant construction. On both sides are seen a great quagmire. This Mr. *Smooth-it-away* informs him is the famous *Slough of Despond*, and the bridge is that which the engineers have constructed across the bog, by throwing in, for a foundation, books of morality, French philosophy, and German rationalism, works of Plato, Confucius, and Buddha, to make the passage agreeable to pilgrims—"yet, in spite of Mr. *Smooth-it-away's* assurances of its solidity, (says the dreamer,) I should be loth to cross it in a heavy omnibus, if each passenger had as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself.

"The spacious station-house is erected on the site of the *little wicket-gate*, which old pilgrims recollect stood across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveller of *liberal mind* and expansive stomach. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see the number of passengers and the favourable change the community had undergone relative to the celestial pilgrimage. No more lonely ragged men, with huge burdens on their backs, hooted after by the whole city; but parties of the first gentry setting out for the Celestial City, as if the pilgrimage were a summer tour. The conversation was full of taste about politics, fashions, and amusements, and though religion was doubtless *the main thing at heart*, it was tastefully thrown into the background. An infidel would have found nothing to shock his sensibility.

A great convenience of this new method of

pilgrimage was, that our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-waggon! The ancient feuds between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the *wicket-gate* have been appeased, and some of the Prince's subjects are employed about the station carrying baggage, collecting fuel, and feeding the engines.

"*Greatheart* refused to be *breaksman*, (stoker,) but went to the Celestial City in a *buff*; and so the directors chose a more accommodating man, whom you will probably recognise at once." The locomotive appears; and, to the astonishment of the dreamer, it is *Apollyon himself*, *Christian's* old enemy, still breathing fire and smoke through his nostrils, induced to become the company's chief conductor.

They overtake two old-fashioned pilgrims, trudging it on foot, whom they laugh at, and *Apollyon* envelopes them in an atmosphere of scalding steam.

The *Interpreter's House* is not one of the company's stations; and the passengers were glad to pass so quickly by the cross and sepulchre, where *Christian* lost his burden, for they possessed such a rich collection of favourite habits that they exulted in the safety of their baggage, which they hoped would not be out of fashion in the polite circles of the celestial world!

To facilitate the passage of the *Hill Difficulty*, a *spacious tunnel* has been constructed through the heart of this rocky mountain, and the materials from the heart of the hill have been employed in filling up the Valley of *Humiliation*!

"A wonderful improvement indeed!" said one of the passengers, "yet I should have been glad to visit the Palace *Beautiful*, and be introduced to those charming young ladies *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*, and the rest." "Young ladies!" cried Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, as soon as he could speak for laughing, "why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every one of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say,

has altered the fashion of her gown since the days of *Christian's* pilgrimage." So the traveller consoles himself for the disappointment.

"*Apollyon* was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious to get over the ground where he had so disastrously encountered *Christian*. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book I found we were fast approaching the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, into which doleful region I trembled to plunge at the present accelerated speed, and I told my apprehensions to Mr. *Smooth-it-away*; but he assured me it was as safe as the best railroad in Christendom. At this moment we shot into the dreaded valley, and my palpitations were calmed on finding that the engineers, to dispel the gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, had collected the inflammable gas into pipes, and thus established a quadruple row of lamps along the whole passage! But this radiance, hurtful to the eyes, glared upon the visages of my fellow passengers; and, as compared with natural day-light, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood. Here the fear of running off the track, beside which was the bottomless pit, made my heart quake—for the noise of the train reverberated like thunder through the valley, and soon there followed a tremendous shriek, careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it: but this proved only to be the whistle of the engine to announce our arrival at a station!

"Rattling onward again, we at length made our escape from the valley and its lurid lights, at the end of which is the cavern where, in John Bunyan's time, dwelt two cruel giants, called *Pope* and *Pagan*. But these old troglodytes are no longer there, and the cave is now occupied by another terrible giant, a German by birth, called the giant *Transcendentalist*; but as to the form or features of this huge miscreant, neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him—he looked much like

